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**FOR SALE**

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## OIL PROPERTY—

**SOUTHERN CONSOLIDATED.**  
**PAYE REGULAR MONTHLY DIVIDEND**  
Did it ever occur to you that it pays  
1 per cent. monthly, or about 12 per cent  
per year? It is cheap and safe to buy  
present prices. Also  
**BUT REED CRUDE OIL**  
**S. H. ELLIS & CO.,**  
20 Lombard St. N.Y.  
Money to loan on approved oil credits

**HECLA OIL COMPANY.**  
Capital stock, \$25,000;  
Officers and directors  
H. EPPING, president,  
J. C. PAXTON, vice-president,  
J. C. PAXTON, assistant secretary,  
J. C. PAXTON, treasurer,  
FRANK E. SPANGLER,  
C. MOORE, secretary.  
The sale of HECLA OIL STOCK will begin  
Monday, October 1, 1912.  
**PRICE 10c PER SHARE**  
HECLA OIL COMPANY owns and controls  
over 100 acres of carefully selected oil land  
Only 100 acres of this land is leased, the bal-  
ance is owned in fee simple.  
**KEERN COUNTY OIL LANDS**  
HECLA OIL COMPANY owns estimated 100  
to 150 acres in KEERN COUNTY, California.  
Good wells adjacent.  
LOS ANGELES COUNTY—100 acres in one  
of our favorable locations.  
Excellent showing of shales oil sands and  
gas strata.  
HECLA OIL COMPANY is a conservative  
reliable concern, and its affairs conducted in  
well-known successful manner. We are  
devoting their time and capital to this com-  
pany.  
All sums received from the sale of stock  
will be devoted to the legitimate and eco-  
nomical development of this property.  
Send for prospectus or call on  
**HECLA OIL COMPANY,**  
Telephone John 1001. 20 Douglas St.,  
Los Angeles, Cal.

**AS PEOPLE BECOME ACQUAINTED WITH**  
the great property of the REED CRUDE  
OIL COMPANY, the demand for the stock  
increases. As demand increases, price in-  
creases. We have a few thousand shares for  
sale at 10c Monday only. There are no mar-  
ket fluctuations in prices of this stock, but  
a sure and permanent advance. They  
can be had now for less than 10c.  
Attention given to recognition and con-  
solidation of companies.  
**JOHN A. FINTLE & CO., Brokers,**  
115 S. Broadway.

**CHAR. J. GEORGE OIL BROKER.**  
Phone main 59. 65-4 Home St.  
Member Los Angeles Oil Exchange.  
Bank references in Los Angeles,  
or any eastern city.  
President of the following oil companies:  
United States Crude Oil Company,  
Southern California Oil and Fuel Company,  
Independence Crude Oil and Mineral Co.  
OUR OFFICE KEEPS ONE MAN on the  
outside investigating oil prospects and  
oil lands. WE CAN TELL you all about any  
oil company. Our information is reliable.  
It costs you nothing to find out ALL ABOUT  
any stocks you may own. We make a good  
the selling of cheap developments and  
good companies, well managed, and believe  
that the present time is a good one to buy  
of the DIVIDEND-PAYING STOCKS.  
but you must know which ones to buy.  
BELIEVE THAT WE CAN tell you this, and  
we feel that you will be pleased with our  
information we are in a position to give you,  
and if you act quickly you will make a big  
SUPPOSE YOU WRITE US. 65-4 Home  
St., Los Angeles, Cal.

**J. J. DORAN & CO.**  
BROKERS.  
111 S. BROADWAY.  
OIL LANDS.  
OIL STOCKS A SPECIALTY.  
Members Los Angeles Oil Exchange.  
OIL STOCKS BOUGHT AND SOLD.  
"PHONE MAIN 11.  
200 Black Mountain, Ca.  
1000 Hazel King, Ca.  
1000 Ohio.  
1000 Pacific Grade, 4th.  
1000 Union, 2nd.  
1000 Keystone, 2nd.  
1000 Sunset Petroleum and Refining Co., S.  
1000 Columbia, Ca.  
100 Kern Oil and Development Co., S.  
100 Golden West Crude, Ca.  
100 California Standard.  
100 State Crude, S.  
100 Pacific Crude, II.  
100 McCray Crude, S.  
100 Yankee Doodle, S.  
100 Hercules, S.  
100 Ventura Petroleum Co., S.  
CALL FOR SALE  
Wanted—Proprietors from owners of good  
oil land.

**EASTERN MARKET**  
FOR OIL STOCKS.  
If you want to reach the localities which  
are buying California oil stocks, it can help  
you do it.  
It will be worth your while to investigate  
my system; you see, in 12 different places,  
including the leaders in New York and Chi-  
cago, for only \$7.50.  
**J. C. NEWITT.**  
The oldest-established advertising business  
in Los Angeles, and the largest west of St.  
Louis.  
38 SOUTH BROADWAY.  
Telephone Main 1281.

**FOR RENT—CR WANTED A PROPOSITION**  
from parties that want a ground-floor propo-  
sition; have a lease on section 1 & 2, in  
the famous Kern River district; this land  
was acquired by A. J. McPhail, the cele-  
brated oil expert, and we will also locate  
parties who are about to drill for oil; we  
will locate them on the West, any place  
between Los Angeles and Burbank, Fernando  
or Kernhill, or between Los Angeles and  
Whittier or Fullerton, or between Los An-  
geles and Santa Monica and Redondo and  
San Pedro; this land was prospectured by us  
and we can locate the strata; our terms are  
\$10 per day and expenses for prospecting, and  
\$100 for each well located. Call or address  
BROOKS & BROS., 1000 Broadway, New York.



## DAY, OCTOBER

**WANTED — HORSE AND LIGHT COV**  
ance for their keep; will pay small r  
also; write description and what rent wa

H. C. ALBERT PIANO CO., Seventh  
Broadway.  
**WANTED—AT BROWN'S DAIRY, 1**  
grade Jersey cows; must be first class,  
positive County Hospital, East L. A., D.  
BROWN.  
**WANTED—ONE OR TWO HORSES**  
wagon; give best price and state where  
be seen at once. Address T. box 61, T.  
OFFICE.  
**WANTED—TO PURCHASE GOOD**

**WANTED - A 100-LB. HORSE** FOR  
keep; must be city broke. Call at  
**MITCHELL PLACE, Sunday forenoon.**

**WANTED - SOUND, GENTLE ROAD-**  
no plug. Apply **DR. WARD B. BOWLA**  
606 S. Marengo, Pasadena.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE GOOD HO-**  
and survey. **SHIELDS, R. 215 Lau-**  
Bldg. 215 S. Broadway.

WANTED- GENTLE, STILLER SADD  
and driving pony, good size. Apply  
WILCOX BLDG.

WANTED TO RENT A COW, HIGH M  
er. Address JOHN MURRAY, 228 Dixie  
Boyle Heights.

WANTED TO PURCHASE SOME CAL  
from one week old upward. WM. AL  
1282 Bridge st.

WANTED - CARRIAGE PAINTING

**WANTED—HEIFER CALVES JUST**  
or older. Drop postal or call 200 W. 71  
ST.

**WANTED TO PURCHASE. A FEW N**  
Andalusian hens or pullets. 300 E. 5TH

**WANTED TO RENT GOOD FRESH C**  
Address T. box 25. TIMES OFFICE.

to ride. 308 ALVARADO ST.  
WANTED TO BUY FAT STOCK AT  
TEMPLE ST.

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**BELGIAN HARES—**  
*Miscellaneous.*

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MRS. A. M. BUSH, BELGIAN HARE  
judge—At the earnest solicitation of  
many patrons, will instruct a limited num-  
ber of pupils in the care, management

**HAVE YOU HAREN TO SELL?**  
 Advertise in The Belgian Hare Champion for October if you wish to reach the eastern buyer; 2000 extra copies to be distributed personally by the editor on her east trip. Don't wait to be called on, but in your copy before the 10th. Subscription price only 50 cents. **PHONE BROWN 252 WILSON BLK.**

**FOR SALE—THE FINEST STOCK.** Boring to 84; we will ship hares and a fine lot of rabbits at the lowest price the city. **CALIFORNIA BELGIAN HARE CO.,** office, 315 S. Spring st.

**FOR SALE—SACRIFICE: MY FINE BU** Admiral Britain, son of Lord Britain; a heavy weight, done in the city, does 85 months; cheap. **134 PALM ST.,** first east of Grand ave.

**KEEP OUR ADDRESS; WHEN YOU HA**

as 30; self-cleaning pens; must be made me an offer for all or part. 325 WEST ST.

**FOR SALE-BELGIAN HARES;** 7 Yr breeding does, 2 Yukon bucks, 1 8hr str buck and 19 youngsters; make offer. No west corner HILL and VILLA, Pasadena.

**FOR SALE-EDINBORO, FASHODA, DUMFRIES** of Durham and London Surplus; 6 months old does and buck; all have four red

FOR SALE - IS FINE - PEDIGREED R  
does, one buck and some young, cheap.  
ELLIOTT, 17th st., one block from city  
car line, Santa Monica.

FOR SALE - WE ARE OFFERING OUR 1  
tire rabbitry of fine Belgians at 5c per  
live weight, if all are taken at once.  
WEST 15TH ST., city.

FOR SALE OR EXCHANGE OVER THE  
pedigreed Belgian does, less than a  
lady's wheel. Address R. BOX 1, TUNING

**WANTED—AN AJAX BUCK;** ALSO DOGS and backs scoring 98 and up; no low prices. Address R. box 30, TIMES OFFER.

**WANTED - AGENT TO SELL ENGLISH**  
stock Royal Rabbitry on liberal commission  
223 N. ORANGE GROVE, Pasadena.

**WANTED - A LOT OF GOOD RED DOGS**  
to 7 months old, without litters; no false  
prices considered. P. O. BOX 334.

**A LIMITED NUMBER OF BELGIUM**  
hares and nurse does for sale. Call me  
ings. 1623 W. WASHINGTON.

**WANTED—EVERYBODY TO COME TO**  
place and buy hares; your price goes  
week. 375 E. 11ST ST.

**FOR SALE — 65 PEDIGREED BELGIAN**  
hares, all ages, \$18. if taken immediate  
1405 EAST 15TH ST.

**FOR SALE — FLEMISH GIANTS (GIRL**  
gray) and Belgian hares; first-class pair  
483 N. FREMONT

**FOR SALE — A LOT OF FINE BELGIAN**

FOR SALE—THE SCOTTISH CHIEF horse scores 94; price \$15. HALLOCK, 1208 S. Angeles st.

FOR EXCHANGE—PEDIGREED BELGIAN for boy's and girl's wheels. 125 EAST 5TH ST.

FOR SALE—FINE PEDIGREED BELGIAN hares. Call after 6 o'clock. 681 CENTENNIAL ST.

SAMPLES OF PEDIGREED BLANKS FOR WM. H. SHAW, 713 Vallejo st., Los Angeles.

breeding age, 50c; will trade. 1000 E.  
ST.  
**KED HARES AT YOUR OWN PRICE**  
want to be rid of them. 1221 E. 25TH  
**KNIGHT'S RABBIT REMEDIES**  
them. For sale at 222 WILSON BLK.

in 6 weeks; absolutely perfect & guaranteed; personal attention given by mail until complete

PERSONAL - BUSINESS CHANCES  
& HARRINGTON, 418 Laughlin Bldg.  
PERSONAL - WYLLIE. PHOTO MEDIUM  
week only. 423 1/2 S. SPRING ST.  
PERSONAL - FOR RENT. FINE  
yard. 548 MAPLE AVE.

**A**TTORNEYS AT LAW

ADVISE FREE; NO FEE WITHOUT  
SHERIDAN A. CARLILE PRACTICE  
DIVORCE LAWS A SPECIALTY  
W. W. HOLCOMB, A.S.Y. IN V











## EDITORIAL SHEET.

Amusements.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, OCTOBER 7, 1900.

IN FOUR PARTS.

Part III—12 Pages.

PRICE 5 CENTS

## THEATERS

With Notes of Events.

**ORPHEUM**—Sunday Matinee Today—Any Seat 25c  
NEXT THURSDAY, OCT. 11

"JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS DAY"

SPECIAL  
THURSDAY  
MATINEE.

JESSIE BARTLETT DAVIS

When extraordinary triumph during the past week has induced the Orpheum Circuit Company to extend her engagement one week. Miss Davis will sing this week

ENTIRELY NEW SONGS.

CHAS. WAYNE—CALDWELL ANNA

GRIMMOND COMEDIAN.

DASHING SOUBRETTE.

KOLB and DILL,

MERRITT and MURDOCK

Proven & Famous Comedians.

Minister-Comedians.

MATILEE LOEB,

The Marvelous Cornettist.

Los Angeles Society Girl.

McCALE and DANIELS JOHNSTONE BROS.

High Fun Makers.

New Xylophone Music.

THEATRE—30c, 25c, 10c. Box seats, 75c. Matinee, any seat, 25c. Phone No. 1447.

HAZARD'S PAVILION—Fifth Street between Hill and Olive.

Sale of Season Tickets for  
Maurice Grau Grand  
Opera Season  
(From Metropolitan Opera House, New York City.)

OPENS MONDAY, OCT. 8, AT UNION PACIFIC  
RAILWAY TICKET OFFICE, 250 S. SPRING ST.

FRIDAY EVENING, NOV. 9,

"HUGENOTS" or "LA BOHEME"

MRS. MELBA, SIGNOR CAMPANELLA, MME. CADSKI, SIGNOR

CHOPUS, MAGNIFICENT BALLET. ALL SCENIC EFFECTS

SATURDAY MATINEE, NOV. 10,

"ROMEO & JULIET" or "LA BOHEME"

MRS. MELBA, SIGNOR CAMPANELLA, MME. CADSKI, SIGNOR

CHOPUS, MAGNIFICENT BALLET. ALL SCENIC EFFECTS

SUNDAY EVENING, NOV. 10, "LOHENGGRIN"

MRS. MELBA, SIGNOR CAMPANELLA, MME. CADSKI, SIGNOR

CHOPUS, MAGNIFICENT BALLET. ALL SCENIC EFFECTS

Price of Season Tickets:

Box seats, \$10.00 and \$12.00 ..... for the Three Operas

Box seats, \$8.00, \$10.00 and \$12.00 ..... for the Three Operas

Box seats, \$8.00 ..... for the Three Operas

Special trains on all railroads leaving after the performance.

ORPHEUM'S BURBANK THEATRE—OLIVER MOROSCO

Tonight and all the week with one Matinee—Saturday

"The Oliver-Leslie Company..."

Presenting E. E. Kilder's Beautiful Pastoral Comedy-Drama,

"PEACEFUL VALLEY,"

Presented by the South Russell starred with tremendous success for several successive

Evenings Around and Drop in on Mother."

Box seats, \$10.00, \$8.00, \$5.00 and \$3.00. Telephone Main 1270.

Special train leaving Oct. 14, special engagement of MISS FLORENCE ROBERTS

at the Orpheum Theatre in Los Angeles City's engagement of

"THE COUNTRY GIRL."

## GOT HIS BOOTS.

Tale of the Killing of  
Ike Clanton.

Los Angeles Detective  
Relates Adventures.

Has Had Many a Hunt After  
Man-hillers on the  
Plains.

A man who has had probably as many hairbreadth escapes and adventures of the wild West sort as a human being could have for, is J. V. Brighton, of No. 429 Avenue 21, East Los Angeles.

At the age of 15 he ran away from home and joined the One Hundred and

fiftieth Illinois Volunteer Infantry, serving two years and nine months in the Civil War, the last nine months being spent in Andersonville prison.

At the close of the war he was ordered from Tennessee to Texas, and was discharged there at San Antonio in the winter of 1865.

"During the next nine years," said Mr. Brighton to a Times reporter, "I was a cowboy in Texas, driving cattle from San Antonio to Abilene, Kan."

"In 1874-75 my brother and I were living in Elk City, Kan. There was a big gang of cattle rustlers there who were called the Countryman and Gang, which we helped to disperse."

Several of them were killed and others were given long terms in the penitentiary. I served time as a State detective in Junction City, Kan., looking up cases of illegal whisky selling and cattle stealing, and a little while after was appointed to investigate the Tabor murder case, and within ten days after I took it I had captured the murderers, two of whom were hung.

"It was during the palmy days of Arizona that I saw exciting times, however. Those were the days when every man carried a gun in lieu of a button-hole bouquet, and gave a bullet in there by the Continental Cattle Company of Illinois to do what I could toward breaking up a gang of desperadoes and cattle rustlers, known as the Clanton gang. My wife and I drove from Pecos Station, Tex., to Arizona in a wagon, and went direct to Springerville, which was the gang's headquarters. They were a tough set, who would rather shoot a man than stop to argue a question—indeed, it was customary in those days to have a man for breakfast about six times a week. Their system of operating was to steal from the stock people, who were mostly Mormons, and then run the cattle down into Mexico, where they would be disposed of."

"I got in with the gang without their knowing who I was, and assisted in all their work, keeping in touch all the time with the proper authorities, but they finally got suspicious and told me to 'do me up.' They held me one day at the muzzle of several revolvers, and I was very emphatically told to 'do me up'—detective."

"I came to the conclusion that they had been a little hasty, and that they had been a little hasty."

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and on the way back to Solomonville I learned that they were hiding the hills near there. I went to the Sheriff of the town and notified him that the gang were there, and to arrest any of them who came to town.

"While I was saddling my horse in the corral the hostler told me he had seen one of the Clanton boys in town that very morning at the Sheriff's office, getting some checks cashed. I also learned that the Sheriff himself was as tough a nut as any of the Clantons, and was told that he wanted me 'done up,' and that several of his own deputies were cattle thieves and murderers of the toughest type."

"Miller and I saddled up and rode across the Gila River and laid in the hills all day. The next morning we struck the camp of a cowboy named 'Peg-Leg' Wilson, and here we stopped to get breakfast. As we were kindling a fire we heard the clatter of horse's hoofs along the trail, and glancing up we saw 'Ike' Clanton approaching. Miller straightened up and Clanton saw and recognized him immediately. He wheeled his horse and unslinging his Winchester he pulled the trigger and I grabbed my rifle and covered him, shouting at the same time to hold up his hands and to halt. Miller yelled: 'Shoot the son of a bitch!'

"Clanton retreated, but I fired at him, hitting him in the arm. He fell from the saddle, and I gave him another, which struck the cattle of the saddle and went through his body. He dropped, and when we ran up we found him as dead as a mackerel. One of the gang had been seen 'done up,' and one of its worst members."

"Tying the body on his horse, we continued on our way and soon met three cowboys, who helped us bury Clanton's body. As we were about to place the body in the grave I happened to think that Clanton had once told me that if I was present whenever he 'turned' his head to be sure and pull off his boots before he was buried, as his people had often declared that he would be buried with his boots on, and he wished to show that they were mistaken. I pulled off his footgear, high top boots that cost Clanton \$12, and were inlaid with silver stars and had a fine pair of silver spurs at the heels, and put them on my own feet."

"When I got back to Springerville a man who was a friend of Clanton's saw me and recognized the boots and spurs, and he told me that he had seen a man with all-around band man and had a record of nineteen kills to his discredit. I saw him kill two men myself, just for the mere 'fun of the thing,' as he called it. 'Springerville and Solomonville were at that time the two toughest towns in the United States, without exception. After the Clanton gang were indicted I was arrested for the shooting of Ike Clanton, and while on my way to the fort told the officer who had charge of me that his deputies were all horse thieves and all-around desperadoes. I was released after six days' confinement, and went to Solomonville where I put one of his deputies, who asked me if I had told the Sheriff that his deputies were desperadoes. I said I had done nothing of the kind. I had to lie more than once to save my life."

"While at breakfast this Sheriff who had taken me to the fort happened to ride into town, and the deputy went to him with my denial of his story. He came tearing over to the restaurant and asked if I hadn't told him that his deputies were all desperadoes. I said I had done nothing of the kind. I had a bold bluff by the way—and at the same time I jerked my gun, grabbed the fellow by the neck, thrust him back against a telegraph pole and began to maul him over the head with the butt of the weapon. Some of the boys came rushing out of the saloon and grabbed me and threw my gun across the street, snatching the stock of the weapon. Then they held me while the Sheriff turned the tables, and belabored me to his heart's content, after which they let me go and gave me \$20 to buy a new gun, remarking that I

was a general goner."

"Do you suppose a man who was with Quattrone and burned Lawrence, Kan., would give a ————? Tankee the deceiver in any case, said:

"I pulled my gun on him and told him to reconsider that case instantly. The fellow was scared at my bravado, and promised to do the square thing. The next day he fixed the matter in my favor."

"Yes, shooting out the lights and 'taking the town' were common occurrences in those days, and I have often seen some of those half-drunken desperadoes ride their horses into a saloon and jump the animal up on a billiard table. Another trick was to cock a big revolver and set it spinning on the bar. When the thing fell to the floor some one generally got the contents."

Mr. Brighton was one of the men who were instrumental in running down the famous Evans and Sonnet gang in the northern part of the State a few years ago.

**MEDICAL MEN.**

Two Days' Session of the Homeopathic Medical Society of Southern California in This City.

On Wednesday of this week the homeopaths of Southern California will meet at the parlors of the Hotel Westminster for a two days' session. There are upward of two hundred practitioners of this school in Southern California, and the society is in a flourishing condition.

Dr. E. C. Manning is the president of the society and Dr. F. B. Barnard is the secretary. The sessions will be devoted to the reading and discussion of papers upon medical topics. The local physicians will entertain the visiting physicians at dinner at the hotel on Wednesday evening.

**PATENT SUIT.**

Bill in Equity Against the Los Angeles Modern Directory Company in United States Court.

Harvard & Harpham, on behalf of H. L. Folk and W. E. Murdock, filed a bill in equity in the United States Court Saturday, to enjoin the use of the mechanical directories lately issued by the Los Angeles Modern Directory Company, and for damages.

The complainants are the representatives of the American Directory Publishers, and the defendants are the Los Angeles Modern Directory Company, and G. W. Macmill.

Complainants will allege that mechanical directories in which the web is printed on both sides are an infringement of patent No. 24,848, owned by them.

## The New House of the Church of the Unity.



Unity Church is once more comfortably housed—this time in an attractive, convenient and modern home. The new church, at No. 923-925 South Flower street, is admirably adapted to the needs of the modern church, with its various auxiliaries. Old residents will remember the first Unitarian Church, the handsome building on Seventh street which was unfortunately burned in the hands of the trustees of the church for investment. The auditorium is of good size, well ventilated, and filled with an atmosphere of comfort and cheer. On occasions when more room is needed, the Sunday-school room can be thrown in with it by sliding doors, affording an uninterrupted view of the extreme length of the church.

The organ, in which important and expensive improvements have been made, and the choir stalls are at the right of the pulpit. The Sunday-school room is surrounded by a half-circle of class rooms, separated from it by heavy portieres. The ladies' parlor is at once exquisite and luxurious. Here are the classes in current events, parliamentary law and conversation, or other subjects, and the pastor holds his sessions. The room is irregular in shape, leaving a number of niches for window seats, desk and piano, and these with polished floor and rich cushions, rich furniture, potted plants,

etc., serve to give the impression of an elegant, but cozy home interior. On the basement floor are a large dining-room and kitchen, and directly above the pastor is Dr. Jones's study.

The church is to be formally dedicated today at 10:30 a.m. Rev. William Day Simons, a proven man with an enviable reputation as an orator, comes from Seattle to preach the dedicatory sermon. Besides Mr. Simons, several Unitarian ministers from different parts of the State, as well as the pastor of the church, will assist in the service.

The new organist and choir director, Frank H. Colby, has arranged special music in the afternoon a new season of the vesper concerts so much appreciated last year will be inaugurated. Arnold Krauss will present the programme of this concert. Altogether the Church of the Unity seems to have entered upon a season of peace and prosperity.

It is noticed that the plan of this church, as designed by the church architect, E. B. Walker, is totally different from anything yet built in this city. The plan shows the new form invented by the architect and successfully introduced in the past as simplifying the churchy church.

mounted outfit. We had our guns out of the box and ready for our ride. The infantry was 200 yards behind us. We were in the extreme front, and it was very quiet, as if the enemy were a lot of insurgents jump out of the grass and run by the right flank. They were only about fifty yards from us. There we were, perched up on our big cavalry horses, that had never been under fire, and suddenly attacked that it was a wonder we were not all killed. We did not lose a man, but very few of the enemy were left to tell the tale. My horse was shot in the hind quarters and only lived about four minutes. My horse never moved. I did feel so sorry. Then I got a big, black artillery mare that was used to fire; she was a rare one. Our little mounted detachment played Cain with the insurgents; they take to their heels when they see the big horse coming.

**TEACHERS' ASSOCIATION.**

The Southern California Teachers' Association will be in session in Los Angeles on December 28, 29, 30 and 31. A meeting of the Executive Committee was held yesterday to consider the programme, the members of the association being: C. L. Ennis of Los Angeles, president; L. B. Avery of Redlands, first vice-president; W. F. Bliss of San Diego, second vice-president; J. W. Henry of Los Angeles, recording secretary; J. H. Francis of Los Angeles, transportation secretary; J. D. Burris of San Diego, treasurer. The following noted educators have consented to be present at the coming session: Superintendent J. M. Greenwood of Kansas City, Mo.; President Charles F. Thwing of the Western Reserve University, Ohio; President David Starr Jordan of Stanford; President Benjamin Ide of the University of California.

**OCCEIDENTAL COLLEGE.**

J. Parsons, State Secretary of the Young Men's Christian Association, conducted the regular meeting of the college association, Friday.

Friday evening, at the home of Rev. J. Clelland, a pleasant reception was given to the new students of the college by the members of the Young Women's and Young Men's Christian associations. An informal programme was given during the evening, consisting of recitations by Prof. W. L. Barnbright, who read the beautiful selection from Robert Buchanan's "Drifting"; Miss Florence Field and Charles Clay, who convulsed the guests by his recital of "The On-legend Goss" and "Peter's Wife's Mother Lay Sick of a Fever." Games and refreshments occupied the rest of the evening.

**CHRISTIAN ENDAVOR NOTES.**

Local Endeavors are planning a rally to take the form of a union, prayer meeting on Sunday afternoon, the 14th of this month, at 2 o'clock. The most successful mass-meetings ever held by the Los Angeles Christian Endeavor Union took place on Sunday afternoon in last May in the First Baptist Church. This one is to be held in the First Christian Church at 2 p.m. Rev. C. B. Mason of the Pacific Gospel Union has returned from Europe and the World's Endeavor Convention in London, and will be the principal speaker.

**WACOMMA'S SMALL INCREASE.**

WASHINGTON, Oct. 6.—The Census Bureau announces that the population of Tacoma, Wash., is 27,714, an increase of 26,008 in 1890. This is an increase of 1708, or 4.74 per cent.

**"SAMUEL O'POWEN" BANKRUPT.**

ST. PAUL, Oct. 6.—M. O. Curran, "Samuel O'Powen," the actor, filed a petition in bankruptcy today in the United States District Court, claiming liabilities of \$25,000.

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## The Soc

## STUDENTS IN SOCIETY

**M**ISS EVA KEATING entertained her young friends yesterday at 11 o'clock a.m. until 2 o'clock at the home of her mother, Mrs. M. Russell in St. James Park. The occasion was in the nature of a union of classmates and debutantes and the guests were delightfully entertained with a "Mother Goose" game which caused much merriment. Prizes were awarded those recalling the greatest number of rhymes. Luncheon was served at 1 o'clock. Those present were:

were Misses Echo Allen, Eliza Bon  
Adelaide Brown, Louise Burke, E  
Bumiller, Stella Bumiller, Adela Cl  
son, Louise Clawson, Belle Cou  
Ella Clark, Inez Clark, Nellie Cl  
Lucy Clark, Katherine Clark, M  
Clark, Jane Campbell, Mary Dav  
Mary Finemaker, Gusie Dunkleber  
Nannie Dillon, Alma Foy, Mabel G  
sey, Mary Gibson, Evelyn Gwynne,  
Green, Susie Howard, Helen Hou  
Adela Hambrook, Marie Hambro  
Gessum, Mary Lee, Marg

Grace, Inez Moore, Beanie Millar, Lou  
McFarland, Margaret Moore, L.  
Huebell, Helen Newlin, Maude M  
Grace Mellus, Georgia Knight, F  
ance Silent, Lella Simonds, Har  
Severance, Violet Wigmora, Beat  
Wigmora, Florence Williams, I  
Wood, Kitty Walbridge; Misses C  
Mueller, W. B. Tyler, W. Botha  
Mrs. Russell was assisted by Mrs  
W. Woolwine, West Hughes, Fan  
Shoemaker, and Miss Jarvis of Lou  
ville, Ky.

The Entire Nouns Society of the University of Southern California gave a reception Thursday evening at the home of Miss Bertha Rose, No. 10 West Thirtieth street, in honor of Misses Martha Gay, Mamie Reeves and Muriel Beamer, who have lately received into membership in that society. The large reception hall and the spacious parlors opening on either side were decorated, the prevailing tones being green and red. Smiling wreathed the pillars in the hall

the banisters of the stairway arranged in graceful festoons in the parlors, while red roses, banded with the mantles and piano, amid masses of ferns, gave color to the scene, and made the air heavy with perfume. The dining-room was particularly effective, being a combination of pink and white, masses of pink cosmos. A large number of guests had been invited, and the parlors were filled. The guests were received by Miss Rose and members of the Entre Nous Society. The hallway was a punch bowl, presided over by Miss Marie Wilder.

The society is composed of the following named: Miss Winnifred Realy, Jessie Wood, Bertha Rose, Edith, Helen Merryman, Clara L. Georgia Holman, Bertha Green, Marjorie, Marie Widney, Ethel Hard, Helen Christie, Clara Walts, Klara Pennel, Martha Gay, Mamie Reeves, Muriel Beamer.

the largest dancing parties of the season given Friday evening at the Woman's Club house on South Main street. It was attended by more than 150 of the most prominent society people of Los Angeles. The dance was preceded by a reception, and the young ladies were assisted by their mothers, Mrs. Ivel Higgins and Mrs. George Mason. During the evening punch was served from a corner in the hall.

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**Daughters of Confederacy.**

The Robert E. Lee Chapter of the Daughters of the Confederacy held a social and business meeting Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. W. I. D. Garma, No. 124 West Seventeenth street. The following named officers were elected: Mrs. S. R. Thorpe, president; Mrs. W. R. Goswells, first vice-president; Mrs. E. G. Robinson, second vice-president; Miss Eva Kerna, secretary; Mrs. J. E. Wilson, treasurer; Miss Mignonette Hutton, historian. After the election of officers of social hour was enjoyed, during which a

**Lander-Givin.**

Miss Luana Helen Lander of Prospect Park and Walter Givin of Los Angeles were married Wednesday evening at the home of the bride's mother, Mrs. A. E. Lander located at Prospect Park. Rev. A. H. Fretz officiated. The bride's two sister and brother, Lucile and Herschel Lander, acted as bridesmaid and best man. Little Mary Arvey was ring bearer. Miss Louise Swan furnished the wedding music. They were

happily decorated with ferns and flowers. The service was witnessed by more than fifty friends. Many handsome gifts were received. After supper Mr. and Mrs. Gwin left for Los Angeles, where they will reside.

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### Social Reunion.

The First Congregational Orchestra, after a two months' vacation, has commenced rehearsals for its sixth season under the direction of William H. Mead. Some excellent additions have been made.

to the personnel of the orchestra, and the prospects are favorable for a most interesting winter's work. In addition to the regular series annually in the church, the orchestra is engaged for three outside concerts. On Friday evening the members of the organization enjoyed a de-social reunion following the rehearsal. A collation was served and an hour was pleasantly spent with toasts and speeches. The members of the orchestra present: Mrs. H. C. Carden.

A. W. Wood, Misses Grace Dering,  
 Earl Jones, Ada McDowell, Lavelle  
 Anderson, Messrs. Jones, the Misses Sayre  
 C. Brown, Joe Holder, Paul Klefer,  
 Edna McLaughlin, Sisley Spaulding,  
 Kenneth Shrader, Lewis O'Harris, Ellis  
 Jewett, Harry Baxter, Harry Parker,  
 Everett Harris, H. M. Marqu's, George  
 Hamilton, F. A. Olds, Irving Doug-  
 las, Harold Simpson.

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**Football Promenade.**  
 The Football Promenade is held on

the first dance of the year Friday evening in Kramer's Hall. The following committee had the dance in charge: Messrs. David H. White, Sam L. Kreider, Rowe Sandersen and Robert L. Gollmer. Arend's Orchestra furnished music. Among those present were: Misses Margaret Eastman, Edith Campbell, Beale Allen, Ethel Works, Marie Gavanagh, Agnes Littleboy, Milton Owen, Mercedes De Luna, Ruby Kimble, Lina Johnson, Brenda Toole, L.

Phyllis Newton, Stella Cridland, Josephine Lewis, Renna Kane, Bertha Kane, Blanch Donnell, Whitmel, Belle Whitaker, Grace Laubersheimer, Edith Sourles, Meara, Ed Harbor, Charles Whitfill, Leo Gibson, Leigh Ford, Frank Atwander, Charles Willets, Lee Murray, Christy, Alfred Brant, Frank








## Standard Patterns Are the

...the same way that they all say

There's been shirts cut by some patterns that were two inches waste at the bottom, a bit of waste with Standard patterns. Standard patterns have seam allowances. Then there's a surge and style to Standard patterns that others have.

**Now, don't judge our trim**

but give the hats and suits a chance. You would get the full strength and



Women want more than ever—or less than ever. We don't value them as

around among  
An Auto  
Or Box Co  
Or Jacket  
There is a pos  
see what we ar  
Ladies' Suits—Of  
breasted, by front  
black velvet piping  
throughout with sil  
cular flounce and  
with velvet piping  
jacket; new inverted  
Ladies' Suits—Of good quality covert, in brown and  
double breasted jacket, rolling collar, lined with silk  
skirt cut in latest French shape, flaring at the bottom.  
Ladies' Suits—Of venetian cloth, in castor, navy and  
pasted jacket, tailor stitched revers, appliqued with  
wet, skirt cut with wide flaring bottom and tailor's  
seams; suit lined throughout with good quality tulle.  
Ladies' Suits—Of broadcloth, double breasted jacket  
in the latest shape, with circular flounce, lapels of  
skirt trimmed with bands of stitched satin.  
Fire suit lined with taffeta silk.



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# Los Angeles

And Los Angeles women seem  
 We don't believe it's necessary  
 storekeeper should take advantage  
 re. It doesn't take smartness to beat  
 bargains that's winning favor with t  
 Black Suitings.

**Chevots—50c.**  
44 inches wide; all wool. One of the best dress is made.

**Camel's hair—\$1.79.**  
54 inches wide; a favorite dress fabric.

**Venetian Cloth—\$1.50.**  
It gushed by its beauty as compared with other fabrics. Its peculiar way of buying and its to make it \$1.50.

**Crepons—\$1.48.**  
44 inches wide black, silk finished hemstitch, w and dashes. The smaller figure you know as season.

**Cheviot—\$1.48.**  
Extra weight, reversible and requires no iron when compared with values about town.

**Crepons—98c.**  
40 inches wide and pretty blistered effects.

**Crepons—\$1.98.**  
44 inches wide and silk finished—small dots and

**Mohair Serge—80c.**  
42-inch and reversible—It's all wool.

**Givernaud Taffeta S**

...chemical waists in style making and materials  
We are always on the inside. We don't let any  
**Every waist is perfect and in**  
The tassets from which they are made is the most  
...enables. In this wonderful offer are 300 garments, including  
*Old Rose, Gray,  
Cerise, Laven*  
...enables are in the latest dress style, with all  
...most of them have seven rows of tucking. There  
...different style fronts—solid tucking with pointed  
...rows, others corded, and still others stitched and corded  
...others are in the newest shapes and detachable—  
...every waist.  
This is the most remarkable Milk Waist offer  
...presented to Los Angeles reading public. Bring  
...be quick to respond. No one who makes up  
...milk waist should do without first seeing what's  
...  
**Here Are the Two**  
**Prize Articles:**  
...ELODIE GARBUTT, Aged 10, Received  
...CHARLIE DAVIS, Aged 9 Years, Received  
..."*SAND CRABS*"

[illegible]



















**THEY WERE HERE**  
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**BEHIND THE CURTAIN—VII.**  
[SCENE: Private Parlor at Hotel. Bryan, soliloquizing.]  
Bryan: I have no rest, for the very air doth  
Sting me, fretted as it is at all times  
With the insistent speech of men who do  
Babble of my policy as if 'twere  
Rankest heresy, and who do snatch my  
Words and weigh their meaning as though they were  
A hollow mockery, bare of all  
Sincerity, and as void of all true  
Logic as is the helpless wail of some  
New-born infant that stabs the silence with  
Its cry, as though its new life wounded it.  
Shadows seem gathering everywhere—  
Storms of distrust and dread suspicion  
Threaten me, and Logic's lurid lightning  
Seeks to strike me down mid its overwhelming  
Thunders. Oh, I would delight to lay my  
Head upon Prosperity and throttle  
It till I could seize the reins of power,  
And win the success for which I hunger.  
[A knock.]  
Bryan: Who comes here? I trust 'tis one who brings  
Some bread of comfort with him.  
[Enter servant ushering in Stevenson and others.]  
Bryan: Ah! Most loyal friends, a heartfelt welcome  
To ye. Bring ye good news that we may lay like  
Honey on our fears, till they shall trouble  
Us no more with the gall of bitterness?  
Stevenson: Nay, as we came to thee this morn we saw  
A crowd gathered within the park, and one,  
A lusty, glint-tongued fellow, was mouthing  
Words that cut me like a sharp javelin.  
Stabbing me with dread fears lest the populace  
Should heed them, and make walk like a restless  
Ghost our issue of imperialism.  
And free silver!—This anti-nonsense, cried  
He, hath not a foot to stand upon. Be  
Ye not blinded by this mask Democracy  
Hath put on. Anti-imperialism  
It holds ready to be laid by the High  
Priest of Cash, and when that is down, like some  
Mighty Hercules the party will thrust  
On ye the real issue that it doth  
Contend for, the issue of free silver.  
And once that triumph, what will it bring ye?  
It will bring ye ruin and financial  
Chaos, and the death of the nation's honor.  
It will make the land bankrupt and our  
Now well-filled Treasury would then swiftly  
Starve the waiting nation's ears.  
With the hollow echoes of its emptiness.  
And what cried he, with voice that thundered like  
Some of those grand Demosthenes, doth Bryan  
Dream that Freedom's sons are Bolly's feeble  
Younglings whom he may feed with the poisoned  
Pap of sophistry, and the milk of his  
Financial heresies? Oh, he would buy  
The nation's conscience with his free silver,  
And it would bring him power. For what he  
Is, and for what he would do, beware O  
Sons of Freedom, of Bryan, beware how ye do  
Cast your votes in this great crisis of the  
Nation's life. The future trembling waits, and  
He who loves country and to whom  
Humanity is dear will never cast  
His vote for recreant Democracy,  
For Bryan and dishonor.  
Bryan: And did the crowd swallow his words as they  
Were uttered with acceptance?  
Stevenson: Aye, they did cheer most lustily, and they  
Did cry, safely and glad prosperity  
Lie not within the path where Bryan leads,  
And Labor would wear no yokes 'e'en though they  
Be of silver. Hurrah! hurrah for  
McKinley, the right will triumph, America's  
Free sons are still true to the old flag.  
Where'er it waves beneath the blue of heaven.  
Gold Democrat: Out on ye, false leaders! Ye have debauched  
Democracy, dishonored country, and  
Are traitors to our glorious past. For  
Such as ye who dare to thunder that had  
Ye the power ye would haul down the  
Flag, the stately banner of the free, where  
Now it waves above our hero dead in  
That distant world, our country's Father,  
Noble Washington, and he who did lead  
Such lustre to Democracy, our proud  
Patriot, Jefferson, would hang their heads  
In shame, and robe themselves in sackcloth. The  
Issues you have named are but wanton  
Harlots which Democracy will never father.  
Bryan: I'll not discuss the matter with ye further.  
I talk with but my peers. So ye will leave me.

**HIRES A HALL.**  
Orator Wilshire Quits  
the Band Stand,  
Sets Noonan Phillips in  
Motion Again,  
And Gets Up a Great "Pop-  
ler" Ovation for Orator  
Wilshire.  
In a hall that he hired himself for  
the cause of free speech, H. Gaylord  
Wilshire, the Central center and  
band-stand candidate for jail, got a  
crust job last night. It came from one  
of his fellow-speechblinders, who called  
him an emetic. At least that is the  
way it sounded.  
A young man named James Roche,  
who has the proud distinction of be-  
ing one of the favored few arrested,  
said that the conduct of Wilshire, and  
the promulgation of his doctrines  
caused the spirit of 1776 to rise up with  
in the breasts of men.  
But if he felt sensitive at being  
placed in a class with hot water and  
mustard, Mr. Wilshire was liberally  
consoled later on.  
Before the meeting was done he was  
compared to Martin Luther, to the  
twelve apostles and to Jesus Christ.  
Actually to Jesus Christ.

**BEHIND THE CURTAIN—VII.**  
Great Reduction Sale of  
**Lace Curtains,  
Portieres, Table Covers,  
Upholstery Stuffs**  
Is announced for this week.  
We are preparing to start this de-  
partment afresh in new and enlarged  
quarters. The stocks must be trimmed  
up and put in shape. We do it by be-  
ginning with the prices. It's a su-  
preme bargain event in drapery circles.  
**Prices Are Down 20 to 50 per cent.**  
And on bright, fresh curtains—perfect. Their only excuse for being in this sale, is that the  
lines have either gone too slow or too fast. What we have too much or too little of now,  
must be sacrificed. Included among the offerings are:  
**Nottingham Curtains, Brussels Net Curtains, Renaissance, Ruffled Curtains, Bobinet, Irish Point.**  
It's a sale of absorbing interest to women of artistic taste. The chance to buy pretty and  
rare curtains at a quarter and a half off, is certainly worth your consideration.  
We'll pick at random, a few prices to show you how the reductions range.  
**Nottinghams Irish Points Swiss Curtains Portieres**  
\$10 for 12 curtains. \$10 for 12 curtains. \$10 for 12 curtains. \$10 for 12 curtains.  
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The following letter has been secured specially for publication in The Times.

threatened. The English, French, Russians, Italians and Americans united in bringing their troops together. The Germans and Austrians came two days later. There are about 500 men here all told. Most fortunate for us, Mr. Conner could get a compound oiling ours for our own guard of 50 men and a safe.

through the wall opening the two  
into one. The guards came  
from the city gates, but they met no  
resistance. In fact, the Chinese govern-  
ment brought them from the station to  
different legations. The foreign minis-  
ters were surprised to find that the  
Chinese government let them go. The  
guards in their hands, as the govern-  
ment was not protecting their people.  
The Chinese soldiers went to the  
Tung Li Yamen, and after urging the  
guards to leave, they went to the  
Yamen. "We will give you until 8 o'clock to  
get away. If it does not come,  
we will not give you a favor."  
The ministers were very sure that  
it would come out, as they had asked  
Kuo Hsiang-shan to go with them. He  
was with China now. The Yamen pro-  
tested, and said:  
"I am the ruler three days to give  
the answer. One day to take it to the  
summer palace; one day to consider  
it."

[illegible]

character. Mr. Conger is calm, and seems to act cautiously and wisely. He bears up bravely under the almost numberless pressures that are brought upon him. He must not make mis-

On the railroad telegraph wires, the Chinese are burning up the stations and bridges are burned. The postal telegraph was open to foreigners, but the Chinese could not send messages to the State Department and to Tien-Tsin until the Chinese could be assured that no more foreigners' messages. They say the wires are down. We cannot get any news from Tien-Tsin, but we do know that messages are not received or sent. You see, there was no line from here to Tien-Tsin, and none elsewhere. Messages are now sent by the Chinese, but much doubt is sent with them.

The missionaries have left their missions. The Chinese are burning the natives, and native Christians have been killed. The Chinese are driving the United States missionaries have gone to the Methodist mission compound at Tien-Tsin. The Chinese have come to this legation. Mr. Conger has sent twenty of our guards to the legation. The Chinese are asking for help protect them. The English legation has two men and ten guns. The Chinese are asking for help protect them. The Chinese are asking for help protect them.

The western hills: Sir Claude MacDon-

ed had brought his family to the location in the hills, and yesterday it was burned to the ground. At our table now. Our family is pleasant, and of little trouble to us. In fact, we are just as grand. None of them have left us, and they serve us faithfully. There are some near all. The missionaries leave some and take some of their children to the women. If they have any, and if they have none, they are very kind. The converts are terrified, for they are badly treated by the natives.

**THEY DID NOT APPEAR.**

**TUESDAY, JULY 27.**—The missionaries and U.S. military guards to protect them. Mr. Squires, Mr. Cheshire and others went to the station to get our troops. Other troops were sent to the station. No troops there, and no troops had been heard from. All returned disappointed. They must have been sent to the extra to stay. You see we must have them to bring ammunition out along the line for thirty miles. They had no trace of the troops. They said they must have much to do on the railroads before running the trains.

world. Not only are the railroads and telegraphs gone, but foreigners are not considered safe. You see we are at the mercy of the faithfulness and truthfulness of the Chinese. We must go from here, nor do we know where to go. We must know what is taking place, and we know what is taking place in the international City. That there are great troubles in the East, and we are in a very bad way. Yesterday there was a change in the Tsungli Yamen of four members. Prince Tuan, the Chinese Premier, has been removed from the office and has been appointed to the office of the Empress Dowager.

Yesterday the members of the Tsungli Yamen called to see Mr. Conger, all the other ministers. They asked him to go to Peking, and he refused. They went into Peking, really urged the matter. But Mr. Conger said, "No, I cannot, and as you cannot or will not do it, we must. We only do it to protect the lives of the missionaries and the members of the Tsungli Yamen cannot ask that if the troops come in they will be least in the least in the least in the Methodist mission, not in the

streets, as that might excite the Bokeres. They seemed very friendly today. Such a request seems all right.

**BEGINNING OF TROUBLE.**

June 13—No soldiers yet. Where are they? A letter came from the United States today, at Tien-Tsin overland. He said the troops were all right. Their way to Peking Monday. We had great hopes of seeing them today. A Japanese from the Japanese legation was going to the station yesterday and he was stopped. Today flags are flying at half mast. The troops began to be heard rather laughable fright this morning. It may, however, have a good effect. The Chinese soldiers do almost nothing again.

[illegible]

With Chinese guns. They all burned. This gateway is to the south, and no one passes through it except the Emperor when he goes to worship at the temple of heaven and temple of earth. The temple of earth, mortuary, befalling the gate or gateway, "very bad omen." "Some great misfortune is coming to the throne." But it was the work of their own hands.

My thoughts went out to our brave men who are striving to come to our rescue. They, without doubt, could see the large number of our soldiers, and would fear for our safety. We are all right, and still feel that no harm will come to the legations. The Chinese government will try to protect us, and

our brave men are worth more than  
1,000 Boxers in a battle. Boxers are  
afraid of firearms. We have been



enced in a little more and a stay here, until now none of us go outside the guarded square. It is even difficult to go to the market with a message to the Tsung Li Yamen.

We are shut in and our coming and going is very restricted. On Sunday week, must now get in the morning as best they can. Twice last week we were sent to the Tsung Li Yamen on Mr. Conger, both times to ask him to stop the coming of his troops and to ask him to stop the coming of his requests of the other ministers. A most positive "No!" was the answer from all. Where would the legations go? Where would the Chinese landings and promises? Last night while we were at dinner, Mr. Conger came in and said that he had sent members of the Tsung Li Yamen (extra hour, surely; never heard of that) to the Tsung Li Yamen, Mr. Cheshire, United States secretary, interpreter, and a guard went to meet him and escort them through our fortified city. We are fortified. All the

foundings next to the legations have been torn down and everything that was left of the old buildings has been dumped into the canal, and the brick and stones are built into fortifications to strengthen them in their protective work, if an attack should come. We believe that this very work has been done by the Chinese. The Chinese boxers did not come. About 10 p.m. the members (four) of the Tung Lin Hsien entered our gate. It was no longer possible to get through the lines with their chains. They were very friendly.

**EMPEROR TO CONGER.**

The said at 5 o'clock they were at the palace and the Emperor Dowager came to the Emperor's legation, as it was friendly to China, and to say that they deeply regretted what has

happened in areas, etc., and promised them that they were repeating the same old story—they do not stop it. Their intention is to destroy the villages, to destroy and burning property, and danger threatens everywhere, and our troops had not been here, the legation is in danger. He said: "You asked and urged that the coming troops go into camp outside the city. I have said: 'No. They will come to the legation, and if they are not enough to protect the legation, I will call in the troops. If this legation is harmed, my government will swoop down upon you and wipe you off the face of the earth.' I know the foreign soldiers are far better than ours." Mr. Conger told them: "The legation is in danger, and I will have a harmonious relation with your people. You do not give it to us. We foreign nations are always called upon to send troops to the countries for the protection you should give us. You promise protection but do not give it. We must bring our own troops. You must be able to bring more, and still more. Your people are so afraid of the Boxers that they do not know how to fight. I am a messenger with a message to the King Li Yamen."

troops," as yet, but word comes (ru-mor) that the telegraph is down between Tien-Tsin and Shanghai. But even all the port cities can help themselves—there is a line of Tien-Tsin and Shanghai already threatened. The native town of this city there is alive with Boxers. We cannot hear very often and sure how they are prospering in Tien-Tsin or elsewhere. We are now about like being on board ship on a great sea in

Wagell, I will write something of our seeming experiences. We kept getting into closer and closer quarters, and the darkness kept thickening, and we were hoping, looking and praying for our "coming troops" to appear. On the afternoon of June 19 we were taking our afternoon tea when a letter from the Tsung Lu Yamen came to Mr. Conger. Mr. Cheshire took it and read it, as it was in Chinese. He arose and said to Mr. Conger, "Let us go to the office." They went. We women asked no questions. Shortly, I saw Mr. Conger hasten out.

bags made. Everything has been made in this way, so that the bags can hold a pound. Then, when we must have more to protect our men on the walls and in the streets, the bags would be easily manifested. Between the legations there were many Chinese shops with their goods, and there were three foreign stores, and all were well filled. All were emptied into this big sack, and the sack would be taken from their shops, and the foreigners gave their goods. We not only found a sack of cloth, but a sack of woolen cloth for beds and for clothing for the troops who fled from their homes with their families. We also found a sack of kitchen things, buckets to carry water in, and a sack of rice. We also found in to put out fires, stores of quantities of rice, and a sack of wheat, and a sack of wheat, with seven grain mills, and a sack of sheep.

THIED TO BURN BRITISH LEGATION

The legation is large, about seven

three, and the most excellent water in abundance, Sir Cloud and Lady Macdonald (sic) and their Chinese attendants. The sanitation helpers have been most charming in their untiring work for the comfort of all these people and in their efforts to help them. The first was that we were here the Chinese seemed to try to burn us out. Our men and women were told that they would not be allowed only come to our legation walls. The fire bell would sound for all to hear and that if we did not leave we would have done if it had not been for the Chinese refugees. They have worked with a will and have been most helpful in their efforts to help us. The Chinese are able work. In fact, all have been working for their betterment and for the workers to their best ability. They have word of complaint. There is little of it done, but some think others do not people have not had time to see what others are doing.

French Minister at his legation surely heard distant cannon, and it must be our "coming troops." We have been told that the Russian Minister has said many days and nights that we live very little to rumor or reports. We all offer no secret praise to the French Minister. Perhaps we have not yet been tested enough to be relieved. Some nights and days the firing is so close that it seems as if it was Boxers who would attack us now it is the armed soldiers with their foreign small and large guns. The Russians are firing from the towers. The Boxers, and now it is hundreds and thousands of soldiers that are firing from the towers. It seems as if they are blowing of their horns and their yells and the firing of their guns is the most frightful thing I ever heard. It seems as if the Russian soldiers are firing. The balls are continually whizzing by. When a general attack is made, the

**A SCRIPTURE READING.**  
Sunday, July 2.—We have passed safely through another stormy night. Much firing of small and big guns. We are getting used to this firing and sleep more than we did at first. This morning I made my rounds, and then went off in a little nitcb by myself to read. I opened my Bible and began to read to see what lesson was there for me. The

was eighth, ninth and tenth verses. What a glorious day! We were all glad to go forward. We looked at one another and went together. Many thought it wonderful that we were all here. We have now has been a great blessing to me.

August 6—Still besieged in the British legation. No "coming from the front." All things have become easier since I wrote this letter. We were under increasing fire. Battles day and night that were not so much as the day before. The efforts and Tien Tsin were taken on the 14th the Young Li Yamen and the forward. We were under increasing fire. Understanding that there should be for a time a ceasing of fire. Since the dreadful day of the 14th, we have been under fire day and night, we have now had a fierce battle until last night. The day of the 14th, we have been under light evening, but at 3 o'clock the voices came thick and fast and continued about thirty minutes. We were under fire all night during these days of almost quiet.

August 12.—We heard from our command that the Japanese within thirty miles of Peking, and were obliged to return to Tien-Tsin and increase their forces. They had a large force combined made a large, strong army. They determined thought to wipe out our legation and their army.

The foreigners who know the Chinese longest and best

They made attacks in the dark and in the rain, which they would not do before in their warfare. They are very bold and cruel and determined. But it must be that God knows our needs and has given or shown them to us in many ways during the course of their dear service. I never saw anything like it. God's loving hand alone has saved us. I will try some day to tell you many a happy story that we have recognized it. The booming cannons would send their shells right at us. They would sometimes burst over our heads. They would touch us. Sometimes they would go beyond us. After trying for many days to get the range, they have sent a few shells toward many our buildings.

[illegible]

A True Temperament Modulator  
Containing Neither  
**Alcohol,**  
**Whisky,**  
**Opium,**  
or other Narcotic.  
Gives Strength to the

**STOMACH,**  
Purity to the  
**BLOOD,**  
*Life to the LUNGS.*

**SUNDAY, OCTOBER 7, 1906**

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**NOME BEACH  
A FAILURE.**

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*Such is Report of this  
Correspondent.*

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**New Mining Methods  
Made Necessary.**

**Some Money Made on the Beach  
But Most of the Gold in  
the Creeks.**

By TAPPAN ADNEY.

SPECIAL CORRESPONDENCE OF THE TIMES.

NOME (Alaska), Aug. 20, 1908.—The beach as a gold producer is practically a failure. By the end of July it was tolerably certain that the gold was

very unversely to the making good wages they men, as high as \$15 a day; while he heard of two men not more than a mile from town who reched out for a short while from \$15 to just \$14. In one place where he was working for \$4.00 a week they were Sweden! Two to five dollars a day was very uncommon, while the majority of those who worked on the beach did not average more than two bucks. The men of the Williams, Cummings and William Peck "Big Missootqui" who are credited last year with the largest sum taken out of the beach, this year did not even set up a record. The present record is being the fine beach that has been a serious one. The fact is that even the rocker, the simplest and best of gold-saving machines, must be built especially for the kind of rockers that are the best rockers.

will save coarse, nagged gold. The pecty will not save the fine gold. The answer, therefore, is to use a pecty with coarse gold predominance.) made to roughly described as a sort of iron cone with one or two handles it to be pushed down side to side like a cradle. The top is a shallow tray called the "sieve" having holes in it. The sieve is made of a board one inch or so apart. Underneath is the "strut," a frame upon which the sieve is placed. The whole is a canvas sometimes provided with crumpecks of wood called "rifles," and set at a slight grade. On the bottom of the sieve are placed crumpecks with crosspieces or rifles, like a grid iron. The dirt containing the gold is placed in the sieve and the water is allowed to run down upon some water in a dippan made of a tin can, with a handle over the top so that it can be turned over and set on at an angle and the water is allowed to run down the face vertically rocking the machine.

the fine art and gold bases through the water. The heavy gold lodges in the interstices of the waves, or the ripples, and their particles rise up to the surface and are caught in the ripples there. The heavy gold found generally on the surface of the rocks is the lightest motion of the rocks; with the red and black from sand with which it is associated, it is so heavy that it settles in the joints of an ordinary rock and the gold passes into the tailings.

The various interstices of the rocks, over which the sand and water flow, must be set at a sufficient angle to the surface of the water, and the ripples must be very much smaller. Even then a large part of the gold is lost in the tailings, as the plates coated with quicksilver, as is well known, has a strong affinity for the sand. In the beach rocks the bottom ripples are the best.

silvered plates laid down instead of silver. It is commonly said that to have the best of the world's knowledge, there are little "wrinkles" in the experienced bench miner, inasmuch as the part of the new miner is the reticence. The rocker used by Mr. Cunningham is the type of a successful beach rocker. Cunningham has the distinction of being the first to bring in Alaska, of the miners who have been to the Chitinaut Pass in the last few days before the discovery there, and he rocked for the first time the bar of the viceroy. He is to be the first to have the best rocker mine in that place. He places a silvered plate on the bottom of the rocker, and the addition to the usual plate on the bottom of the rocker is a carpet of brown carpet. The carpet is made of a material without ridges, silvered plates. The greater part of the

[illegible]

With the quicksilver, which covers the floor in waterless gold, they have adorned, very few men have been robbing miners tell me, and find the sand full of the contents of their boxes. The robbing has been done by the miners themselves. There have been no inexperienced miners and go to work for a month at \$4 a day, and the men who went over the ground after the robbery, and the men who should have made \$5 to \$20 a day. They are robbing.

A few miners discovered pay in the bedrock, and understood by the miner, money was to be had. Here on the beach it is a hard gold from stratum, which has kept the gold in the sand. The miners are taking the gold from the gravel. I saw a miner, besides his rocker, rubbing in the sand, and he was finding a single nugget of this clay and curing his luck at present. The miner is in the rocker. Further on the beach, the miner is taking the gold from the sand.

"The boys of the same clay drying the bank, where some men were pecking, and pointing to the day, I said: 'I see you understood.'"

"Yes," was the reply, "we dry the peckers." I say, whether it consumes gold or clay, whether it consumes boxes. As it is the basis of the water it has a habit of pecking at, taking with it any particles of gold that get in its way. The miners call them "robbers."

From this account of a few of the minutiae of beach mining it will be seen that a certain number of those who have persistently worked the beach were sure to go away condemning it as a failure.

Of the pumping plants and large

... and a few were brought in by







The A



THE HYDE



THE MINERS OF DIAMOND MINE

MR. AND MRS. GIGPADDLE.

"A TEXAS STEER."

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Gigpaddle.

Mrs. Gigpaddle looked up from her magazine and gazed across at Mr. Gigpaddle inquiringly.

"I see that 'A Texas Steer' is on the boards for tonight," observed Mr. Gigpaddle, "and we haven't been to a good show for a whole month!"

"How nice!" cooed Mrs. Gigpaddle.

"But it is rather late to begin getting ready, isn't it?"

Mr. Gigpaddle glanced at the clock.

"Not at all!" he exclaimed; "7:30, and only four blocks to walk. Just you make it a point to get ready half as soon as I do, and we'll get there, Mrs. Gigpaddle, well get there long before the band leader serves the preliminary dinner out of his instrument of torture! There goes!"

Mr. Gigpaddle hung over to the table

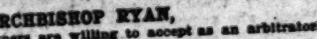


EAST.

STRIKE LEADER, FRED DILCHER, AND HIS ASSOCIATES ON THE EXECUTIVE BOARD.



PROCESSION OF STRIKING MINERS, MAHONNY CITY.



**DAVID H. JONES,**  
Leader at the Bristol Collieries











# OPENING SALE

## A. Hamburger & Sons

### SAFEST PLACE TO TRADE

# EXHIBITION AND SALE.

Twice each year we hold this exposition of merchandise, each greater than its predecessor. For the Hamburger store to maintain its leading position, it is necessary for us to show a greater variety of merchandise than would be expected of any other concern in Southern California, and at the same time to show better merchandise than other stores can afford to carry. During this semi-annual event, we display the finest of our merchandise. We make the store attractive in appearance and at the same time we hold a sale which is unequaled at any other season of the year.

### THIS SALE WILL BE MADE MEMORABLE

By offerings of high-class merchandise at remarkably little prices. We shun cheaper qualities and have selected medium and high priced goods, which are to be sold at prices near to half. As you read the items on this page you may rest assured that every one will be found in the store exactly as we describe it in the paper.

## Everyone is invited to attend.

Not only are the prices attractive but the decorative features throughout this immense building are unique and different from anything before seen in Los Angeles. We won't tell you all about them because we want you to come and see for yourselves. Some of our finest merchandise is artistically arranged in the show windows. They have all been fitted up anew for this event. Our whole front is indeed very attractive. It is rich. It reflects the fashions of New York and Paris.

### THE FOURTH FLOOR FEATURES.

Aside from the sale of curtains and rugs which will be held on the Fourth floor, you will find some very artistic, elaborate and expensive draperies and furnishings. Different sections of this floor represent different rooms of a house, or rather, corners in different rooms. Some are oriental in effect, others quite modern.

### ON THE THIRD FLOOR.

The art rooms and in fact the whole china department, is beautifully arranged and is filled to overflowing with new goods. The most beautiful samples of ceramic art will be found there. Dinner sets worth more than \$100.00. Rare pieces of bric-a-brac, exquisite cut glass, rich lamps, beautiful statuary, in fact, everything usually found in a china store. Perhaps the crystal dungeon is the most attractive corner. Part of this floor is given over to the toy department and it is particularly attractive for old and young at this season of the year.

### THE WOMAN'S FLOOR. SECOND.

Beginning at the millinery salon and ending at the wrapper section, you will find an unbroken array of the season's most choice apparel. The pattern room alone contains enough hats to keep a person interested for a half day. The most attractive creations that we could procure in honor of this event.

One-half of the second floor is given over to the showing of imported and domestic outer garments for women. You will find nothing better anywhere, look where you will—that is, unless you go to New York or Paris. There you will find more expensive garments but none which are prettier or more desirable.

The space given over to women's underwear, corsets and infants' wear, is especially attractive. It is filled with every sort of dainty under apparel, elaborately trimmed under-muslins of imported designs, and beautiful silk skirts. Back of this on New High St. is the boys' department which is particularly attractive.

### ON THE MAIN FLOOR.

From Spring St. to New High St., from Franklin St. half a block eastward is a display of merchandise which is not only gigantic in its scope but artistic in its arrangement. There is too much here to describe in detail. You will see it all anyway, but we want to impress upon you particularly that the display of dress goods, silks, trimmings, real laces and gloves is something marvelous even for the greatest store in Southern California. The decorations on this floor and in fact throughout the building are Oriental in character.

### THE BERTH FAMILY ORCHESTRA

Will render a delightful program of twelve numbers each afternoon. The program for Monday afternoon is as follows:

- |   |  |
|---|--|
| 1. Grand March, "Opening of the Season".....Stromberg | 7. "The Holy City".....Stephen Adams     |
| 2. No. 1 in F.....Rubinstein                          | 8. Selection, "Il Trovatore".....Verdi   |
| 3. Waltz, "Blue Snow".....Waldteufel                  | 9. "La Carina Mazurka".....Chopin        |
| 4. "Beethoven".....Arranged by Geo. Cans              | 10. "Nardana".....Arranged by Geo. Cans  |
| 5. Overture, "The Merry Widow".....Strauss            | 11. "Invitation to the Waltz".....Wagner |
| 6. Busch's "Blackberries".....Holman                  | 12. "Darktown Cyclone".....Trotter       |

#### \$1.00 black chevrot for 59c.

A regular \$1.00 fabric. Extra firm and heavy black chevrot. Thoroughly dyed and shrunk by steam. Both sides finished; 44 inches wide. Handsome black. During the opening sale at 59c a yard.

#### \$1.75 black storm serge, \$1.09.

Wide wale storm serge of heavy weight. No lining necessary. Made of real mohair wool, 48 inches wide and sold until now at \$1.75. That you may remember this sale we offer it at \$1.09 a yard.

#### \$2.00 black crepons at \$1.19.

These are made of that silky finished mohair which imparts such a beautiful effect to crepons. Large and small blistered patterns and scroll effects. Offered at \$1.19.

#### 75c storm serge for 50c.

We have a splendid quality of storm serge at 75c a yard, but for the opening sale we have it at 50c. It is 48 inches wide, is finished alike on both sides and comes in every shade of blue, red, gray, ecru, green and brown; also in black.

#### \$1.00 gray homespun for 67c.

This is a splendid \$1.00 fabric and it comes in the popular gray mixture. Every thread is pure wool and has been scoured and shrunk. Heavy enough to be made up without lining. During the opening sale at 67c a yard.

#### \$1.35 golf suitings at \$1.00.

Some stores would sell this fabric at \$1.50 a yard, but an honest store would not ask more than \$1.35. You will find it a satisfactory fabric in every respect. Plain backs and mixed looms. During the opening sale at \$1.00 a yard.

#### 50c moire silks for 25c.

Two weeks ago we advertised a big lot of these goods at this price, and every yard was sold before Monday night. We have just acquired 3,000 yards more, the last the maker had. They are suitable for petticoats, linings, waists, etc., and are a regular 50c quality. Several lines of colors and black at 25c a yard.

#### \$1.00 black peau de soie, 75c.

These silks are remarkably good for \$1.00 a yard. Handsome black, but our price has been \$1.00. During the opening sale get them for 75c.

#### \$1.25 new waist silks for \$1.00.

When you consider that these are the newest silks on the market, the reduction is a big one. 25 choice styles in crested stripes, corded stripes, hemstitched stripes and bow knot stripes. All are new and desirable colorings. Offered for the opening at \$1.00 a yard.

#### All wool French flannel at 50c.

Fifty pieces of handsome French flannel will be sold at this price. It comes in solid shades, of light blue, lavender, green, red, new blue, old rose, pink and navy, plain colors are more than ever popular for waists. Choose from time at 50c a yard.

#### 20c French flannelettes at 12c.

It looks exactly like imported French flannels, but it is all cotton—soft, heavy and warm. The patterns are the newest and the prettiest, the colors are suited to the patterns. A good 20c quality to be sold at 12c a yard.

#### Women's \$18 to \$25 suits for \$15.

150 of these suits are to be sold during the opening sale at this price. Made of handsome homespun, cheviots and Venetian cloths, in tight fitting, reefer and sans rever styles. The jackets are silk lined. The skirts are cut after the new flare and flounce patterns. Remember, please, that these are all new suits, and last week were priced at \$18.00, \$22.50 and \$25.00. Take your choice during the opening sale for \$15.00 each.

#### \$3.50 botany flannel waists for \$1.98.

These waists are all made of genuine all wool botany flannel, and come in all the pretty pastel shades. Made with detachable stock collars, new dress sleeves and flaring cuffs. The price last week was \$3.50, but during the opening sale, as long as the quantity holds out, we offer them for \$1.98.

#### \$5.00 golf skirts for \$2.98.

These skirts are as good as anybody in Los Angeles can sell for \$5.00. They are made of double faced golf cloth in mottled effects, range up to \$32.50 and are reduced for this sale only. They come in a variety of handsome plaids, on the wrong side. A simple tailor stitched around the bottom, and properly made in every respect. During the opening sale the price will be \$2.98.

#### \$3.00 terra cotta figures at \$1.59.

During the opening sale we offer in the art rooms on the third floor a big assortment of terra cotta and bronze finished figures at half price, or thereabouts. There are 25 different subjects. The stand 14 inches high. The prices last week ranged from \$2.00 to \$3.00. Take them while they last at \$1.59.

#### Haviland dinner sets for \$19.98.

For this sale we offer an assortment of genuine Haviland and Austrian china dinner sets at a uniform price. The regular prices range up to \$32.50 and are reduced for this sale only. They come in a variety of handsome patterns with plenty of gold stippling and tracing. Complete sets for \$19.98.

#### \$5.00 dressed dolls for \$2.50.

Beautifully dressed dolls will be sold at exactly half price. The dolls alone, without the apparel, are worth \$2.50 each. The faces and prettiest jointed dolls we have ever had. The dresses are dainty and elaborate. Trimmed with laces, insertions, etc. Every doll is a perfect beauty. For this sale we offer them at exactly half price, simply to call your attention to our magnificent assortment of dolls. Only 50 of them are to be sold at this price, \$2.50.

#### \$8.00 trimmed hats for \$5.00.

Quality considered, these hats are worth \$8.00, but when style is considered they are worth \$10.00 or more. They are as elegant, new and stylish as our regular \$10.00 to \$20.00 hats. They were made especially for this occasion, and the materials are all new and pretty. The hats are all silk. Among them are turban, homes and dress shapes in large, medium and small effects. All of them are offered at \$5.00.

#### \$2.00 walking hats for \$1.00.

The Roosevelt shape is the most popular of all for autumn wear. For the opening sale we offer a splendid quality of black Australian fur felt hats trimmed with polka dots bands. This shape comes in a medium crown and a flat set brim. A quality which other stores sell for \$2.00. During the opening our price is \$1.00.

#### 50c to 75c fancy ribbons for 25c.

A most elegant assortment of fancy ribbons in widths 3/4 to 5 inches. Among them are solid centers with lace edges, two tone centers with fringed edges, shaded stripes, checked centers with solid borders, floral designs, pin stripes, lace on a work, rainbow ladders, etc. The very newest and prettiest autumn ribbons. Worth 50c to 75c a yard. Opening price 25c.

#### \$1.00 handkerchiefs for 35c.

These handkerchiefs have pure linen centers of a sheer, fine quality. Trimmed with a variety of widths of fine valence lace. Handkerchiefs which no store would think of selling for less than \$1.00, but a few of them are worth more. During the opening sale at 35c each.

#### Imported perfume at 18c.

A ridiculous price for so fine perfume. A quadruple handkerchief extract put up for the Parisian trade, by A. Chevillier. It sells regularly for 50c an ounce, and comes in a great variety of colors. During the opening sale the price will be 18c an oz.

#### Mme. Baitz complexion soap 5c.

This soap is remarkable for its beautiful effect upon the complexion. We have sold thousands of boxes at its regular price. During the opening sale we offer it at 5c a box.

#### \$2.50 damask tablecloths at \$1.69.

The pattern cloths are of superior German make and are pure linen. They are 24 and 26 yards long, and sell regularly at \$2.50 and \$2.75. A few more than one hundred will be sold during the opening at \$1.69.

#### Boys' \$5.00 and \$6.00 suits for \$3.50.

Three lines of boys' fancy dress suits, in sizes from 8 to 14 years, worth \$5.00 and \$6.00, will be sold at \$3.50. This is to attract your attention to our elegant assortment of fine suits. They come in many styles, with round coat collars and silk faced lapels, made of elegant materials.



#### \$5.00 Irish point curtains \$2.98.

There is a magnificent display of draperies on the 4th floor, and to call special attention to it we offer a big variety of regular \$5.00 Irish point lace curtains in a variety of patterns and in the usual sizes for \$2.98 a pair.

#### Three special rugs.

We bought these especially for an opening sensation. Three sizes of handsome Nakayama rugs. They are exactly like a heavy Smyrna in weave and the colorings are new and beautiful. Both sides are alike. Sizes 26x54 inches will be sold for 98c; 30x60 inches for \$1.29; and 36x72 inches for \$1.98.

#### Women's \$5.00 shoes for \$3.45.

For a few days we will sell one line of our regular \$5.00 shoes for \$3.45. They are patent enameled calf in lace style, with hand sewed extension soles, military heels and dull mat kid tops. Latest styles, and the best shoes for autumn wear.

#### Girls' \$2.25 button shoes for \$1.68.

Last week these shoes were priced at \$2.25, and they are worth it. Made of kangaroo kid with extension soles and spring heels. Sizes 1 1/2 to 2. During the opening sale at \$1.68.

#### \$1.50 real mocha gloves for 85c.

These are exactly like the quality sold in other stores at \$1.50. But by close buying we have been able to sell them for a little less. During the opening we offer them at 85c, which is actually less than the usual import price. They come in black and all colors. Every pair will be warranted and fitted. They are imperishable to perspiration and are very stylish for autumn wear.

#### 50c to 75c hosiery for 29c.

Women's hosiery in a variety of qualities, which sell usually at 50c to 75c a pair. Black lace line, Richelieu ribbed line with colored tops and Bayadere stripes. All have double heels and toes. Handsome in pattern. Good in quality. Choose at 29c a pair.

#### \$1.00 chiffon pleatings for 37c.

325 different styles of colored pleatings will be offered at these prices. Some are worth \$1.25, others were priced at \$1.00, 75c and 50c; they range from two inches to five inches in width and come in great variety of colors; none in black. Choose at 37c a yard.

#### Shirred juby trimming for 6c.

Every store will sell you juby trimming, but what price they charge. We have an immense line, and during the opening we will sell 6-inch juby trimming, made of Liberty silk, which until now has been priced at 10c a yard. While it lasts, at 6c.

#### Men's \$1.50 neckwear for 80c.

The finest neckwear in the store will be offered during this sale for 80c. This includes the grades from 75c to \$1.50. Among them you will find Regal Ties, Imperials, Broadway Ties and English Four-in-Hands, made by the most celebrated makers in New York city. Choose at 80c a tie.

#### Taffeta silk petticoats for \$4.95.

Extra heavy taffeta silk petticoats, well worth \$7.50, will be offered at \$4.95 during the opening. They have deep shirres, finished with corded ruffles, and come in all the shades, also in black.

#### \$1.50 undermuslins for 98c.

Yes, and some places are worth \$1.75. Among them you will find elaborately trimmed shirts, chemises and gowns, beautifully trimmed with lace, beading, satin ribbon and embroidery. Choose from among them for 98c a piece.

#### Children's \$5.00 dresses for \$2.98.

On the second floor you will find a grand assortment of dresses in sizes six to fourteen years. During the opening we offer some \$5.00 dresses, made of all wool tricot, in combinations of navy and red, trimmed with gilt braid, at \$2.98.

Los Angeles Sunday Times

COMPLETE IN 32 PAGES

NO W



Bring strictly first-class. Elevators. Cleanliness. With private bath.

BILLYEY TERRACE HOTEL—Corner Bush and Broadway. Strictly first-class Family Hotel. First-class food, bath, large playgrounds for children. Rates \$2.00 and up. Special rates to families.

THE WESTLAKE HOTEL—J. A. Dunn, Prop. 700 N. W. 1st St. Rates \$2.00 and up; special rates to families.

THE CALIFORNIA, Cor. Second and Hill Sts. City. Clean, lavatory, bath, entirely renovated, under new management.

OFFERED TO CORNERS.

Lipton Denies That He Tried to Corner Chicago Pork—Simply Bought to Cover Contracts.

BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.] LONDON, Oct. 6.—[By Atlantic Cable.] Sir Thomas Lipton, in the course of an interview that appears in the Daily Express this morning, denies any attempt to corner pork in Chicago. He says:

"I have never yet tried to corner food. On the contrary, my object has always been to lower rather than to raise food prices."

"What happened was simply this: I received a large government order, compelling me to keep a high stock in reserve. My buyers in Chicago bought extensively, and consequently I hold a rather bigger stock than usual."

"It is legitimate business to execute my contracts and their execution will not affect the American public at all. I object to corners on principle."



OCTOBER 7, 1900.

WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

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NO WONDER THEY CALL "TEDDY" A "TERROR."



He has such an unpleasant way of "shooting up" the Opposition.

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Wales....Corner-stone laid for German  
Catholic church in Jerusalem. Nice.

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## OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, though only in its third year, is an established success. It is complete in itself being served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The contents embrace a great variety of attractive reading matter, with numerous original illustrations. Among the articles are topics pertaining to a strong Californian color and a pleasant Southwestern flavor; Historical, Descriptive and Personal Sketches; Frank G. Carpenter's incomparable letters; 'Sow' by 'Sow' West; the Development of the State; Current Literature; Religious Thought; Timely Editorials; Scientific and Solid Subjects; Care of the Human Body; Romance, Fiction, Poetry, Art; Anecdote and Humor; Noted Men and Women; the Home Circle; Our Boys and Girls; Travel and Adventure; Stories of the Firing Line; Animal Stories; Fresh Pen Pictures, and a wide range of other fresh, popular up-to-date subjects of keen human interest.

Being complete in themselves, the weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes—thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.

## Los Angeles Sunday Times

ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.  
ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 8, 1897.

## THE FUTURE OF CALIFORNIA.

CALIFORNIA is still in the morning of its new life of civilization and progress. While its advancement has been marvelous, something like a realized story from out the magical pages of the "Arabian Nights," it has only just begun to perceive some of the grand possibilities which lie for it in the cradle of the future.

Men here in California do not pride themselves upon the grandeur of a long historic past; they do not look backward, but their gaze is turned forever forward to the great Yet-to-Be of their history, of which they dream, and for which they are building today. They are just beginning to comprehend the possible grandeur and greatness of that future, and to read with the sure eye of prophecy the nature of the results which may spring out from the vast events which are transpiring in the world today; events which perhaps may have a more important bearing upon the future of California than anything which has taken place in its history since its occupation by Americans, fifty years ago.

The story of this State is unlike that of any other State within the boundaries of the republic. It reads like some highly-colored fiction, rather than like plain, unvarnished history. How small the beginnings of modern civilization in the Golden State! Hardships, want, loneliness and countless disappointed hopes attended upon the early gold-seekers who sought the various "diggins" in the mining regions and who never dreamed of the untold resources hidden in the soil. Gold was the one product which was sought. No dream of rich harvests of waving grain, of vast orchards and vineyards; no vision of great and populous cities, of varied industries, or of the march of empire ever entered into their anticipations for the tomorrows of this Golden State. They had no conception of the pregnant greatness evolved in the birth of this State, nor of all that it would mean to the future of the republic.

California's arid and barren wastes have become garden spots of beauty. Its then untilled acres are now waving with golden harvests. Its lonely and desolate sheep walks have become the sites of populous towns and cities. It is a land of prosperous and beautiful homes, of churches, of schoolhouses and of the printing press. A State as rich in modern improvements and inventions as any in the civilized world, and it stands today with its Golden Gate flung wide open, the great passageway through which our ships of commerce shall reach the Orient, and control, to a large degree, the markets of 500,000,000 of Asiatics. Moving out from the splendid harbors of this State, our ships may "girdle the world," and be in full touch with all the great commercial interests of the globe. There is scarcely anything in the line of human needs that, sooner or later, California will not be able to supply. With cheap fuel, drawn from her great petroleum fields, her great manufactures will rapidly multiply and her industries increase; so that she can supply any demand that may be made upon her, and all her outgoing ships be laden with valuable cargoes for all trans-Pacific markets.

As the writer has before said, the possibilities of this great State have hardly yet begun to be considered. Looking at what is, and what may be, it is as if Nature had said to us: Behold the last, best, and crowning work of my hand! Talk of the orange groves, the cotton fields and the palms of the Sunny South; of the harvests from the wide and boundless prairies of the fertile West; of the green valleys, the orchards and the dairy farms of Ohio and her sister States; of the fruits of the tropics; of the bananas and the dates and the figs from the shores of the Mediterranean and Adriatic seas; of the raisins and the wines from sunny Italy, Portugal, France and Spain; of the cedars of Lebanon, and the stately palms of Palestine; of the eternal splendor of the skies that bend above the valleys and the plains of the Campagna; of the fair winters of the Nile, where the lotus blooms and the air is soft and balmy; of tropic calms, where Nature breathes the perfumed sweetness of her thousand flowers; of the

mines of Golconda, where were hid the untold treasures of my stores—here, in this Golden State, toward which the mighty tide of westward empire is so steadily turning, you find them all—the wealth of soil; the cloudless skies of eternal summer; the fruits of every zone; the harvests of every clime; the fragrance of tropic lands; the mines of untold wealth; the cedars and the palms of the sacred East; the mines of coal and the rivers of oil are here; the quarries of marble for the Pantheons, and the Coliseums and the palace-like homes of the future are not wanting. The granite for the enduring foundations of your halls of classic learning, for your cathedrals and churches await you, and I have thrown open wide a gateway for the world, and have placed you upon the broad highway of the nations where you may touch alike the Old and the New World. Unhindered, let the mighty tide of empire roll upon these sunset shores, and here, with private and public virtue and good government to build the State, shall the civilization of the race be crowned with resplendent glory through enduring centuries.

## THE DRAMA IN CALIFORNIA.

THE benefit which dramatic art may be to history has been illustrated in the recent production of Schiller's "William Tell" at Altdorf. The legend took new life when, in 1895, the statue of Tell and his son was placed in the market place, as near as possible to the exact location where the famous shot was fired. The hamlet of Bürglen, close by, was Tell's birthplace. Altdorf was the scene of his encounter with Gessler. In 1898 the work of organizing performances was undertaken by the inhabitants of Altdorf. The crowd varies in composition every week, it is said. The interest in Schiller's wonderful masterpiece does not center so much on William Tell as the emancipation of the Cantons. It proclaims its faith in national independence, resistance to tyrants and the rights of the common people. A breath of freshness and freedom stirs through every page. In the presentation of the play every week at Altdorf the curtain rises on the far-famed lake. The fishers, cowherds and hunters sing. All the villages of the neighborhood supply men and women for the play, who appear in national pictorial costume. Far beyond are the snow-crowned mountains and the gleaming glaciers. In the vicinity are Tell's chapel, and the Grütli, where the thirty confederates met and started the insurrection which resulted in the independence of Switzerland. The London Pilot says that next after the archery scene, "Ottinghausen and his famous prophecy make the deepest effect on the audience."

Rossini's "William Tell," when produced in the Paris Academy in 1829, included Nourret in the cast, who was Arnold. Nourret is said to have been of great service to Rossini in the adaptation of the music. In the overture of this opera the violins and double basses carry the imagination to the upper Alps, in a beautiful tonal picture. There follows the movement of shadow and storm, the stir of mountain life, and the "Ranz des Vaches" sound from the distant slope. One hears the tumult of the mustering of the clans to the quickstep, and the trumpet call which tells the Swiss dream of freedom. At the close the violins and reeds have all the exultation of heroic victory. The double chorus of the huntsmen and the shepherds, the gathering of the Cantons, the lovely Tyrolean chorus, sung by the sopranos, constitute to the vivid impressions of this drama.

Biographers of Schiller give accounts of the building up of this production. Schiller, after frequent consultation concerning the subject with Goethe, studied with patience the local coloring. He made himself familiar with the cattle huts. He knew the song of the Alpine hunter, who, up among the fields of ice, has no glimpse of the valley below except through rifts of cloud beneath him. The lives of these people, in a sense, he made his own. Beautiful, poetic pictures in his drama, which seem to bloom as naturally as Alpine flowers, like them had their hidden, slow process of growth.

Pallaske tells that Schiller carried about with him, as an inspiring comrade, an old Greek book written by the oldest tragedian of classic literature, himself a soldier who had fought in many battles. The ghost of Darius in Aeschylus' "Persians" must have appeared in the nick of time to remind him of the fleeting character of tyrannic power. It seems to be in keeping with the sources of Schiller's inspiration that after this long time, his historical production should, after the model of the Greek tragedy, be exhibited as a school of good morals and religion to the people. The theater of Athens, we are told, preserved her history and her traditions. The sovereign people gathered under her blue skies to learn their rights and duties. The chorus plead to them the cause of truth, virtue and piety. I have attempted to revive pictures of dramatic power with the wish to enlist the pens of young Californians along historical dramatic lines. Let them remember Schiller's famous aphorism, "History is the romance for great souls."

Whatever the plot of the drama, let it be one to benefit humanity—the poor, struggling world that needs so many helping forces. Then look along the old Sierras, with their fading Indian trails; into the gloom of the cañons, and where the glaciers shine. The ancient missions call to be remembered with their fast-falling walls. The processions of the padres lift the cross as they disappear into the mist. The bells of old Spain echo down the ages. The traditions of Spanish-Mexican possession, the incidents of the Indian wars, as told in government reports, are of unlimited interest. In your searchings among the sheep-shearers, the hop-pickers and the sailors ashore, you may glean delicious fragments of folk-lore, refrains from the "balada," dance-songs which have drifted over sea from the time of the Troubadours. The coming of the early pioneers along the buffalo trails through the mountain passes, like colossal

bearers of burdens, on whom rested the centuries of a new State, is a time of romantic import.

We should not forget, in our enumeration of the sources of inspiration, that "Tschudi's History of Switzerland" furnished him the chronicle of "William Tell," a quaint, simple style of the Swiss historian was copied by Schiller to Herodotus. It is such chronicles that need to preserve and keep well housed in California, the reminiscences of our old pioneers, however unimportant they should be filed and catalogued for reference. The annals of historical societies should be encouraged. There should be a California room in every city and village, in which would bear witness to the history, traditions and sciences of the State. Indifference in such a work is a suggestive solution of Chamisso's meaning in "Schlemihl, the man who lost his shadow."

We should not lose the shadow of the past. The prints of an earlier day, by which the new race may find comradeship, should be preserved. California would then possess a far different attraction for tourists. It would become more and more the haunt of the workers.

The Legislature of Mississippi has recently appropriated a sum to assist in the preservation of her early historical documents which may be found throughout the State elsewhere. Such work must be largely a labor of love and State pride.

Is there not among the patrons of the drama in California one who would offer a prize of sufficient incentive to competitors to induce her poets and historians to write drama of old California? Such a drama ought to possess a higher interest for us all than some hackneyed opera play which is too often graceless and wanting in taste.

Bancroft's History alone promises enough of the historical and poetic to furnish a storehouse of suggestion to student who, with reverent spirit, would undertake such work.

There is no reason to doubt that, as indicated in a recent report of Consul-General Stowe at Cape Town, is about to be an opportunity for the expansion of American commercial interests in South Africa. As peace conditions are restored, supplies of various kinds will be demanded to take the place of those consumed or destroyed during the war. Exporting merchants on this coast should, and doubtless will, have in mind the fact that the first in the field will have the best opportunity to meet this demand.

The generosity of the American people has been abundantly shown in their response to the call for aid to Galveston. Although there may be no immediate prospect of a repetition of such a disaster as that recently suffered, the advice given by Miss Clara Barton, urging the construction of a sea wall for protection against the recurrence of a similar flood, deserves consideration. A man whose property is burned may not expect another, but he will, if he be wise, take out an insurance policy, the same.

Oom Paul seems to have been getting too gay in Los Angeles. As a result, he will no longer ride up and down the boulevard in the Portuguese Governor's carriage, with his green sash in public and talk Dutch to the crowd who stop to admire his whiskers.

The street-fair habit is growing rapidly among the towns of California. Those which acquire it will benefit most by it.

## A GOLDEN SUNSET.

O, ye grand mountains, pillars of the uppy air!  
Last eve I saw ye standing wondrously fair;  
The glory of God's touch was on ye, and is light,  
Transformed your highest crests until the all grew bright.  
As angel pathways, and I seemed to clear see  
The footprints they had left. Gold, and a witchery  
Of richest color, shone 'mid the imperial mist  
That wrapped your royal shoulders. Gleaming amethyst  
Was on your shining foreheads, and the skyland down  
To look into your faces, and to lay the crown.  
Of earth's regal glory upon your topmost head,  
Ere it should steal behind the curtain of the light.

How glorious were ye, when, in the distant West,  
Night laid her first bright star upon the Evening's breast.  
Your purple robes flowed round ye, full and arm,  
And on your crests Light smiled as never cloed or storm.  
Could darken them or make the glory round them pale.  
O, mounts, ye are my teachers, and ye never fail  
In your divinely lessons. Grandeur and power  
Breathe in their fullness round ye as ye tower,  
Fronting the stars, and littleness is crucified as ye  
Voice over the omnipotence of Deity.

ELZA A. O'NEILL

October 2, 1900.

## COSMOS.

When days grow short, and west winds weep,  
Fantastic dirges through the tall pine trees,  
(As one might ramblingly soft-touch the keys  
Of some old harpsichord, whose tones, aslant,  
The mystic silence, softly resonant,  
Reluctantly responsive, fill the heart  
With pure emotions, sacred as the art  
The ancients knew;) then Beauty's occupant  
The pensive Cosmos, nigh too shy to stir,  
Is to the earth what stars are to the sky,  
All perfect in her sweet simplicity.  
Tell not of rarer flowers—for I prefer  
The fruits that, in the market, I can buy,  
To fabled fruits of far-off Sicily.

N. DOUGLAS TURNER.

## The Merry

## Down Among the Dead Men.

THIS old, old, overcrowded land. When you are among its thronging, jostling—"hurrying!"—strenuous life, my boy—nobody hurries over a man may lurch against you in the street, but shove you out of the way. You grind lazily past. The crowd stops and stares at a man who is a bus wondering what ails the crazy one. A person to have the streets of their city blocked by cabs and omnibuses, which comprise about four-fifths of the traffic of London, is not liable to be in a hurry. Oh, once or twice I have observed a man of running over himself with a cab, make a patient, rather than a sudden, movement to get away, but this is not habitual. And in a little while become accustomed and enjoy the leisurely movement as though you were born to it. Once in a while shake yourself together and wonder in a dreamy way has become of the fool who is always in a hurry always puts his hand on your breast as he divides you out of the way rather than "divide with you. And your heart is glad to know the places on this feverish old planet where he is not to run at large in the streets. He is missed, grieved.

Oh, I know; we are "hustlers" and can't afford to be in the "crawly;" we have to rush in and through our work. And yet there does seem to be an amount of business transacted in London. It is an important monetary center; there is an extensive business done here; several London business branch establishments in the United States, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia. I am not being a business man myself, that "business" in rushing violently around all manner of places. But I discover that here in London business on all their garments, without reading any of the and manage to transact a really creditable amount of business between 10 and 4.

Such a delightful old puzzle of a town as this I go out and come back to write in my diary it is fifty years behind China, and that is true. I go out and come back at night to declare hundreds of years ahead of the rest of the universe is true. It just depends upon the side of it that the time you see it. But, anyway, and all in whatever mood you may happen to see it, remains unchanged and unshaken, that this is the center of the world; everything, every here and most things stay here. Everybody praises or censures, goes away delighted or discomfited back again. Its living attract you, fascinate you.

## The Dead That Live Forever.

The living! All the life of London is so interconnected with its dead; its todays and yesterdays blended; some of the glory and romance of Round" shines upon Victoria, and somewhat of the in the Victorian age—they do not seem so Washington and McKinley. Into almost any church that you may enter—and they elbow where—some voice cries from a tablet built in or a slab in the pavement under your feet, "I and of your time!" A handful of dust—centuries it is a living voice, and the name on the slab obliterated by thousands of careless feet, is the living man, a man whom you know. You see the eddying stream of life that surges and bubbles through the crowded streets, to muse at the mighty dead—why, the dead are all outside the people who jostled you in the street—they never break. It is nothing to you; they are already their loves, their hopes, their ambitions, their disappointments—you have no thought or feeling for that. All that is unreal. Next Sabbath morning it is hour of burning appeal—earnest, sincere and from the most eloquent preacher in your city reluctant coin of silver or gold from you to griefs of the suffering, feed the hungry and clothe the poor whom you see every day, and then you will see your pastor "begs too much."

## Sentiment and Charity.

But here, in this moldy old church, built by some old hand who killed and pillaged until he had gathered enough wealth to keep street while he built this church that he might order of sanctity, and in five minutes you will pang of heartache for a woman who suffered thousand years ago; your heart will burn against some tyrant who wrought agony of suffering into the lives of the hapless and innocent; you will touch reverently and lovingly of this poet, and wish that you might have been in the days of his poverty and friendliness. But you don't yearn to do anything of that sort just as sincere and just as earnest, who live block. You could make him the happiest man on earth, but you don't intend to do any kind. It is so much easier and pleasanter to weep over the urn of a poet who won't ask you who won't even meekly ask if you have read which you haven't, or if you have, you read library and have no intention of enriching his cents' royalty by purchasing a copy.

Why, the dead people are the ones who are nearest our sympathies, closest to our hearts, know who may be these people in the streets—Brown and Robinson. But these people in the churchyard—Burns, Ben Jonson, Gay, these we know; with these we can sympathize we can laugh and weep. These are living friends. We can repeat to you the clever things they



# The Merry-go-round. By Robert J. Burdette.

## "Down Among the Dead Men."

THIS old, old, overcrowded land. When you are out among its thronging, jostling—"hurrying?" not on your strenuous life, my boy—nobody hurries over here. A man may lurk against you in the street, but he doesn't shove you out of the way. You grind lazily past each other. The crowd stops and stares at a man who chases after a bus wondering what ails the crazy one. A people content to have the streets of their city blocked by cabs and omnibuses, which comprise about four-fifths of the street traffic of London, is not liable to be in a hurry about anything. Oh, once or twice I have observed a man in the act of running over himself with a cab, make a startled, impatient, rather than a sudden, movement to get out of the way, but this is not habitual. And in a little while you become acclimated and enjoy the leisurely movement of life just as though you were born to it. Once in a while you shake yourself together and wonder in a dreamy way what has become of the fool who is always in a hurry and who always puts his hand on your breast as he meets you and shoves you out of the way rather than "divided do road" with you. And your heart is glad to know that there are places on this feverish old planet where he is not permitted to run at large in the streets. He is missed, but not regretted.

Oh, I know; we are "bustlers" and can't afford to do business on the "crawl;" we have to rush in order to get through our work. And yet there does seem to be a fair amount of business transacted in London. It is quite an important monetary center; there is an extensive jobbing business done here; several London business houses have branch establishments in the United States, Pontus, Galatia, Cappadocia, Asia and Bithynia. I used to think, not being a business man myself, that "business" consisted in rushing violently around all manner of places from 9 to 5. But I discover that here in London business men keep on all their garments, without rending any of them, all day, and manage to transact a really creditable amount of business between 10 and 4.

Such a delightful old puzzle of a town as it is. Some day I go out and come back to write in my notebook that it is fifty years behind China, and that is true. The next day I go out and come back at night to declare that it is a hundred years ahead of the rest of the universe. And that is true. It just depends upon the side of it you see, and the time you see it. But, anyway, and all the time, and in whatever mood you may happen to see it, the one fact remains unchanged and unshaken, that this is the middle of things, this is the center of the world; everything comes here and most things stay here. Everybody comes here, praises or censures, goes away delighted or disgusted—and comes back again. Its living attract you, and its dead fascinate you.

## The Dead That Live Forever.

The living! All the life of London is so inextricably connected with its dead; its todays and yesterdays are so blended; some of the glory and romance of the "Table Round" shines upon Victoria, and somewhat of Arthur lives in the Victorian age—they do not seem so far apart as Washington and McKinley. Into almost any mildewed old church that you may enter—and they elbow you everywhere—some voice cries from a tablet built into the wall or a slab in the pavement under your feet, "I am with you and of your time!" A handful of dust—centuries old, but it is a living voice, and the name on the slab, well-nigh obliterated by thousands of careless feet, is the name of a living man, a man whom you know. You turn aside from the eddying stream of life that surges and bubbles and frets through the crowded streets, to muse at the feet of the mighty dead—why, the dead are all outside! Those people who hold you in the street—they never were alive to you. Some of them will really die before another day-break. It is nothing to you; they are already dead to you. Their loves, their hopes, their ambitions, their sorrows and disappointments—you have no thought or feeling for them. All that is unreal. Next Sabbath morning it will take an hour of burning appeal—earnest, sincere and impassioned—from the most eloquent preacher in your city to wring a reluctant coin of silver or gold from you to assuage the grief of the suffering, feed the hungry and clothe the naked whom you see every day, and then you will complain that your poster "begs too much."

## Sentiment and Charity.

But here, in this moldy old church, builded centuries ago by some old bandit who killed and pillaged and plundered until he had gathered enough wealth to keep him in Easy street while he built this church that he might die in the odor of sanctity, and in five minutes you will have a little pang of heartache for a woman who suffered and died a thousand years ago; your heart will burn with anger against some tyrant who wrought agony of sorrow and suffering into the lives of the helpless and innocent centuries gone by; you will touch reverently and lovingly the tomb of this poet, and wish that you might have befriended him in the days of his poverty and friendliness 1200 years ago. But you don't yearn to do anything of that sort for the poet, just as sincere and just as earnest, who lives in the next block. You could make him the happiest and gratefullest man on earth, but you don't intend to do anything of the kind. It is so much easier and pleasanter and cheaper to weep over the urn of a poet who won't ask you for a cent, who won't even meekly ask if you have read his book—which you haven't, or if you have, you read it in a free library and have no intention of enriching him with his 10 cents' royalty by purchasing a copy.

Why, the dead people are the ones who are alive; they are nearest our sympathies, closest to our hearts. We don't know who may be these people in the streets—Smith, Jones, Brown and Robinson. But these people in the abbey and the churchyard—Burns, Ben Jonson, Gay, Cowper—why, these we know; with these we can sympathize, with these we can laugh and weep. These are living friends of ours. We can repeat to you the clever things they said and tell

you the great things they did. Why, man, you never want to go to a graveyard to find dead people. The dead are the people of the keenest sympathies. They enter most intelligently and most lovingly into your moods. They most accurately understand you. They never misjudge you. That's why men love to loiter about the resting places of the dead. Conventional "Reverence."

How forgiving are the dead. How gentle and quiet and patient. And how quickly they hush us with our pretty little fussiness, our small trials, our light afflictions, into their own quiet and peace. We call this unconscious influence "reverence for the dead" and take credit to ourselves for it, just as though we didn't cut up the cemetery into town lots the day it becomes valuable as residence or business property. Just as though we didn't have to keep guards posted about the graves of our illustrious dead to keep their reverential fellow-citizens from chipping the tombstones to pieces for cheerful souvenirs, and stealing all the flowers and grass on the lot. You can measure our reverence for the dead by just such things. Our "reverence" for the dead! You can't pick up a newspaper without having your eyes greeted by this and that and the other page in the court docket, in which some loving and dutiful children are reverently trying to tear to pieces their father's will, preferring that the lawyers should have it all rather than that the father should have his way about a little of it.

## An Old Burial Place.

Westminster Abbey. No wonder that even the most irreverent head bows itself instinctively in the presence of the memories of the place. The human who must always give his or her impressions voice is silent here. The guide, rushing his little party from tomb to tomb, is a living impertinence. And yet it is only a common burying-ground. Some of the monuments, like those in the cemetery which it is your pride to show to the visitor in your own town, with its new white marble tombstones, and its one granite monument, costing, as per bill rendered, so many thousand dollars, are in most execrable taste. The most high-sounding epitaphs are found, in Westminster as in all other places of burial, upon the tombs of the most persons the most commonplace and inconsequent. Westminster Abbey; somehow or other you always think of it as in some sort a church. They do hold religious services in it, regularly and numerously. One week day we stood through three most impressive and beautiful services—the most touchingly tender and sympathetic of all being an intercessory service for the soldiers in South Africa. Over it all the cross, emblem of triumphant and unresisting suffering of wrong without the doing of wrong, emblem of the humility of perfection; we heard again and again the name of Jesus exalted in the service, the Prince of Peace, the God who had humbled Himself to the station and form of man; we confessed ourselves "miserable sinners;" we heard extolled the love and gentleness and compassion, the pity and the tenderness of Christ, we prayed with lusty and long-drawn "amens" that we might be forgiven, even as "we forgave those who trespassed against us," and all around us the walls of the venerable minister were bursting with human pride and arrogance; shouting to the heavens the boast and bluster of men, before which our world-renowned Yankee brag sinks into a bashful whisper of conscious meekness and confessed humility.

It takes a thousand years of fighting to crowd so much boastfulness of human achievement in foray and siege, in brawl and battle and sea fight into the walls of a single church. No young nation can hope to do this. Monument to this general and that admiral; paganisms overshadowing the emblems of Christianity with her winged "victories" ever alighting on our banners; her "histories" writing immortal records upon the imperishable bronzes in purest Greek, and her "fames" blowing out their distended cheeks to bursting, and splitting their long trumpets with the names of our heroes who killed the other fellows' heroes and silenced their pretentious fames by depriving them of the wind wherewith to blow, for the trumpet of fame is a veritable windmill after all, when you come to measure its power.

The church is crowded with soldiers. And, there being no name in the religion of the Teacher who said to His one war-like disciple, "Put up thy sword into its place," for a church sacred to the glory of war, we graciously pitied, and, I trust, forgave the poverty of Christian nomenclature, and adopted a name from our pagan neighbors, and so call Westminster Abbey the "English Valhalla." And no old viking could go into Valhalla with any respect—he couldn't hold up his head unless he had killed at least several hundred other men and sent them before him as his credentials. A Valhalla for our illustrious fighters, by all means. Only, to a man brought up on a farm and living all his life in the country, it looks as though it should be located in a fort rather than in all the most prominent and best places in a church.

You have to consult the guide book repeatedly and hunt around in Westminster Abbey to find the tombs of the prophets and priests, and when you do find one he is apt to be one part priest and nine parts politician, and while you are searching for the life-size statue in full canonicals that marks the resting place and commemorates the virtues of the humble follower of the street preacher of Galilee Fame shrills a fearful blast into your ears and History looks up from her tablet to shout:

"This way! Here's the tomb you're looking for! Combination of the fall of Jericho, siege of Gibraltar and end of the world! Biggest mass and mix of tumbling marble ever exhibited under one canvas!" And another Fame, slenderer in the waist, but with much bigger cheeks and a far longer trumpet, shrills at you: "Here's the Christian teacher, if that's what you're looking for! Effigy of him with his legs crossed, to show how peaceable he was when he was dead! Record of his last battle on his tomb—killed, 23,000; wounded, 57,000; sold into slavery, 5000. Here's your successful evangelist! He'd either convert a man or he'd kill him!" Modern evangelistic methods, too.

"Hold up your hands!" Hands go up. "Saved!" Hands stay down. "Swish!" Lost! They believed in the most holy faith, these old crusaders. Wore the cross on the back of their coats, where they couldn't see it. Allee same to-day.

Say, isn't it awful these bloody persecutions in China—murdering men by the hundred, just because they have a different religion from the—but "that's another story." A bas the Chinese. We'll teach these benighted pagans to pass anti-immigration laws. Who ever heard of such a thing?

## Another Valhalla.

Same way in St. Paul's. Best places reserved for the soldiers and sailors—the fighting men. Sacred place looks like the books of Joshua and Judges sound. Have to keep your eyes shut if you want to follow the service. If you open them straightway your mind goes off to Waterloo, the organ peals nothing but bugle calls, the choir chants the life and death clutch at Hugomont; you hear "the frightened waves rush wildly back before the broadsides' reeling rack" at Trafalgar; you listen to the cheers and volleys at Inkermann and Balacava. The Valhalla influence is all right, but the voice of the church is very faint. This is noticeably so at St. Paul's. People get up and move about during the service. True, one reason for this may be that the service to the vast majority of the audience is merely a combination and succession of religious sounds. The acoustics of a cathedral are very like those of an American national convention hall—made to hear nothing in except the yelling. And as there is no "yelling" in a cathedral you understand nothing in it. But at Westminster Abbey people do maintain a reverent attitude and silence during the services. If some wild man should come in and tip-toe down the aisle to stare at the monuments it is the reproachful eyes of his fellow-tourists more than of the Englishmen, who seldom look at him, that shames him to a seat and decorum.

The veriest savage, it seems to me, could not misbehave himself in Westminster. One may be struck by the fact that it looks more like a military burial place than a church; none the less he is awed and hushed into reverent silence and respectful attitude. No fussy attendants run after him to keep his hands off things and to restrain his shallow levity. The place does that. You pass by the resting place of patriot and tyrant—"rich man, poor man, beggar man, thief," man, scribe, saint and scoundrel—same as in any collection of dead or living humans anywhere, and the atmosphere of the place is your monitor. The shallowest idiot that ever drove, the fellow who "always finds such funny things in a graveyard," can find nothing over which to make merry in Westminster.

One thing other you observe in the Valhalla—in all Valhallas, I reckon—I am not very familiarly acquainted with them—only the pedigreed heroes buried here. The general and the admiral, my lord and captain, the colonel and the duke. I looked carefully for the tomb of one Thomas Atkins. But it must be on the outside. I thought maybe a fighter so famous as "a private of the buff" might find a resting place in the Valhalla, but he must have been buried in the general trench with the rest of them. I thought maybe just one common sailor, Bill Buntline, might sleep near the admiral with whom he died with no honors and less reward, but they must have consigned Bill to the waves and the sharks. And yet but for Tommy and Bill the general and the admiral had not slept in Westminster. Takes a heap of dead soldiers to make a general. And one of these days the man at the tail of the plow, the man at the forge and the man behind the desk will get to thinking of this. And after that there won't be so many generals. But there won't be so many fat graveyards with numeral epitaphs—"1772," "1984," "unknown," "3457." The world will be a little shorter on "Valhallas" then. But there won't be so many broken families. And the world will be just as happy, I reckon, as it would be if every town had a costly sarcophagus containing "the hallowed dust" of one "hero," while the "common people" waited with the dumb patience of the poor for the sea to give up its dead.

ROBERT J. BURDETTE,

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## GAME LAWS IN FRANCE.

[London Express:] In France the protection of crops and farm stock is among the chief objects of the game laws, so much so, indeed, that a French land owner is not only prohibited from encouraging on his estate such noxious animals as the fox, badger, otter, bear, roebuck and rabbit, but is even compelled to organize for the suppression of such scheduled "vermin" by periodic drives; and neglect of either obligation is likely to land him in costly claims for agricultural damage.

All manner of interesting legal quibbles are common whenever the question crops up of practical application of the laws. Thus, whereas in French law the prohibition of "night" shooting covers only the period of darkness, a similar restriction applied to fishing applies to the entire period between sunset and sunrise, a very different matter in the summer months.

Again, a very proper consideration of the extent to which intense cold may deprive birds of their wild instincts and their powers of flight has prompted a prohibition in France of shooting in the snow; but, here again, before a prosecution can be established, it must be shown that the snow was thick enough at the time of the offense to enable anyone to follow the footprints of the beast or bird.

## THE IMPORTANCE OF SELF-CONTROL.

[Ada C. Sweet in Woman's Home Companion:] Among the minor virtues, probably the habit of self-control in speech holds the most important place in the life of a woman. The acquirement of this habit must begin early or it will never be attained save with great difficulty. It must be formed in girlhood if it is not well started in childhood. I have seen the happiness of many a fair life ruined by the want of power to suppress the word of bitterness, contempt and anger, even under what might be called "reasonable provocation." There are times when one's only duty is to keep from talking. There are times when keeping still is wisdom, love, Christianity.

...remodeled 75 additional rooms, all newly furnished, every-thing strictly first-class. Elevator. American plan, \$1.25 to \$3.00, latter in-cludes suites, with private baths. European plan, 50 cents up.

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8. Editorials: Editorial Paragraphs.  
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...given I...Case of bubonic plague in Wales...Corner stone laid for German Catholic school in...powder magazine at the Pruce situated a half mile from town, about 5:30 o'clock this afternoon.



# Plantation Life in the Hawaiian Islands.

## AS IT IS TODAY.

PART TAKEN BY CHINESE, JAPANESE, KANAKAS AND WHITES IN OUR NEW TERRITORY.

By a Special Contributor.

THE pens of many writers have woven a web of romance around the islands of the South Seas, the natives with their traditions and the life to be led 'neath the waving coconut palms bathed in the warmth of a tropical sun, since Mark Twain disclosed their beauties in his own quaint verbiage to the public a quarter of a century ago. And truly this charm is no mere figment of the imagination, for to this day when the ordinary mortal who has spent a few years under the spell of island life returns to his old-time haunts in the busy marts of commerce he finds the pace too fast and that in his interval of absence he has dropped behind the procession, and his mind is filled with a longing to return by the first available boat to his haunts in the tropics, where the past and the future are both lost in the delight of the present, and where in the paucity of his wants and the ability to supply them a man of no ambition can become wealthy beyond the envious clutch of avarice.

In the good old days the dishonest official and defaulting bank cashier who had reached the haven of the islands had no trouble in establishing himself somewhere along the beach on a patch of taro land, with a native wife, a canoe, and enough tobacco to let the world go by, while any little cash for current expenses could be earned by loading sugar on the wharves into the coast-bound vessels at \$1 or \$3 a day in the season.

### How They Live.

This style of life is now a thing of the past, but on the many plantations scattered among the fertile spots of the various islands there may always be found a collection of Bohemians in the role of "lunas," or overseers, boasting a gang of laborers, Japanese, Chinese or Kanaka. The wages paid run from \$30 a month upward the head "luna" on a big plantation receiving as high as \$125 a month for his services. The white men board in groups in regular boarding-houses, situated at the different camps on the estate run by the company in charge of a Chinese cook.



A COCOANUT GROVE.

The food is not such as would delight an epicure, being mostly tinned; but what is lost in quality is well made up in quantity. Rough, board cottages are provided, holding two persons, as living quarters. On the older plantations the houses are overgrown with flowering plants and gaudy tropical foliage, for everything will grow in that favored land when watered.

The Asiatic laborers are housed in long, bare, bare-fitted like the steerage quarters in a steamship, and a cooperative cookhouse in front, where they meet each day. Each Chinese house has its chief, or steward, who, in the provisions, checks the coal used, and draws at the office in bulk. "For ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" these Chinese boarding-houses are indeed peculiar. To each house is doled out a certain amount of coal per man, just enough to cook rice and pork dear to the heart of the Celestial. The keeper goes his rounds and ascertains if care has been used in handling that coal. If he is by nature a suspicious man, he will believe the word of the Chinese when that diplomat says it is all used up and he had to go short for the last day or two; if, however, he knows his business he will pull up the mats on which the gang sleep out their opium dreams, and will carefully spread out over the boards underneath. He will insist on turning over the potatoes in the corner and up the coal concealed there. Worst of all, he is strong enough of will to withstand the blandishments that wily Chinese with his smooth words of flattery, of choice cigars and his bottle of "samshoo," or rice brandy, a spirit as aromatic as spices and as true as faith.

### The Japanese Contingent.

The Japanese is an entirely different animal from the Chinaman. The latter you drive, the former you aim at efficient results. Till lately the contentment was in force. Under this arrangement the Japanese brought over from Nagasaki or Kobe in parties and distributed among the plantations, bound for three years at \$14 per month for a man and \$10 for a woman. They chose to work. As landing places are few, going to heavy surf, most of the plantations have narrow-gauge lines from the wharf up to the canefields; the Japanese disembarked down at the landing, where the locomotive and train of flat, cane trucks are waiting to take them. The interpreter, in the midst of a perfect babel of gets them all comfortably seated with their huge bags of bedding in the cars the like of which they have never seen before, and which they are discussing freely, to the whistle sounds, and the train moves forward with a jolt. With a shriek of wild horror the little braves jump off those trucks right and left, throwing their baggage out in all directions. Then the interpreter explains the situation, and the process is repeated. This time the passengers hold on tight and grin with delight at the wanted motion.

Arrived at the office they are marshaled up in rows and stand with bare heads near the steps, at the head of which is seated the paymaster, with the list of names on a table before him. A name is called out, "Kame Tomikichi;" a shuffling takes place in the crowd, a nuggety figure in a flowing gown, like a breakfast waiter in a boarding-house, advances to the veranda, and, carding its wooden sandals, steps up to the table. The interpreter fixes the identity of the laborer with a name on the sheet, presenting him with a "hanga," a wooden label, carved with a number, which is fastened to his belt, and by which he is ever after known on the sheets. If the newcomer is married, he brings his wife up the steps by the hand, a demure marionette, a charity-fair doll, and there they stand bowing and laughing, for the Japanese are the most polite people in the world till they learn from their "lunas" that goodness on a plantation is the mark of a greenhorn.

### Aromatic Mail Bags.

These Japs are great letter writers, receiving and patching a big mail weekly. The incoming mail bag, being opened in the office, often fills the room with the odor of aromatics, for a large proportion of the packages contain herbal remedies from Japan. Cleanliness is another characteristic. Every afternoon while the men are at work, the almond-eyed little ladies may be seen

ing themselves out in the open in wash tub long row before their dwellings.

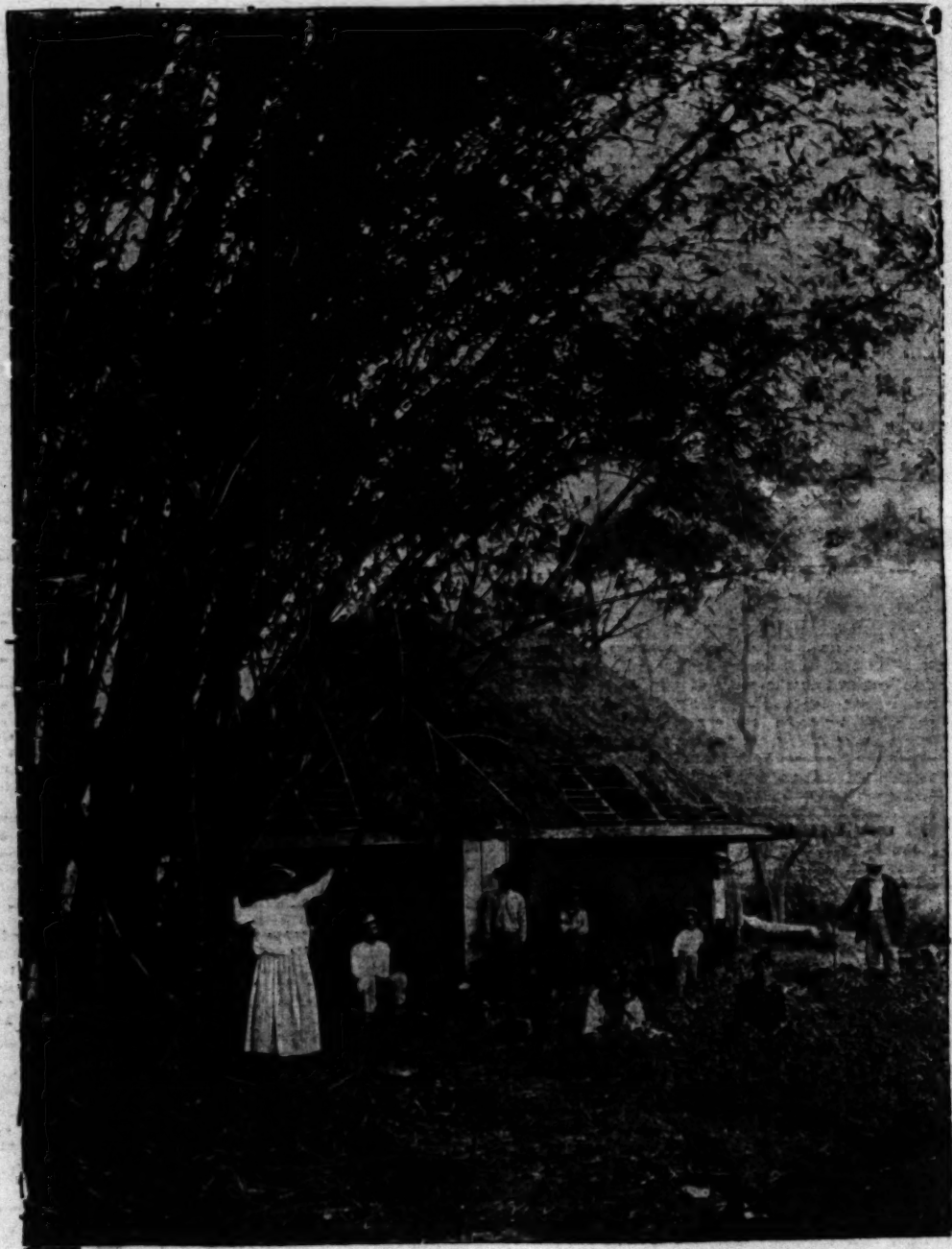
Every morning, soon after daylight, the blows, mingling with the gongs and triangles, that the day's work has commenced. The tumble out fresh and cheerful of their own the overseers have often to enter the house out the dull-eyed Chinese, sodden with reaction of a night spent in gambling. A work goes on; plowing, planting, irrigating, hardest and hottest work of all, and cutting season till near sunset. Ever the same holiday on Sunday, when variety in am the racial differences of the nationalities cosmopolitan life on a large plantation. a passionate desire to acquire the art of He is fearless and ignorant. In his first clinging to the horse's neck or mane, and by against it, try to rein in his steed. For take turn and turn about up and down the

The ladies are often skillful performers consisting of a small, square, sounding ho lously long handle, down which the wire The tunes and ditties are often pretty, ge and always pleasing.

### The Chinese Trade Instincts.

The Chinaman, on the other hand, spe with his pipe. Like a cat, he wakes up when dominoes, fan-tan, and the like int rousing excitement challenge him to act

A majority of the stores throughout owned by the Chinese, and here beer at bottle and the vilest whisky at 25 cents vend, contrary to law, to the superior round on Sunday to see his friends, to at close quarters, or to spend a portion of



HAWAIIAN GRASS HUT.

ings in acquiring an expensive headache natural-born traders. They control the dustry, and will make special cut rates store for a wholesale order of a few hu Then they will ascertain the plantatio and cut under it to the laborers for th No matter how cheap the white man the Chinese storekeeper can always con it a little cheaper, though, of course, he give the same credit as the plantation store bill from the monthly pay roll.

### Kanakas and Portuguese.

The Kanaka, after the manner of the generally, loves gaudy clothes, colored rivaling the Aurora Borealis in hue, a kill, laughs away his holiday with his a dashing horseman, too, and on the catt the lariat with all the ease of a Mexi women folk cool their abundant propert ing, walking into the sea clad in the ment, the "holakau," promenading in th dry themselves after the bath.

Many Portuguese are employed on. They are mostly married, and rear la whites despise them because they will wages, while the Asiatics look down on neither spend their money nor put on st they cultivate a garden patch in front and supply half of their food from it. mother, with her litter of cubs clinging doing the hard work about the place. tuguess take naturally to horse trading colonists wherever they settle on a Japanese population throughout the islan the Chinese 22,000, and the Portuguese Honolulu, with its lovely mansions bo flowers, its avenues of stately palms, stores, its wharves and its warehouse sugar. When King Kalakaua reigned, fortunes. Some estates returned as hi per annum to their owners. Poor o



ing themselves out in the open in wash tubs, placed in a long row before their dwellings.

Every morning, soon after daylight, the engine whistle blows, mingling with the gongs and triangles to signify that the day's work has commenced. The active Japs tumble out fresh and cheerful of their own accord, while the overseers have often to enter the barracks and rout out the dull-eyed Chinese, sodden with opium, and the reaction of a night spent in gambling. All day long the work goes on; plowing, planting, irrigating, stripping, the hardest and hottest work of all, and cutting in the crushing season till near sunset. Ever the same round, with a holiday on Sunday, when variety in amusements shows the racial differences of the nationalities represented in the cosmopolitan life on a large plantation. The Jap shows a passionate desire to acquire the art of horsemanship. He is fearless and ignorant. In his first attempts he will cling to the horse's neck or mane, and by pulling backward against it, try to rein in his steed. For hours they will take turn and turn about up and down the road.

The ladies are often skillful performers on the guitar, consisting of a small, square, sounding board and a ridiculously long handle, down which the wires are stretched. The tunes and ditties are often pretty, generally plaintive, and always pleasing.

#### The Chinese Trade Instincts.

The Chinaman, on the other hand, spends his rest day with his pipe. Like a cat, he wakes up toward evening, when dominoes, fan-tan, and the like intellectual means of raising excitement challenge him to action.

A majority of the stores throughout the islands are owned by the Chinese, and here beer at 50 cents a warm bottle and the vilest whisky at 25 cents a thimbleful is vended, contrary to law, to the superior white who rides round on Sunday to see his friends, to study native life at close quarters, or to spend a portion of his week's earn-

Kanaka's inability to withstand the white man's vices, he drank himself to death. At the great State "louaus," or feasts, before the guests filed into the banquet hall, the King was often carried in, too full of firewater to speak, and seated in the royal chair at the head of the board. There he sat, a gin-fuddled monarch, till the feast was over and the guests had departed, when he was carried away to his notorious boathouse, where his dancing girls whiled away the hours for the King and the officers from the men-of-war in the harbor.

#### A New Order of Things.

Life was easy in those days, money came quick when the treaty with the United States was in force. Now things are altered, and the business of growing sugar is on the same basis as other commercial pursuits. It will only pay when run on the closest lines of administrative economy. To start and equip a first-class plantation \$250,000 is swallowed up in no time. It must be run on a wholesale scale to pay, and good land is dear. Before cutting the first sod, an extensive system of irrigation must be planned and executed, the water being fetched down many miles across rough country to a central reservoir above the estate. Then comes the clearing. The soil is composed of red volcanic dust, dotted with huge rocks. Steam traction engines are stationed on one side of the field to be cleared, and a long wire rope is run from a drum underneath the engine and fastened round a great rock. With much tugging and puffing the wire is wound up, dragging the mass of rock to the edge of the clearing. After weeks of steady work the field is ready for the breaking plow. This is a double affair, with two ends, and is fastened between two traction engines at either side of the strip to be broken up. In the middle of the plow sits a Portuguese to guide it straight, and as it is drawn backward and forward, ripping and tearing up the soil in great deep furrows, the plowman is buried in a suffocating

the mill rollers, is carried along to the boilers to be used as fuel. The juice is boiled, clarified, filtered, and thickened till it arrives at the vacuum pan, into which it is thrown for eight hours, till crystallization commences. The sugar chemist stands handy, occasionally taking out a sample of the forming sugar, with a long, copper ladle, to see how the crystals are growing. Everything depends on him now; he must know the exact moment to stop the process and turn out the sugar on one hand and the molasses on the other. The sticky mass, on leaving the vacuum pans, falls into a number of centrifugals, flying round hundreds of revolutions in a single minute, where the sugar is denuded of its moisture and is discharged ready to be bagged and taken away. At a large plantation the vacuum pan will hold as much as twenty-five tons of sugar, and the capacity of the mill will run up to 100 tons of sugar in the twenty-four hours. Thousands of acres and tens of thousands of tons of cane are needed to keep such a mill going through the crushing season, with an army of men running into many hundreds.

#### The Kanaka is Musical.

The simple Kanaka looks on at it all with wide open eyes of wonder. Down at his native village, in the calm of the tropical evening, he and his friends assemble under the palm and coconut trees, squatting on the ground, and while the women weave "leis," or wreaths, of fragrant flowers, the voices rise in a chorus of song in honor of the great, shining monster in the millhouse that with steel teeth is ripping the waving cane into shreds and by the white man's magic conjuring it into sugar. The words are improvised, the melody is one of those old, favorite tunes that haunt the ear in their native sweetness and sadness, rising and falling on the night air, balmy with the odor of tropical verdure and sinking into the memory like the lingering wail of a decadent race. The Hawaiians are musicians by nature, music is a part of their being, the mastery of a musical instrument is to an islander what the control of a wild horse is to the Indian, a labor of love. Glee and part songs come as naturally to them as Italian opera does to the Neapolitan working man who sits in the shade of the factory where he works and beguiles the dinner hour with snatches of Verdi or Mascagni. These natives give their services to the plantation for \$1 a day or so, and though they are as strong as oxen they cannot be brought to see the serious side of work at all. They laugh and joke each other as they tote the sugar sacks and stores on the wharf, singing the day through. They are full of the ancient superstitions of their race, too, though every Jack one of them is a professing Christian. If a Kanaka sees a small, brown lizard cross his path as he works, he will forthwith drop his load, go home, and pass that day in suspense at having in some way offended the spirit of an ancestor, which he verily believes appeared in warning to him in the shape of the lizard. When a native is lying on his sick bed, the consolations of the Christian faith pale before his innate belief in his own ancient god, whom he invokes with the aid of the medicine man.

#### The Three Castes Merged.

Formerly the three castes of family into which the natives were divided under their old feudal system were most carefully respected; now they are all merged together, and it is no unusual thing to see the descendant of kings working beside the man whose ancestors were serfs for ages. The difference in facial appearance and bearing is plainly marked still. The men of the upper classes have features which would grace a cavalier of old imperial France or a Senator of ancient Rome. High forehead, aquiline nose, and a broad, manly brow, well set on square shoulders, set off a handsome carriage. In the city, where the white man most does congregate, he has acquired most of his supplanter's vices, but out in the more unfrequented islands, he still possesses the traits that made him the noblest savage in the South Seas. His natural diet consists of fish, fruit and poi; the latter made from the root of the taro lily cooked and pounded to a jelly. Poi has marvelous digestive properties. It will restore the coats of a stomach almost destroyed by heavy drinking. It is a pleasant breakfast relish, used instead of mush, and is cheap and filling.

#### Plantation Management.

The chief man on a plantation is, of course, the manager. He lives in a fine house, and enjoys the salary of an ambassador. Everything depends on him, and all bow to his orders. Under the manager is the book-keeper who runs the office, the store, and the paymaster's department. He is a busy man, and generally knows a smattering of Japanese, Kanaka, and pidgen English for the Chinaman. There is the head "luna" over the field work, with a number of overseers under him, and laborers running into many hundreds. The mill is controlled by the chief engineer and staff. The boss of the steam-traction engines and the surveyor, who lays out the railway lines with their constant extensions and the miles of irrigating ditches, are both important personages. Everything is run like clockwork. The exact cost of each ton of cane, from the seed to the millhouse, is worked out to a fraction; the cost per month to board each man; the cost of feeding every horse and mule; the pounds of coal per head consumed at the cookhouses; all these are set down in detail in the monthly-account sheet. It is only in this way that the industry can successfully compete with the sugar produced by the pauper labor of Java, of the Mauritius, and of Cuba also. The "dolce far niente" existence of the old days is now a thing of the past on a modern plantation; but it can still be found in other occupations, such as storekeeping in the native villages. Here many white men make their home, speak the native language, and live a more or less bohemian existence, in a wide sombrero hat, a shirt and loose pants, fastened with a sash. Their wants are simple and their ambition no longer troubles them. Many of them have married native women, but with all their absence of business worries, they are looked down upon by their fellow-men as degenerates, for it still holds true that it is better to wear out than to rust out, and it is more to be desired to live much than to live merely a long time if the world is to progress and if we would avoid Bret Harte's question, "Is civilization a failure, and is the Caucasians played out?"

GEORGE HOPE.



HAWAIIAN HOME-MAKING TAPPA.

ing is causing an expensive headache. The Chinese are natural-born traders. They control the rice-growing industry, and will make special cut rates to the plantation store for a wholesale order of a few hundred mats of rice. Then they will ascertain the plantation price at retail, and cut under it to the laborers for the smallest orders. No matter how cheap the white man sells an article, the Chinese storekeeper can always contrive to dispose of it a little cheaper, though, of course, he cannot afford to give the same credit as the plantation which deducts the store bill from the monthly pay roll.

#### Kanakas and Portuguese.

The Kanaka, after the manner of the "colored pusson," generally, loves gaudy clothes, colored sashes, kerchiefs rivaling the Aurora Borealis in hue, and decked out to kill, laughs away his holiday with his associates. He is a dashing horseman, too, and on the cattle runs will swing the lariat with all the ease of a Mexican cowboy. His women folk cool their abundant proportions by surf bathing, walking into the sea clad in the single national garment, the "holakau," promenading in the sun and wind to dry themselves after the bath.

Many Portuguese are employed on the sugar estates. They are mostly married, and rear large families. The whites despise them because they will work for the lowest wages, while the Asiatics look down on them because they neither spend their money nor put on style. Like the Japs they cultivate a garden patch in front of their cottages, and supply half of their food from it, the shock-headed mother, with her litter of cubs clinging to her petticoats, doing the hard work about the place all day. The Portuguese take naturally to horse trading, and make thrifty colonists wherever they settle on a spot of land. The Japanese population throughout the islands numbers 25,000, the Chinese 22,000, and the Portuguese 15,000.

Honolulu, with its lovely mansions bowered in fruit and flowers, its avenues of stately palms, its streets of busy stores, its wharves and its warehouses, is built out of sugar. When King Kalakaua reigned, the planters made fortunes. Some estates returned as high as 60 per cent. per annum to their owners. Poor old King, with the

cloud of dust, which knocks many years off his life eventually. The corners and the gullies are plowed by mules afterward.

Next comes the laying off of the ditches to supply the fields with water. Then the planting and hoeing as the young cane sprouts. Not a weed must be seen, or the manager will want an explanation. By and by the cane grows up, covering the ground and choking out every other growth. Then comes the unpleasant task of stripping. The laborers have to crawl in between the rows of cane, where not a breath of air can reach them, and tear off the lower leaves of the cane, so that the plants may have air around them. The cutting season comes after mature growth has been reached, when the cane is cut down, stripped of its leaves and top, which are fed to the work animals, giving them a sleek, smooth skin. The cane sticks are loaded onto the flat trucks, and the long trains are hauled by smart little engines down to the mill, built on a gully or near the sea. A complete system of railway lines is run out to all parts of the estate, being one of the largest elements of expense. The mill in the crushing season runs night and day. The massive rollers are swallowing up the loads of cane as they are brought in, grinding them to pulp, pressing out their sweet juices and calling for more. Clarifiers, filters, vacuum pans, centrifugals, all are boiling and steaming, whirling and straining in the plan of campaign to reduce the cane to the brown granules piled in sacks ready to be taken to the wharf and shipped by the inter-island boats to Honolulu, where a transfer is made to the sugar ships bound for the Coast.

#### The Diffusion Process.

The big plantations are lit up with the electric light, and the diffusion process has superseded the old plan of grinding the cane in the rollers of the iron-jawed mills first. The cane stalks, instead, are first cut small, in rotary slicers, and then elevated on endless cane-carriers to a battery of big vats, into which the pieces are dumped. The vats are closed up tight, steam is applied, and the juice is extracted and pumped out, while the worthless pulp is taken out through a trap-door in the bottom of the vat, and after being pressed dry by passing through



## THE FORBIDDEN CITY.

THE CHINESE EMPEROR'S REALM OF LONELY SPLENDOR.

By a Special Contributor.

THE parade of the allied forces through the sacred Forbidden City of the Chinese on August 28 was a pageant which will go down in history as one of the great spectacles of the world. It is not likely that any person living will see such a procession again. This famous city, the Holy of Holies, from whose precincts all Chinese are prohibited, but to which they look for impulse and direction, has thus for the first time been desecrated by the profane feet of China's conquerors.

Chinese pride has been humbled, and it is to be hoped that the arrogant and stiff-necked Empress, who for a second time has been compelled to flee from her palaces to escape the avenging armies of civilization, has been taught a lesson which will last her the balance of her life.

The Northern City, or Manchu part of the Chinese capital, consists of three inclosures, one within the other, but each surrounded by its own wall. The innermost, or Forbidden City, through which the allies marched, is the inclosure which surrounds the imperial residences of the Chinese Emperor, and includes the great national library of China, together with a number of government offices.

The Chinese Emperor is called by his people "The Solitary Man," because he is the only man who dwells within the walls of this sacred city. Princes and high officials may come and go to audiences, but the Emperor alone remains. The only other persons allowed within the city are the Empresses, the members of the imperial harem and the eunuchs, three thousand of whom are retained as

Da-Tsing-Mun, or Great Pure Gate, which is the outer barrier and extreme southern entrance to the imperial palaces, the Forbidden City stretches away to the north with a succession of tall palace buildings with pagoda roofs, supported by immense pillars, heavily lacquered with red enamel, covered with roofs of different colored porcelain tile, yellow, green and deep red. The variegated colors, of these roofs, glistening through the beautiful trees which abound in the royal city, make up a scene of architectural and arboreal beauty absolutely unequalled, while far in the distance, just back of the northern gate of the city, rises the beautiful artificial mound, covered with shrines and pavilions, known as the Mei Shan or Coal Hill. The Great Pure Gate is a low, ugly building with three doors built of heavy oak timbers and covered with sheets of iron. It impresses one as a shabby-looking affair for the outer entrance to such a renowned inclosure as the famous Nai Kung, or City of the Royal Palaces. Its appearance, however, is accounted for by the Chinese principle that interior magnificence should not be visible or suggested in external surroundings.

In the Second Inclosure.

Passing through this gate another large area stretches out before a second gate which begins to give some hint of the magnificence to be expected within. A wide stone causeway extends north through this courtyard up to the gate which is called by the Chinese the Tien-An Mun, or the Gate of Heavenly Rest. This is the so-called great Pink Gate, so named because its pillars and woodwork are heavily enameled with a red lacquer which has become faded and now presents a pink appearance. The three arches through the gate are faced with white marble over which are twined splendidly carved dragons. On the comb of the roof and running down on the projecting eaves of the pagoda-like structure over the gate, are grotesque porcelain ornaments, the heads of Phoenixes and Griffins.

Within this gate is still another courtyard on the north side of which stands the Wu-Mun, or Meridian Gate. This is the southern entrance of the prohibited city itself and the second gate from the Emperor's palace. On the eastern

blood and officers of the highest rank, while those on the extreme right and left are for the use of all others.

The palace buildings consist of four large structures and two smaller ones arranged around the courtyard within the gate. The central building is called the Cheng-Kung or the Palace. Those which flank it on either side are called the Tung-Kung and Si-Kung or the eastern and western palaces, while the fourth one which faces the palace proper is called the Hall of the Golden Dragon. The smaller buildings are those reserved for the Empress Dowager and her suite. The palace building, like the great audience hall in the court in front of it, is long and wide, reaching almost



THE EMPEROR KWANG TSU WANG.

across the court in which it stands, built with red brick which, according to Chinese law, are reserved for use in the imperial buildings, with marble facings ornately carved and surmounted with a double roof, the second one of which covers a gallery supported by pillars, the roofs being covered with yellow porcelain tile and all the woodwork covered with a heavy red enamel.

According to the native descriptions, the interior of the palace is painted with the famous imperial vermilion. The floors are covered with priceless yellow silk-velvet carpets of native make and the furniture which follows the designs and shape common in China, is constructed of heavy red iron wood and highly polished. In the Emperor's own rooms the frames of all the furniture are of solid gold. The Chin-Luan-Tien or official reception room is carpeted with an immense rug of rough velvet worked in with yellow dragons. It contains no seats or other conveniences except the throne itself, for among the Chinese no one, however high his rank, is permitted to assume any other than a prostrate position while in the terrifying presence of the Emperor. The throne itself is placed on an elevated dais. It is ascended from behind by a splendidly carved staircase and supported by a large copper dragon heavily gilded. Around the hall is a gallery for the use of the orchestra which plays while official receptions are going on.

A Wonderland of Palaces.

This palace is considered by the Chinese as the most important of all the imperial buildings. It was the scene of the famous reception given by the Emperor Kang-Hsi, A. D. 1722, when on the sixtieth anniversary of his reign he invited to the palace as his guests all the men of the empire who were over sixty years of age. This tribute to old age was repeated by the Emperor Kien-Lung in A. D. 1785, on the fiftieth anniversary of his reign. No living white man has ever before seen the palaces within this city. The only foreigners who are known to have been in them were the Jesuit priests who obtained such favor in the Manchu court in the latter part of the seventeenth and early part of the eighteenth centuries, several of whom have left very interesting descriptions of the life of the court within. Within the present century the late Dr. S. Wells Williams was probably the only foreigner who has ever seen enough of them to give any kind of a comprehensive account.

North beyond this throne building stands the "Palace of Earth's Repose." Here "Heaven's Consort," as the Empress is called, rules over the Harem of her Imperial Master. Between the palace and the northern wall of the Forbidden City, are the royal flower gardens or pleasure grounds of the palaces. The gardens are adorned with dainty pavilions while marble bridges cross the canals and reach out to artificial islands which, dotted with temples and covered with groves, stand about in miniature lakes. Fountains and artificial mountains complete one of the most beautiful bits of landscape work in the world.

The Forbidden City is divided into three parts by two walls running entirely through it from north to south, and the portion of the city which has just been described is in the central section between the two partition walls. The eastern division of the city is given over to the officers of the Chinese Boards of Government. It also holds the Imperial Treasury. In the northern part of this section stands the Hall of Intense Thought, a temple dedicated to Confucius and the other great sages of China. A short distance north of this stands the Imperial Library, called by the Chinese the Hall of Literary Abyss. Near these two stands the Fung-Sien-Tien or Imperial Chapel, the temple set apart for the Emperor's private devotions, to which he comes to worship his ancestors. The western division contains a great variety of buildings, memorial halls dedicated to famous emperors and distinguished statesmen, the Government Printing Office, the Board of Imperial Auditors or Comptrollers, who regulate the assessment and collection of taxes throughout the empire, and the Ching-Hwang-Miao or Guardian Temple of Peking.

GUY MORRISON WALKER.

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October 7, 1900.]

## THE SPELLBINDER.

TALES OF THE ARMY OF WHO SUPPLY CAMPAIGN.

By a Special Contributor.

THE term spellbinder was first applied to campaign speakers in 1888, when those who could talk in public were employed by the Republican and Democratic National committees sent into every State and city and the system was organized as an important part of the work of the party. The great army of alleged orators went from town to town, speaking day and night at open-air meetings are employed and ranging from \$50 to \$300 a week, according to the reputation of the man as a public speaker. The experiment of employing professional "monologue artists" has been tried, because of the lack of a spellbinder in ability to attract an audience. A man who can tell funny stories and apply them aptly to some important question is always in demand and ranks higher than the declaimer of stock arguments and of humor.

Qualifications of a Spellbinder.

The idea of the campaign managers and the statements presented to the voters in this way. The spellbinders are supplied with text books upon which they draw for facts. The web of words they must weave for themselves is essential that they shall be immune from ready-witted and quick at speech and repartee. Bitter young orators have been routed by a spellbinder who has asked a question from an audience, who has answered. A man who can parry leading questions and expected interruption to good account and of his audience at a glance, is the one who is a spellbinder. Such a one is a certain sort of a reputation outside of the political stage and interest an audience that would be the greatest orator in the country. In 1896 the speaker for McKinley to an audience of Populists, and was discussing the money question. The speaker asserted that the stamp of not create money, a farmer wearing a \$1 bill up and waving a \$1 bill in the air, asked that bit of paper money if it ain't the money of the government?

"My friend," said the spellbinder, instantly government stamped the word hay on your cows eat them?"

The audience howled with delight, the speaker fell into his seat and the speaker was interrupted. Many men who have some public speaking, fail before a strange spellbinder who loses his temper in doing so. It often happens that men of station are withdrawn by the campaign in first public speech because of some unskillful utterance that would follow the went if they continued on the stump.

A Case of Fatal Absent-Mindedness.

In the middle of the national campaign the best and most popular spellbinders Republicans lost his employment and his absent-mindedness. He was constitutionally unable to remember even the most important names and dates, and it was his habit to pocket of his coat a slip of paper on which names and figures to be used at parties and discourses. This speaker was instructed to make a mass meeting of factory operatives in the night. Just before leaving his hotel for the meeting he forgot to transfer his written figures to be used in his speech. The next morning he was crowded to the doors when the national headquarters was presented. That the factory employees present were their political affiliations. Believing in sympathetic audience the speaker began to declaim of the benefits of protection and he warmed up to the subject rapidly and in impressive manner the delivery of a particular speech that had never before failed to create enthusiasm.

"My friends," he said, standing close to the stage, "one of the candidates for President, a soldier, statesman and patriot whose name is forgotten in the homes of American workers of a bill that bears his name the wheels of factories hum and you are all employed. Today this man stands before you the cause, the defender of the right of every employment at living wages to be paid. Generations of American workmen have risen up to bless the name of —, the name of the orator felt in his coat pocket names and failed to find it.

"Generations unborn will bless the name of —."

Another frantic ransacking of coat pocket followed.

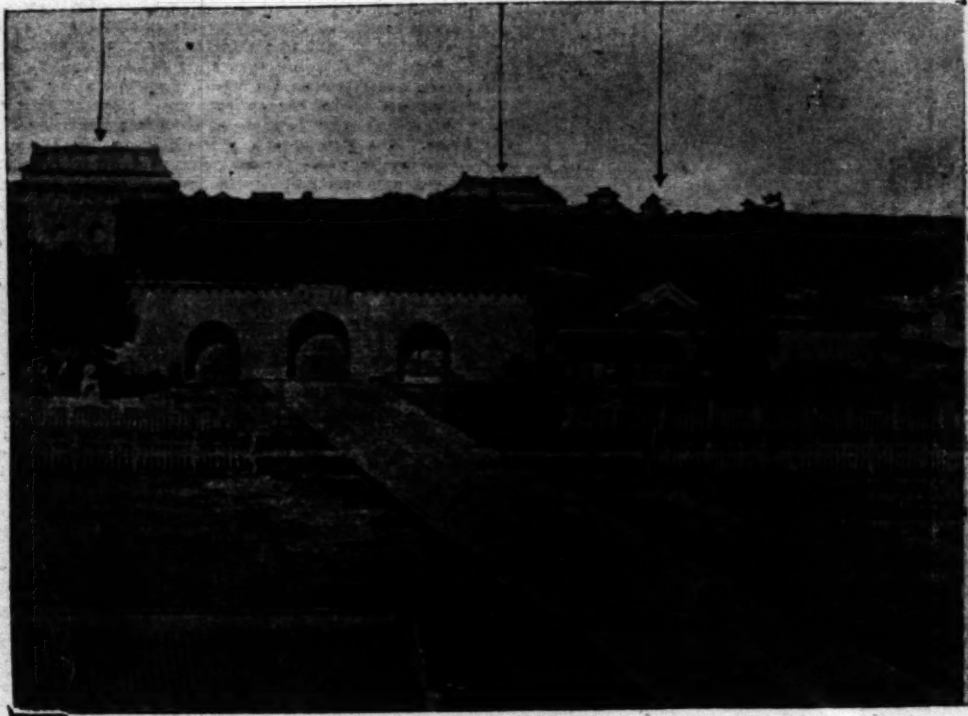
"The name of that great patriot and to kill time while he hurriedly searched."

"The name of that great friend of the people of the cause of the workingman—"

"William J. Bryan!" shouted a strong voice from the gallery.

"Yes, my friends, that splendid patriot the thoroughly embarrassed spellbinder instantly accepting the suggestion.

Instantly the meeting was in an uproar and yells for Bryan and counter



GREAT PURE GATE, WHERE THE ALLIES ENTERED

the servants of the royal household. Death is the certain penalty for any man found within its mysterious precincts, and the exact nature of the doom of the few who have surreptitiously ventured there has never been known.

Massive Guardianship of the Walls.

This inner city is called by the Chinese the "Kin-Cheng," or Prohibited City. It is about two miles in circumference and surrounded by a wall almost as massive as those around the outside Tartar City itself. This surrounding wall rises abruptly from the waters of a moat which surrounds the entire city to a height of nearly fifty feet. It is faced with red, glazed brick, and the top of the wall is covered with the royal yellow porcelain tile, which from a distance glistens brilliantly in the sunshine.

The city is entered through gates on each of the four sides, over bridges which cross the surrounding moat. Before each gate is an open area for the gathering of troops and the forming of state processions. Around each of these areas are buildings and barracks for the accommodation of the guards who defend the approach to China's "Dragon Throne." Watch towers at each corner of the wall and over each of the gateways furnish points of view from which any suspicious movements outside may be detected. The interior of the Forbidden City is made up of a succession of courtyards and apartments, which in their massiveness, and ornate and profuse decoration, far exceed anything to be found elsewhere in China.

According to the Chinese themselves, it is the city of gold and silver. To their oriental vision, the pavements of marble within lead from gilded palaces to gilded palaces, where gold and silver pillars uphold gold and silver roofs, and the fortunate inhabitants pluck flowers growing in gold and silver vases or play with gold and silver fishes swimming in crystal globes. Their imaginations comprehend nothing which they do not believe exists somewhere in the imperial palaces of their Emperor.

Viewed from the great square or open place before the

side of the gate stands a large sun dial of antique design and magnificent workmanship, being cast in bronze in the time of the Mongol dynasty which reigned in the thirteenth century. On the western side of the gate stands a lunar dial of like workmanship and design. The tower over the gate holds a large gong which was originally intended to be used like the drums which now stand before the Magistrate's Yemens throughout the empire. It is said that it was so used during the time of the Ming dynasty, petitioners who had failed to obtain justice through the ordinary channels being permitted to call the attention of the Emperor to their grievances by striking on the gong, but the death penalty was inflicted on any whose appeal was found to be ill-founded or frivolous. The gong is now used only as a signal of the Emperor's passing through, either when entering or leaving the city. The courtyard before this gate is the place of audience for victorious generals, who returning from successful campaigns, come here to lay before their monarch the loot and prisoners which they have taken. It is also the place for the distribution of decorations and presents to foreign ministers and native officials.

The Precinct of the "Solitary Man."

Passing through this gate one is at last within the mysterious city itself. Across the courtyard within the gate runs a small canal over which lead five marble bridges with magnificently carved balustrades and impressive stone lions guarding their entrances. From each of these bridges runs a magnificent avenue paved with fine marble, leading up to an immense building called the Tai-Ho-Tien. This impressive building stands on a marble basement about twenty feet in height and rises to a total height of over one hundred and ten feet. The ascent to the building is made by five flights of steps with carved marble balustrades leading from each of the five avenues which run across the courtyard. The central one of these avenues is very broad and is reserved for the use of the Emperor alone. The two avenues on either side of this are for visiting princes of the

The Roosevelt shape is the most popular of all for autumn wear. For the opening sale we offer a splendid quality of black Australian fur felt hats trimmed with polka-dot bands. This shape comes in a medium crown and a full crown.

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## THE SPELLBINDER.

### TALES OF THE ARMY OF ORATORS WHO SUPPLY CAMPAIGN TALK.

By a Special Contributor.

THE term spellbinder was first applied generally to all campaign speakers in 1888, when thousands of men who could talk in public were employed by the Republican and Democratic National committees. They were sent into every State and city and the system is now recognized as an important part of the work of electing a President. The great army of alleged orators, the men who go from town to town, speaking day and night in halls or at open-air meetings are employed and paid fixed salaries ranging from \$50 to \$500 a week, according to the ability and reputation of the man as a public speaker. This year the experiment of employing professional comedians and "monologue artists" has been tried, because the essential qualification of a spellbinder is ability to interest and hold an audience. A man who can tell funny stories, tell them well and apply them aptly to some important public question is always in demand and ranks higher in the business than the declaimer of stock arguments who has no sense of humor.

#### Qualifications of a Spellbinder.

The idea of the campaign managers is to get certain facts and statements presented to the voters in an entertaining way. The spellbinders are supplied with campaign text books upon which they draw for facts and arguments. The web of words they must weave for themselves. It is essential that they shall be immune from stage fright, ready-witted and quick at speech and repartee. Many ambitious young orators have been routed utterly by an embarrassing question from an audience, which they could not answer. A man who can parry leading questions, turn unexpected interruption to good account and gauge the mood of his audience at a glance, is the one who succeeds as a spellbinder. Such a one is a certain orator, without much of a reputation outside of the political stump, who can hold and interest an audience that would probably jeer the greatest orator in the country. In 1896 this man was making a speech for McKinley to an audience composed largely of Populists, and was discussing the money question. When the speaker asserted that the stamp of a government did not create money, a farmer wearing a long beard jumped up and, waving a \$1 bill in the air, asked: "What makes that bit of paper money if it ain't the printing done on it by the government?"

"My friend," said the spellbinder, instantly, "suppose the government stamped the word hay on your whiskers, would your cows eat them?"

The audience howled with delight, the farmer dropped stiffly into his seat and the speaker was not again interrupted. Many men who have some local reputation as public speakers, fail before a strange audience, and the spellbinder who loses his temper is doomed to ignoble discomfiture. It often happens that men of considerable reputation are withdrawn by the campaign managers after their first public speech because of some unfortunate or mistaken utterance that would follow them wherever they went if they continued on the stump.

#### A Case of Fatal Absent-Mindedness.

In the middle of the national campaign of 1896 one of the best and most popular spellbinders employed by the Republicans lost his employment and his reputation through absent-mindedness. He was constitutionally and utterly unable to remember even the most important and familiar names and dates, and it was his habit to carry in the inside pocket of his coat a slip of paper on which he had written names and figures to be used at particular places in the discourse. This speaker was instructed to address a big mass meeting of factory operatives in New Jersey one night, just before leaving his hotel for the ferry he changed seats and forgot to transfer his written list of names and figures to be used in his speech. The meeting was in a big hall which was crowded to the doors when the speaker from national headquarters was presented. He did not know that the factory employes present were evenly divided in their political affiliations. Believing that he faced a sympathetic audience the speaker began in his best style to declaim of the benefits of protection and the gold standard. He warmed up to the subject rapidly and began in his most impressive manner the delivery of a paragraph of his popular speech that had never before failed to arouse the greatest enthusiasm.

"My friends," he said, standing close to the footlights of the stage, "one of the candidates for President this year is a soldier, statesman and patriot whose name will never be forgotten in the homes of American workingmen. Because of a bill that bears his name the wheels of your mills and factories hum and you are all employed at good wages. Today this man stands before you the champion of your cause, the defender of the right of every workingman to employment at living wages to be paid in the best money. Generations of American workingmen as yet unborn will rise up to bless the name of —, the name of —."

Here the orator felt in his coat pocket for his list of names and failed to find it.

"Generations unborn will bless the name of —"

Another frantic ransacking of coat pockets and increasing embarrassment.

"The name of that great patriot and statesman." This to kill time while he hurriedly searched all pockets.

"The name of that great friend of the people, that champion of the cause of the workingman —"

"William J. Bryan!" shouted a strong-lunged man in the gallery.

"Yes, my friends, that splendid patriot William J. Bryan," the thoroughly embarrassed spellbinder shouted mechanically accepting the suggestion.

Instantly the meeting was in an uproar. There were shouts and yells for Bryan and counter cries for McKinley.

A local committee seated on the stage tried to prompt the speaker, but he was rattled by this time and failed to realize that he had made a mistake. The men on the stage could not shut him off and the audience quickly discovered his failure of memory and transposition of names. He was grieved and laughed at until the meeting broke up in confusion. The protest sent to national headquarters next day by the local committee caused the immediate discharge of the absent-minded spellbinder.

#### Some Unexpected Responses to Oratory.

In Indianapolis in 1896, a Democratic speaker of great reputation was completely vanquished and a large meeting broken up by one word spoken by a small boy. The speaker was saying with much eloquence and vehemence that all the workingmen of the country demanded the free coinage of silver. Then he began a peroration like this: "Our opponents say there are thousands of gold men right here in Indianapolis. Last night I spoke to an audience of 5000 honest workingmen. They were all for free silver. I believe that every man in this great audience favors free coinage. Now where are the gold men?"

"Workin'!" shouted the shrill voice of a boy in the gallery. A laugh started and swept over the entire audience, so confusing the speaker that he made no effort to continue his address.

In the same campaign a man who had made more than one thousand stump speeches and boasted that he had never been rattled by a question or interruption, was so completely knocked out by an innocent question asked by a factory girl that he broke down completely. The Republican National Committee had sent him to Newark, N. J., to address a night meeting of workingmen and women in a music hall. In his most impressive voice and manner he began his speech with this question: "My friends, do you understand the question of the free coinage of silver?"

There was perfect silence as he paused oratorically, until a young working girl sitting in one of the boxes asked in a clear voice:

"Do you?"

The question was unexpected and puzzling. First the audience laughed, then cheered the girl and ended by insisting that the speaker answer the question then and there. He attempted to do so, but was overcome by stage fright and slipped out by a back door. Next day he went to headquarters and asked to be assigned to farmers' meetings for the remainder of the season.

In a recent campaign in New York, a young spellbinder attempted to earn double pay by speaking for both parties. The second night he got mixed in his dates and appointments and attempted to deliver a red-hot Republican speech at a Democratic meeting. By swift and skillful dodging he got off the stage physically intact, but the news of the blunder reached the two headquarters and the next day the young man lost both jobs.

#### His Audience Didn't Respond.

During the New York City campaign of 1897, a club of deaf mutes sent to one of the headquarters for a speaker to address a meeting on a certain evening. The manager of the spellbinders assumed that a man was wanted who could talk a speech which would be interpreted into the sign language by a member of the club. A message was sent to one of the best spellbinders in the service of the committee asking him to address a club meeting on the night specified. By an oversight he was not informed of the character of the club, and arriving late he missed the Reception Committee and interpreter. Finding a waiting audience and no one speaking, the spellbinder stepped to the front of the stage and, after a brief apology for being late, began to speak. He did his best. He was eloquent and emphatic, humorous and pathetic, but when his best jokes failed to cause a laugh, when his most eloquent phrases were received in silence and his pathos provoked faint smiles, he felt cold chills creeping down his spine. Bracing up he went at them again. He raved and stormed until his voice began to fail and perspiration poured in streams from his face, without provoking a hand-clap. The committee and interpreter, who had gone to meet him, appeared upon the stage just as the spellbinder sank exhausted into a chair. When the situation was explained to him he was compelled to join in the general laugh that followed, and when rested repeated the speech, which, interpreted to the audience, aroused great enthusiasm.

#### The Retort Courteous by Tom Reed.

The falsetto voice of the Hon. Thomas B. Reed was not familiar to the voters of Indiana when he entered that State in 1896, for a brief speaking tour and his first meeting survived an interruption that would have dismayed the average spellbinder. He faced a large audience in the biggest hall in the town and there was perfect silence after the first great outburst of applause had subsided.

"My fellow-citizens," in the piping voice of Reed scouted faint and far away, and a Hoosier who was hard of hearing promptly asked of a companion in a voice audible all over the hall: "Is that Tom?"

"Did you think it was the voice of Baalam?" responded Reed and instantly the ripple of half-suppressed laughter broke into a storm of applause.

Col. Lafayette Gleason, who has managed the speakers' bureau of the Republican State Committee of New York for ten years, had no end of trouble with meetings for negro voters held in the negro colony near Hell's Kitchen. He tried a score of orators, white and black, and every meeting was a frost, every speaker a failure. The negro leaders said they must have meetings and speakers or they could not get out the voters of their race. Finally Gleason in despair employed a man whose reputation among his own people was that of a "bad nigger wif a razor." Gleason advertised another meeting for colored voters and explained the situation to the new orator. "Go over there and talk to them with the bark on," was his advice. The hall was crowded when the new speaker arrived. When he was presented to the audience, he removed the pitcher of ice water and the glasses from the table and in place of them laid down two razors and a big pistol.

"Now, you lazy, loafing, crap-shooting coons, what are you waiting for? What are you in this campaign for, you good-for-nothing, low-down niggers? Waiting for some white man to offer you \$5 for your vote, hey?"

These opening ceremonies and remarks took the crowd

by storm. The meeting was a complete success, a club was organized and Col. Gleason in two days had twenty calls for the new negro spellbinder.

#### Where Spellbinding Doesn't Count.

In the South and in some of the Western States nearly all political speaking is by joint debate, the candidates of the opposing parties making a tour of the State, district or county together and dividing time equally. This arrangement insures an audience composed of the voters of each party, where votes may be gained by good argument. During the progress of such debates any voter in the audience is at liberty to ask questions of the candidates and the latter are expected to answer without taking or giving offense. The opposing candidates, no matter what their personal feelings or relations may be, are compelled to treat each other with respect and the most formal courtesy in the presence of a mixed audience. No matter how great the political excitement may be, these joint discussions rarely result in conflict between the opposing parties or factions because the leaders of each side hesitate to be first to start a row or strike a blow. The hired spellbinder is never employed for such debates. Campaign managers say that few votes are changed by the work of the spellbinders, but the voters of the country demand entertainment and discussion, so the hired orator has become a fixture in American politics.

WALTER L. HAWLEY.

## "THE WHITE DEATH."

A FROZEN FOG OF WHICH INDIANS ARE MORE AFRAID THAN OF RATTLESNAKES.

[Will Sparks in Ainslie's:] Of all the natural phenomena peculiar to the Rocky Mountain region none is more strange or terrible than the mysterious storm known to the Indians as "the white death." Scientific men have never yet had an opportunity of investigating it, because it comes at the most unexpected times and may keep away from a certain locality for years. Well-read men who have been through it say that it is really a frozen fog. But where the fog comes from is more than any one can say. This phenomenon occurs most frequently in the northern part of Colorado, in Wyoming, and occasionally in Montana.

About two years ago a party of three women and two men were crossing North Park in a wagon in the month of February. The air was bitterly cold, but dry as a bone and motionless. The sun shone with almost startling brilliancy. As the five people drove along over the crisp snow they did not experience the least cold, but really felt most comfortable, and rather enjoyed the trip. Mountain peaks fifty miles away could be seen as distinctly as the pine trees by the roadside.

Suddenly one of the women put her hand up to her face and remarked that something had stung her. Then other members of the party did the same thing, although not a sign of an insect could be seen. All marveled greatly at this. A moment later they noticed that the distant mountains were disappearing behind a cloud of mist. Mist in Colorado in January! Surely there must be some mistake. But there was no mistake, because within ten minutes a gentle wind began to blow and the air became filled with fine particles of something that scintillated like diamond dust in the sunshine. Still the people drove on until they came to a cabin where a man signaled to them to stop. With his head tied up in a bundle of mufflers, he rushed out and handed the driver a piece of paper on which was written: "Come into the house quick, or this storm will kill all of you. Don't talk outside here."

Of course no time was lost in getting under cover and putting the horses in the stables. But they were a little late, for in less than an hour the whole party was sick with violent coughs and fever. Before the next morning one of the women died with all the symptoms of pneumonia. The others were violently ill of it, but managed to pull through after long sickness.

"I seen you people driving along the road long before you got to my house, and I knowed you didn't know what you were drivin' through," said the man, as soon as the surviving members of the party were able to talk. "That stuff ye seen in the air is small pieces of ice, froze so cold it goes clear down into your lungs without melting. If any man stayed out a few hours without his head covered up he would be sure to die. One winter about eight years ago it cleaned out a whole Indian tribe across the Wyoming line. They are more afraid of it than they are of rattlesnakes. That's the reason they call it 'the white death.'"

## MRS. THEODORE ROOSEVELT.

SHE IS DEVOTED TO HER HOME INTERESTS AND AVOIDS THE GLARE OF PUBLICITY.

Writing of "The Personality" of Mrs. Roosevelt, in the October Ladies' Home Journal, Edward Bok asserts that "it is high time some of our women should learn that a woman may be respected and loved for the things she does not do, as often as she is for the things she does do. Hundreds of thousands of men and women respect Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt today because she has chosen to keep her personality in the background, and refused to stand in the glare of publicity. She has no place there, and she knows it. By her attitude she has won a warm place in the affections of American women, and in the respect of American men. Yet she might shine, instead of keeping in retirement, if she so chose, as every one who knows her will at once concede. She has simply chosen to be a wife, a mother and a woman, and not a publicist. She has elected to give the benefits of her talents and gifts to her husband, her children, and her friends rather than to society in its promiscuous sense. She has her work to do in the world, but she does not believe that work to be of a public nature. She is content to leave that to her husband. She remains in the home, and one need only to hear Theodore Roosevelt speak of that home to discern at once how strong upon him has been the influence which has radiated therefrom."

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Our Daily Story.  
Editorial: Editorial Paragraphs.  
Written by Mail.

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## A Peep at Our Picturesque Neighbors.

### IN MANY LANDS.

#### GLIMPSES OF LIFE IN VARIOUS PARTS OF THIS GREAT GLOBE.

By a Special Contributor.

SINCE the cocked hat went out and the "derby" came in, since knee-breeches, laced waistcoats and ruffles gave place to the unbeautiful garbs—each style worse than the last—in which the American has successively garmented himself, that gentleman's attire has become hopelessly commonplace.

The inhabitants of the Arctic region, where the fashion never changes, and the South Sea islanders, who wear rings in their noses—or is it on their toes?—could give an American points on how to be picturesque. As it is with his attire, so it is with his architecture—but this is a digression.

What, may I ask, would the artist, the poet, the romancer, do for an inspiration, now and then, if it were not for our picturesque neighbors?

California need not go far afield to find "material," what with China in our midst, so to speak, and picturesque folk, a whole nation of 'em, right next door. Then, too, we have

garments of civilization; their food, precarious pickings from the same source. And, withal, they are picturesque.

The people of the adobe have seen the end of that which they began. In beautiful Los Angeles, the very antipode of everything Spanish, smart American homes have gone up on the hills where the vaquero herded his flocks; and the clang and clatter of the electric car, whizzing through the narrow, crooked streets of "Sonoratown," would drown the notes of the love song and the tinkle of the guitar—if there were anyone left to play. Verily, the people of the adobe have said adios to the things that were, and the pastoral, patriarchal days are but a memory.

"Strange," says a writer, "that the inheritor of the Hidalgo should be the peasant of Peking or Macao!" But so it transpired; and today it is "John" at home who most does delight the eye of the seeker of things picturesque.

That lordly gentleman advancing down the street, clad in silk array and sporting the skull-cap and red button of his rank, is a Chinese merchant—the successor of the afore-said Hidalgo. He is a picture, if you like; but so is the Chinaman who wears the coarse blue denim of servitude—he who does up the family linen, and the coolie who raises the Californian's "garden truck," bringing it fresh to the door every morning.

when they go abroad, looking neither to the right nor to the left; but although they may appear to be unaware of the scrutiny of the "white devils" who stare at them so rudely, doubt not that they are observed.

Very pink as to cheek and very red as to lip is Mrs. John, and over the white enamel of her forehead the dark line of eyebrow has been carefully penciled. Her hair, intricately looped and ornamented with jeweled pins, is as sleek and shining as pomatum can make it. The Chinese damsels slip down an alley, and in their wake come a spectacled priest, a strutting highbinder, and a young Ben Brummel, fresh from the hands of his barber. Almost the sightseer persuaded that he is "in a strange land, a long way from home." Almost would one believe that this oriental picture in occidental setting were indeed Cathay.

When John is gathered to his fathers, hired mourners, dressed in white wail at so much per wail, attendants scatter manny—so-called—all the way to the grave, to buy off evil spirits, and on the earth which covers his cold clay friends heap provisions, that the departed may not hunger during his long journey.

As lightly as possible I have drawn a pen picture of this strange bit of life that has gained a footing on our



the Spanish-American, around whose crumbling adobe dwelling the spirit of romance seems ever to linger; and, lastly, there is the Indian, the story of whose wrongs, as recited by Helen Hunt Jackson, have caused our tears to fall like rain.

Far down in the scale, indeed, are the shack dwellers; but they are at least a notch above the plane upon which they once lived, moved and had their being. When the padres came, the California Indians were scarce a vestige of clothing, protecting themselves from the cold by a thick coat of mud, plastered on from head to foot. They lived in the dust, ate it mixed with such food as they had, and in due time their bodies returned to it, they having known nothing better. These gentle aborigines had no form of worship, practised no industry.

The California Indians of today differ little, in some respects, from the child-like creatures the good padres taught a century ago. Now, as then, they live primitively, their dwellings being little more than a brush heap, piled in the stony bed of the arroyo; their clothing, the cast-off

About the "plaza," where dark-eyed señoritas, duenna-guarded, used to walk in the cool of the day, a strange people—who are as much a part of their own country as though thousands of miles did not intervene between their present abiding place and their ancestral home—are carrying on the business of life. Here are shops, restaurants, markets, joss-houses, or places of worship; and sandwiched in with these the dark little dens wherein they set up their household gods.

The restaurants, opening on balconies gayly decorated with bright-colored paper lanterns, with the sacred lily of China, flowering in shallow bowls, and with evergreen shrubs in quaint urns, are like no other restaurant on American soil. The patrons of the restaurant eat strange dishes, which are placed on round tables of dark, glossy wood; they sit in the most wonderful chairs, the rare wood of which is inlaid with mother-of-pearl, in fanciful designs; they see, on this side and that, costly screens, mirrors set in carved and gilded frames, and other Chinese bric-a-brac. I am describing a high-class restaurant, of course.

Mrs. John and the Misses John walk as demurely as nuns

Pacific shores, purposely avoiding the shadows. But no one denies that the shadows are there.

The "first settler" on our continent made his home in Mexico, so runs history. As to his previous abiding place, who can say? We may scan the records from the Spanish Conquest to the days of Montezuma's magnificence, thence to the occupancy of the valley of Mexico by the Toltecs—and still further back; but history soon blends with tradition.

Turning from these annals to the chronicles of nineteenth-century Mexico, we find our next-door neighbor to be no further advanced along some lines than were his progenitors, who saw life renewed in the flash of the sacred fire on the Hill of the Star. He tickles the ground with a crooked stick; so, also, did his forefathers. His cattle tread out the ripened grain upon the thrashing floor, as was the custom in the old days; and the metate upon which is ground the corn for his daily tortilla is doubtless the same that his grandam used.

He is superstitious; he is dilatory; he may be said to have "ways that are dark and tricks that are vain." But

for all his sins of omission and commission he is the most picturesque of the earth.

It is the opinion of travelers who have world over that Mexico is more foreign than nine-tenths of Europe. The style of architecture is Spanish renaissance, is extreme. Through iron-grated doors one sees shrubs and flowers bloom and fountains play, and sing all day long. No less picturesque are the people—the embroidered jacket; skin, rakish sombreros of the caballeros, the ornaments and leather sandals of the peons, famed in song and story, of the dear little know a trick or two relating to the manilla—and the eyes beneath, as well.

The Mexican belle—if she be a daughter affects gayer colors than does her rival the four hundred. She is a joy to behold, black hair, her flashing eyes and her rich set off by the dull reds and blues that despair of the artist. No less well-suited is the señorita, who chooses to appear on a church gown in sober black.

On every street corner, by the public friends meet and gossip, in highways awaits the artist whose cunning hand may trace these scenes in all their pictures.

It is this touch of the quaint that night of the lairs of the wretched poor the streets, just at nightfall, would furnish more subjects for pictures than he meets in one brief holiday—a family group, braided, upon which the evening meal, a pine torch throwing a red glow, bringing each into stronger relief; a and sandals, lingering by a grating; a smile from a dark-eyed Juliette; a glimpse beyond of kneeling. Many more, are his for the speaker. The Mexican at home tells but seldom leisure moments in the rolling and cigarettes, while the women of his torn, carry the great water jars to and perform other arduous tasks.

To "eat, drink and be merry"—if he tortilla and a bottle of pulque in his ambition of our next-door neighbor, the

Over many thousand miles of land "Fair hawthorn flowering With green shade bowers makes white the lanes of our mother."

In the streets of big, smoky London galore for "snap shots"—always "the but it is the man with the hoe in his picturesque. To begin with, everything from his vine-covered stone cottage—and his father's father—to the minutiae some of them, almost big enough for a garden, is picturesque.

And speaking of California gardens, enthusiastically on the subject to an thus made reply:

"Not for one moment can your soulful though it may be with its rare for the fragrance of orange blossoms—con I knew in childhood. It was a quagmire of incongruities, but oh, how delightful of clipped yew—a relic of the when it was the fashion to clip and resemblance of birds, urns, and other was a rustic summerhouse, over which lured at will. Of roses, red and white, laburnum and pink-petaled daisies we as we chose, and no one ever said 'were the children's by adoption, and abortive attempts at cultivation, successful, at least did not kill the of rough ground, known as the paddock, tiny stream purled between green shallow pool by a clump of willows. bounded the paddock; and when the day deep where the hawthorn snow where to look for mistletoe, in a apple tree, with which to decorate the But we may not linger long in the lanes of England; other paths as plowward.

There is no time for a peep at the cities of the Nile, nor may we visit Japan gardens and quaint houses, built with windmills dotting the perspective folk in wooden shoes in the foreground which no land is more beautiful; in sunlight, the scent of flowers, emerald sapphires and beautiful women of linger on and on, "the world forgetting got"—all these we must pass by. traveler who would forego a glimpse of poets yet to come will sing. This with its lakes like flashing jewels, green of the everlasting hills, with chalets, perched like swallows' nests steeply, and with its sturdy peasants of which there are as many styles and they are not a few—is alone worth "for to see."

And "La Belle France." Is it not a pilgrim's paradise? There is something in the atmosphere of Paris, an indescribable city possesses. It has the reputation of cosmopolitan city in all Europe. The paved, well-swept, beautifully shaded people, day and night.

At first glance, one imagines that stranger within his gates live altogether the sidewalks are lined with small shade of awnings or screened from shrubs, growing in huge tubs. Here the scholar, the man-about-town, a



for all his sins of omission and commission may he be forgiven for he is the most picturesque creature that walks the earth.

It is the opinion of travelers who have roamed half the world over that Mexico is more foreign in appearance than nine-tenths of Europe. The style of architecture in vogue, which is Spanish renaissance, is extremely picturesque. Through iron-grated doors one sees shadowy courts, where flowers bloom and fountains play, and where caged birds sing all day long. No less picturesque are the costumes of the people—the embroidered jacket, skin-tight trousers and rakish sombreros of the caballeros, the white, cotton garments and leather sandals of the peons, and the mantillas, flamed in song and story, of the dear little señoritas, who know a trick or two relating to the management of a mantilla—and the eyes beneath, as well.

The Mexican belle—if she be a daughter of the people—reflects gayer colors than does her rival, the daughter of the four hundred. She is a joy to behold, with her purple-black hair, her flashing eyes and her rich, dark complexion, set off by the dull reds and blues that are the delight and despair of the artist. No less well-suited is the beauty of the señoritas, who choose to appear on the promenade and at church gowned in sober black.

On every street corner, by the public fountain, where friends meet and gossip, in highways and byways, fame awaits the artist whose cunning hand shall faithfully portray these scenes in all their picturesqueness.

It is this touch of the quaint that makes endurable the sight of the lairs of the wretched poor. A stroll through the streets, just at nightfall, would furnish an artist with more subjects for pictures than he might hope to paint in one brief holiday—a family group about a charcoal brazier, upon which the evening meal is cooking, the faring pine torch throwing a red glow upon the faces and bringing each into stronger relief; a Romeo in sombrero and sandals, lingering by a grated window for a glance, a smile from a dark-eyed Juliette; an open church door, with a glimpse beyond of kneeling worshippers. These, and many more, are his for the speaking.

The Mexican at home toils but seldom. He employs his leisure moments in the rolling and smoking of countless cigarettes, while the women of his household grind the corn, carry the great water jars to and from the fountain and perform other arduous tasks.

To "eat, drink and be merry"—if he have the price of a tortilla and a bottle of pulque in his pocket—is the whole ambition of our next-door neighbor, the Mexican.

Over many thousand miles of land and sea—

"Fair hawthorn flowering"

With green shade bowing."

makes white the lanes of our mother country.

In the streets of big, smoky London one finds subjects galore for "snap shots"—always "the weather permitting," but it is the man with the hoe in England who is really picturesque. To begin with, everything in his environment, from his vine-covered stone cottage—where lived his father and his father's father—to the miniature fields which are, some of them, almost big enough for a fair-sized California garden, is picturesque.

And speaking of California gardens—I once wrote enthusiastically on the subject to an English friend, who thus made reply:

"Not for one moment can your southern garden—beautiful though it may be with its rare flowers and sweet with the fragrance of orange blossoms—compare with a garden I knew in childhood. It was a quaint, English garden, full of incongruities, but oh, how delightful! There was a mass of clipped yew—a relic of the seventeenth century, when it was the fashion to clip and contour shrubs into the semblance of birds, urns, and other conceits. In one corner was a rustic summerhouse, over which the clematis clambered at will. Of roses, red and white, the golden-bellied laburnum and pink-petaled daisies we could pick as many as we chose, and no one ever said 'Don't touch!' They were the children's by adoption, and by virtue of certain attempts at cultivation, which, if not highly successful, at least did not kill the plants. A certain bit of rough ground, known as the paddock, was Paradise. A tiny stream gurgled between green banks, widening to a shallow pool by a clump of willows. A hedge of hawthorn bounded the paddock; and when the chill snows of winter lay deep where the hawthorn snow had drifted, we knew where to look for mistletoe, in a certain gnarled, old apple tree, with which to decorate the Christmas board."

But we may not linger long in the gardens and green lanes of England; other paths as pleasant entice us onward.

There is no time for a peep at the domed and minaretted cities of the Nile, nor may we visit Japan, with its dwarfed gardens and quaint houses, built without nails. Holland, with windmills dotting the perspective and Dutch peasant folk in wooden shoes in the foreground. Rhineland, than which no land is more beautiful; Italy, where dazzling sunlight, the scent of flowers, exquisite climate, palms, sapphire sea and beautiful women entice the traveler to linger on and on, "the world forgetting, by the world forgot"—all these we must pass by. But where is the traveler who would forego a glimpse of Switzerland?

It is a country of which poets have sung, and of which poets yet to come will sing. This tiny mountain land, with its lakes like flashing jewels, rimmed round by the green of the everlasting hills, with its pretty wooden chalets, perched like swallows' nests in every cleft of the steep, and with its sturdy peasantry in striking dress—of which there are as many styles as there are patois—and they are not a few—is alone worth crossing the ocean "for to see."

And "La Belle France." Is it not the Mecca of all modern pilgrimages? There is something about the very atmosphere of Paris, an indescribable charm that no other city possesses. It has the reputation of being the most cosmopolitan city in all Europe. The streets, broad, well-paved, well-swept, beautifully shaded, are thronged with people, day and night.

At first glance, one imagines that the Parisian and the stranger within his gates live altogether out-of-doors, for the sidewalks are lined with small tables, set back in the shade of awnings or screened from the street by flowering shrubs, growing in huge tubs. Here one sees the artist, the scholar, the man-about-town, and the peasant from

the nearest province, taking their bottle of wine in the open air.

But, as in England, one must see the rural side of life to get at the heart of things picturesque. A village in Normandy, the quaint stone houses, with thatched roofs, set in gardens aflame with hollyhocks and other bright-hued flowers; a harvest field, where the white-coiffed women, in scant, cotton gowns, bind up the golden grain as it falls from the sickle, wielded by the man's strong hand; a pool near the village, the morning sky reflected in its depths, about which the apple-cheeked women are gathering to wash the family linen; or the same pool at sunset, when the milkmaid, calling the cattle home, pauses to let them drink, the while she coquets with handsome Jean, handsome despite the coarse, blue smock, toil-stained, and the rough woolen cap, pulled low upon his brow—these, and many another picture of our picturesque neighbors we shall place on memory's wall, there to hang for all time.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

## CITY GARDENS.

### A PLEA FOR GREATER ORIGINALITY IN THEIR DESIGN.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE Dark Ages, about thirty years ago that is, before the wave of esthetic culture rolled over the land and swamped us with its billows of blue china and passionate lilies, there existed a style of house decoration—we believe it is still to be found in some interiors of Darkest New England—usually described, in those benighted times, as "very elegant" and "chaste." Among other manifestations it generally included a "best parlor," the atmosphere of which struck chill as the grave, wherein, amid the glories of a green rep-covered suite, stood a mahogany table, very polished as to top and very knobby as to legs, upon which, securely intrenched behind a rampart of gift books, elegantly bound in red morocco and gold, reposed a group of wax fruits, carefully shielded from dust by a glass dome, whose remarkable size, shapes and colors warranted the belief that they had been plucked from the Tree of Life or some equally mythical form of vegetation.

Here, in Los Angeles, today, we have happily passed beyond that stage of interior decoration, and there is hardly a housewife in the city who would not refuse with scorn to accept such adornments even as a gift; which is all as it should be, but at the same time we should like to ask those admirable ladies, whose rooms are probably hung with Morris wall papers and Whistler etchings, "How about your gardens? How are they laid out?" and in nine cases out of ten we are afraid the answer would be, "With a straight walk up the center, on either side a patch of grass about the size of a table-cloth, in the middle of each a fan or date palm."

Grass plots and date palms are delightful in their way. One remembers on one's first walk through the residence parts of the city seeing such a garden as is described above and thinking "how charming," but as they multiplied and strung themselves out in endless vistas, so one's raptures modified and sank to the condition known as "not liking it so much as we did at first." The eternal sameness was a trifle palling, and, taken in consideration with the varying types of architecture, even a trifle ridiculous. The question naturally presented itself, why should a house in the Italian renaissance or the "old mission" style of architecture be necessarily surrounded by exactly the same combination of lawn and palms as a nondescript contractor-designed box or a brick reminiscence of the long gone, but, alas, no architecturally forgotten, Queen Anne? Why should a classic loggia, a Moorish facade, or an old colonial portico, look out on one and the same arrangement of the superfluous ground of their lots?

If Los Angeles were situated in New England—which, however, is an entirely impossible supposition, as then it would cease to be Los Angeles—in that case one could understand the lack of ideas, as in that climate the choice is necessarily limited; but in this eternal spring, where flourish side by side, not only the conventional pine and palm of the poets, but every species of plant life that lies within that extreme range, the lack of initiative and neglect of opportunities is incomprehensible.

To be just, there are a few residences that are surrounded by gardens befitting the wealth and culture shown by the buildings themselves. On Adams and Figueroa streets are several examples of the charming effects that can be obtained by judicious grouping. St. James Park, too, is an object lesson, with its admirable design leading up to the central fountain; but that place, though comparatively small for a square, is still many times larger than the space usually at command. Chester Place, in its well-conceived and consistently-carried-out idea, shows how a uniformity of planting, monotonous in itself, will bind together in their proper relationship the varying designs of individual residences, which here, though differing vastly in outline and material, together make up a harmonious whole, sinking their striking and often incongruous facades to their true value as component parts of the picture.

On the Wilshire boulevard, especially, there is a charming "bit," which, though evidently half-accidental in its arrangement, shows what could be done by a predetermined use of the same materials. In front of one of the residences, between the sidewalk and the road, is a large bed of rose-pink ivy-leaved geraniums; across the road, on the edge of a vacant lot, are two tall date palms, between which one catches a glimpse of brown foothills and blue mountains. This little vista, framed in the palms and seen across the stunning mass of pure color in the foreground, seems to epitomize all that one has dreamed of Southern California as a land of flowers, sunshine and mountains. The householder may object, and with reason, that not everybody can live on the Wilshire boulevard; but the same effect can be obtained in any part of the city; palms and geraniums will grow anywhere, and there are

few streets that do not allow at least some little glimpse of the mountains.

The fact is, the grass tradition is too much with us. Southern California, in its soil, climate and geographical position, corresponds to Italy or the Peninsula in Europe, and grass is as much an interloper here as it is in Andalusia or the regions south of the Apennines. Any one who has ever seen the gardens of the Alhambra at Granada, or of the Villa Borghese at Rome, will remember the striking effects obtained without its use, effects which harmonize far better with the surrounding scenery than any mere mechanical "combine" of lawns and formal flower beds. In the gardens of which we speak grass is used sparingly as a means of binding together the design and giving relief to the eye amid the masses of form and color, not as an end intrinsically worth obtaining in itself.

In the heart of this city there is a garden which is an object lesson, and which, if it could only be seen of the general public would do more toward converting them from their green rep and wax-fruit ideas—as exemplified by the lawn and central palm—than could any amount of mere words, no matter how carefully put together. Not more than thirty feet square, this garden is an oasis amid the surrounding deserts of the commonplace; it is a veritable Garden of the Annunciation, with its masses of fragrant white flowers, slender palms and gray-green olive trees. A winding walk, shaded by grapevines trained on rustic trellises, leads up to a seat under a spreading fig tree; all around are beds of white petunias, from amid which rise stately spikes of Madonna lilies (*Lilium candidum*), fragrant tuberose and white gladiolus. Great bushes of marguerites stand out boldly from the more lowly-growing plants, and against the fence Niphetos roses make a living screen of blossom and perfume; near the house are some date palms, of the tall, slender variety, and a couple of olive trees.

Entering this garden, with its whiteness and fragrance, one seems transported to that other garden, on the far-off slopes of Judea, where began the history of the world, at least, the only part of that history that really matters; the world seems very far away from such spots as this, and amid such surroundings come thronging thoughts and fancies that hold themselves sternly aloof from the symmetrical charms of the common or garden-front yard. Of course, not every one would wish for a white garden, else they would become monotonous, but a little thought, a little—so very little—trouble, will, in this climate, produce results that will astonish and delight, not only the owner and maker of the garden, but every chance passer-by who catches a glimpse of its glories. To a newcomer here a never-failing source of wonder is the neglect of annual flowers. Where are the beds of mignonette that should load the air with their perfume? Where the stocks, phlox, zinnias, and all the other hosts of sweet-scented or brilliantly-colored flowers that should make us rejoice from May to November? The lawn and the central palm are too much with us; the lawn, with its need of constant irrigating, is a promoter of rheumatism and kindred ailments; the date palms, jammed up against the houses, as we often see them, shutting out needed light and air, are unhygienic, and generally out of all proportion to their surroundings.

If shade is required—and it should be sparingly used—the health-giving sunlight is too precious to be lightly parted with, vines trained up the walls and porches will give it in ample store; not grown thickly in formless masses, but trained judiciously round window and pillar, keeping the outline while softening the indiscretions of the j-g-saw and turning lathe. The wistaria, too, why is that so rare among us? The Japanese, perhaps the finest gardeners in the world, long ago recognized its value, and in that land of the artists' delight it can be seen trained over palace, temple and cottage, beautifying all of them. We remember a walk, in the northern part of the State, shaded with alternate arches of laburnum and wistaria, that in May and June, with the pendulous blossoms mingling in a glory of purple and gold was a thing of beauty, and a joy even long after the flowers had faded and fallen. It is all so simple, too, with less care and water than is expended on the morning and evening irrigating of the eternal grass plot, the front-yard desert blossoms not only with the rose, but with countless other blossoms dear to the heart of man and good for him to look upon.

H. E. T.

#### THE LANTERNS OF ST. EULALIE.

In the October afternoon,  
Orange and purple and maroon.

Goes quiet Autumn, lamp in hand,  
About the apple-colored land.

To light in every apple tree  
The lanterns of St. Eulalie.

They glimmer in the orchard shades  
Like fiery opals set in jade—

Crimson and russet and raw gold,  
Yellow and green and scarlet old.

And, O, when I am far away,  
By foaming reef or azure bay,

In crowded street or hot lagoon,  
Or under the strange Austral moon—

When the homesickness comes on me  
For the great Marshes by the sea,

The running dikes, the brimming tide,  
And the dark firs on Fundy side,

In dream once more I shall behold,  
Like spiral lights those globes of gold,

Hung out in every apple tree—  
The lanterns of St. Eulalie.

[Bliss Carmen in *Alhambra's Magazine*.

new hotel, remodeled, 75 additional rooms, all newly furnished, every thing strictly first-class. Elevator. American plan, \$1.25 to \$3.00, later includes suites, with private baths. European plan, 50 cents up.

Our Daily Story.  
a. Editorials; Editorial Paragraphs.  
Voting by Mail.

given 1... Case of bubonic plague in Wales... Corner-stone laid for German Catholic church in Jerusalem... Nica... powder magazine at the Pruce situated a half mile from town, about 5:30 o'clock this afternoon hole 100 feet square and...



### I.—SOUTH POLAR GOLD.

*By Garrett P. Serviss.*

Then somebody found a new use for gold by inventing a process by which it could be hardened and tempered, assuming a wonderful toughness and elasticity without

-he had so long overlooked it.

thereupon the attendant threw open the door.

He smiled as he stepped confidently forward, with a courtly bow, but it was a very disconcerting smile. he-

While Mr. Boon uttered these words those who were watching Dr. Syx (as the president was not) resembled

This was all news to Sam Ling of 1

**DR. MAX SYX**

"Tell the gentleman to come in," said the president, and thereupon the attendant threw open the door.

The owner of the mysterious card fixed every eye as he entered. He was several inches more than six feet in height. His complexion was very dark, his eyes were intensely black, bright and deep-set, his eyebrows were

He was bushy and up-curling at the ends, his sable hair was close trimmed, and his ears were narrow, pointed at the top and prominent. He wore black mustaches, covering only half the width of his lip and drawn into projecting needles on each side, while a spiked, black beard adorned the middle of his chin.

He smiled as he stepped confidently forward, with a courtly bow, but it was a very disconcerting smile. he-

"Undoubtedly," again responded Dr. Syx, unmoved. "That is what I purpose to become. My discovery entitles me to

no less. But, remember, I place myself under government inspection and restriction. I should not be allowed to flood the market, even if I were disposed to do so. But my own interest would restrain me. It is my advantage that artemisium, once adopted, shall remain stable in value."

"Suppose your secret is discovered," he said. "Surely your mine will not remain the only one. If you, in so short a time, have been able to accumulate an immense quantity of the new metal it must be extremely abundant. Others will discover it. And then where shall we be?"

While Mr. Boon uttered these words those who were watching Dr. Syx (as the president was not) resembled

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permanent they began to preach that  
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So between priests and Manchu em  
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Should the Manchu ever be banished  
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This was all news to Sam Ling of 1



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Dr. Syz.

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persons whose startled eyes are fixed upon a wild beast  
preparing to spring. As Mr. Boon ceased speaking, he  
turned toward the visitor, and instantly his lips fell apart  
and his face paled.

Dr. Syz had drawn himself up to his full stature, and  
his features were distorted with that peculiar "mocking  
smile" which had now returned with a concentrated ex-  
pression of mingled self-confidence and disdain.

"Will you have relief, or not?" he asked in a dry, hard  
voice. "What can you do? I alone possess the secret which  
can restore industry and commerce. If you reject my offer  
do you think a second one will come?"

President Boon found voice to reply, stammeringly:

"I did not mean to suggest a rejection of the offer. I only  
wished to inquire if you thought it probable that there  
would be no repetition of what occurred after gold was  
found at the South Pole."

"The earth may be full of my metal," returned Dr. Syz,  
almost fiercely, "but so long as I alone possess the knowl-  
edge how to extract it, is it of any more worth than com-  
mon dirt? But come," he added, after a pause and soften-  
ing his manner, "I have other schemes. Will you, as rep-  
resentatives of the leading nations, undertake the introduc-  
tion of artemismum as a substitute for gold, or will you  
not?"

"Can we not have time for deliberation?" asked Presi-  
dent Boon.

"Yes, one hour. Within that time I shall return to learn  
your decision," replied Dr. Syz, rising and preparing to de-  
part. "I leave these things," pointing to the tray, "in your  
keeping, and," significantly, "I trust your decision will be  
a wise one."

His curious smile again curved his lips and shot the ends  
of his mustache upward, and the influence of that smile  
remained in the room when he had closed the door behind  
him. The financiers gazed at one another for several min-  
utes in silence, then they turned toward the coruscating  
metal that filled the tray.

[To be Continued.]

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## WHY JOHN WEARS A QUEUE.

FOR CENTURIES HIS HAIR HAS BEEN DONE UP  
IN A BRAID.

[Lewiston (Me.) Journal:] "Why do you wear a queue?"  
Sam Wing of Lewiston paused and wiped his brow.

He did not know.

Let us tell you.

"This queue was a mark of bondage and later an acknowl-  
edgment of superiority on the part of the weak to the  
strong who needed not the queue. Such was the practice  
in Central Asia, west of the Chinese Empire. In China it-  
self up to the year 1644 the hair was worn in varying fash-  
ions. The Tartars, whom the Chinese feared, marked all  
their subjects with queues, but the pigtail was unknown to  
the Chinaman until 1644. Why after that he was com-  
pelled to wear it is another story, in which there is a bit  
of religion, some superstition, and much tyranny.

While for 3700 years China was coexisting and boiling  
within herself, there was forming on her northern borders  
a race of people destined to change the entire course of  
development of her people. This race came from certain  
Tungus tribes, whose original home was in Manchuria and  
Mongolia. They bore the name of Tartars or Manchurians  
and as early as 907 had conquered a part of China and made  
much trouble within the empire. In 1644 they again entered  
China and after much bloodshed conquered it. They set  
Sun-shi upon the throne and inaugurated the Manchu, or  
Ta-tsing, dynasty, which still prevails in China.

They were horsemen of great prowess, whereas the na-  
tive Chinaman was not a horseman. They shaved their  
heads entirely or wore tufts quite similar to that displayed  
by some of the tribes of North American Indians. They  
were prodigious fighters, savage lovers, iconoclasts in every  
sense. When their soldiery were in possession of the  
country they collected all the Chinese women needed, placed  
each in a bag, tied the open end of the bag and then made  
their soldiers take a bag and settle down with it. The  
soldier could not see what was inside. All that he knew  
was that it was a woman, and that she was to be his  
slave wife, whether she was old or young, pretty or ugly,  
blind or halt. The Chinaman did not like this. He re-  
beld, but so far his rebellions have been futile. But what  
the Chinaman became part of a law and a religion, strangely  
enough in England, in the eighteenth century, was merely  
a hair-dressing custom, borrowed from the French, who in  
turn copied it from the Chinese. English beaux just wore  
wigs with queues and later shaved their heads just as did  
the Chinamen, and wore the pigtail.

When the Tartars came upon him he wore his hair in  
quite ornamental fashion. The Tartars put an end to this.  
They said: "You are servants of our dynasty. You must  
not only acknowledge the Manchu, but show outwardly a  
sign of submission. Shave your head close to the scalp  
at all spots but the center. Then permit it to grow long  
and twist it into a long coil. When thus you wear your  
hair you will be known as a faithful subject of the dynasty.  
Otherwise, you are liable to be mistaken for a traitor and  
tortured."

The Chinaman obeyed, and by 1651 the shaved head and  
pigtail—the sign of Tartar sovereignty—was almost uni-  
versally adopted. The native priests of China, like all  
other priests, were anxious to curry favor with the ruling  
power. So to make the shaved head and queue still more  
permanent they began to preach that no Chinaman could  
enter heaven if he did not have his queue with him when  
he died. That was the symbol to the gods that he was of  
the elect. Without it he must dwell forever with the geni-  
of the lower world.

So between priests and Manchu emperors it has come  
about that the Chinaman and his queue are inseparable.  
Should the Manchu ever be banished he may cease the  
queue. The Christian Chinaman often does, but it will be  
ages before the pigtail will cease to be the token of Chi-  
nese bondage to Tartar conquerors and Chinese evidence of  
certainty of heavenly reward.

This was all news to Sam Ling of Lewiston, but it is a  
fact.

## ABOARD CATTLE SHIPS. THE HARD AND DANGEROUS LIFE OF A CATTLE "STIFF."

By a Special Contributor.

SOME weeks ago a poor, half-starved lad presented  
himself at the American Embassy in London and told  
a story of extreme cruelty and inhuman treatment  
which he claimed to have experienced on board a cattle  
ship sailing between New York and London. This story re-  
sulted in the issuing of a warning by the embassy to  
American parents to keep their boys away from cattle  
ships. That there was some truth in the boy's allegations  
nobody who has had any experience on a cattle ship can  
doubt.

Four steamship lines out of New York, two out of Boston  
and one out of Philadelphia send an average of 1000 head  
of cattle to European ports each week. The cattle are con-  
fined in pens on two decks of these vessels. Approximately  
150 head comprise each shipment. Men must be taken  
along to feed and look after the cattle on the voyage.

Formerly the cattle shippers supplied the extra men to  
take care of the cattle, paying them from \$8 to \$10 for  
the trip. These men are called "stiffs." Because of the  
intemperate habits of the only class of men who could be  
induced to ship, this detail of the business became such a  
nuisance that the shippers decide to give it up. In late  
years there has grown up in its place an arrangement with  
an agent at the port of shipment, who agrees to furnish a  
quota of "stiffs" for each shipment. He is called a "stiff-  
catcher." According to this agreement the agent receives  
\$2 for each man secured, and for each man short of the  
number called for he pays the shippers a fine of \$25. Be-  
sides receiving \$2 a man, the "stiff-catcher" retains the  
privilege of swindling the unfortunates whose circum-  
stances make traveling in such a manner necessary, out  
of as much as he can.

First, Catch Your "Stiff."

In order to secure his material, the "stiff-catcher" in-  
serts advertisements, chiefly in the western papers, read-  
ing: "Wanted—Men to work their passage to Europe on cat-  
tle steamers; no steamship work." Unhappy is the lot of  
the man who is lured by such an advertisement to cross  
the ocean in one of these ships. Not only will he be de-  
frauded out of all the money he can be induced to give up,  
but the hardest and most dangerous kind of work will be  
his, and if he shrinks from it, or because of inaptitude or  
unfamiliarity does it ill, abuse and brutality, both verbal  
and physical, will be his portion. His duties are to look  
after the cattle in every way, and his foreman holds him  
responsible for any harm to them, whether the fault is his  
or not.

The larger portion of the men who answer the "stiff-  
catcher's" advertisement are the poorer class of Europeans  
who desire to return home in an economical way. Many  
of them cannot understand the English language. These are  
the ones upon whom the most abuse is heaped and to whom  
the most dangerous work is given. There is reason in this,  
for there is far less danger of complaints being made by  
these men, whose spirits have been crushed by early train-  
ing and whose lack of knowledge of the language makes it  
almost impossible for the abuse to have any reactionary  
effect. Occasionally Young America selects this method of  
crossing the ocean. The latter is usually treated better  
than the first-named class, for the reason mentioned.

When the applicant presents himself in answer to the ad-  
vertisement, the "stiff-catcher" paints the delights of  
voyaging in cattle ships in rosy hues. According to him it  
is merely a sort of yachting excursion; no work to speak  
of, good food and plenty of it; fine sleeping accommoda-  
tions; altogether a life of ease and plenty. Very confi-  
dentially he explains that the extra men aren't really  
taken along to do any work at all, but merely to fulfill  
insurance terms which require a certain number of handlers  
for the cattle. Next, the agent tries to find out how much  
money the prospective "stiff" has. If he succeeds he de-  
mands about 75 per cent. of the amount. The cattle fore-  
man aboard the ship gets whatever remains. If he doesn't,  
it's because he doesn't know his business.

A word about the foreman. From the moment the "stiff"  
steps aboard the ship the foreman is the arbiter of his  
destiny, as much his master as if he were a slave. Indeed,  
I believe that the cattle foreman as a class are the direct  
descendants of the Simon Legrees of slavery times. There  
may be cattle foremen who have instincts of humanity and  
decency, but I have never had the good fortune to sail under  
one. All the consideration I ever got from that class was  
value received for the money promptly and liberally paid  
down. The nature of the business seems to kill out all  
kindly qualities. The cattle foreman gets a small salary,  
which he usually contrives to double by "squeezing" the  
unfortunate stiffs; if not, so much the worse for the stiffs.

Getting Acquainted with the Cattle.

Up to the moment of his boarding the vessel the new  
cattleman is well treated, because the "stiff-catcher" fears  
he will escape. Commonly his introduction to his duties  
and his foreman comes in the form of a torrent of profanity  
and threats from that worthy, followed by a knock-down  
blow if he doesn't move smartly. This is the proper and  
approved method of impressing a "stiff." His work is all  
cut out for him, the most trying work of any that he has  
to do. Ranch-bred steers are not blessed with particularly  
amiable dispositions at best, and when they have just been  
loaded from lighters into the ship's pens with much prod-  
ding and jabbing and thumping, they are more than likely  
to be somewhat out of temper. Observe, now, the half  
dozen "stiffs," most of whom have probably never been  
within horn's length of any cattle before, huddled in an  
alarmed group, gazing dismally at the tossing horns and  
laboring backs as the angry animals are driven by tens  
into the pens.

"Get in there, now, and get them steers quiet to be tied  
up," shouts the foreman, handing to each of the tyros a

small club. "Gwan in! Wot's the matter with you!"

Fortunate are the stiffs if one of their number is ex-  
perienced enough to take the lead and show them what to  
do. Such instruction as they may expect from the fore-  
man will be mainly kicks and blows. Their duties are to  
jump into the pens and get the steers' heads up to the  
headboards, so that the foreman and his assistants can  
tie them. To one unaccustomed to cattle entry into one of  
these pens seems a desperate venture, and indeed it is dan-  
gerous enough. I have seen a new cattleman crushed  
into insensibility by the first rush of the cattle when he  
entered the pen, and I once helped to drag out a man who  
was so badly trampled that he was crippled for life.  
Often the terror of the "stiffs" at the prospect of entering  
the pens is almost ludicrous. I remember a gigantic young  
Englishman who cast himself upon the deck and fairly  
howled with fear when ordered to go in among the beasts.

"Ow do Hi know they won't bite?" he wailed.

Once inside among the steers he used his club and his  
great strength so valiantly that they were soon subdued,  
and before the end of the voyage a position as assistant  
foreman was offered to him. In the first handling of the  
cattle the best way, if they are turbulent, is to vault on  
the back of one of them and resort to clubbing and tail  
twisting. It sounds brutal, but it is the only way. Above  
all, the cattleman must keep his seat. Heaven help  
him if he falls among those sharp hoofs. After the ship  
starts the work becomes easier. Watering and feeding and  
cleaning the pens are the regular duties of the "stiff."  
Cattle are much better sailors than human beings. For  
a day or so, until they get their sea legs and learn to ac-  
commodate themselves to the action of the vessel, they  
are liable to sickness, but usually on the second day out  
appetite returns and they grow steadily fat throughout  
the trip. The entire morning is given up to feeding and  
watering.

Night Watchman's Job the Easiest.

On my trips as a "stiff" I have always, when I had the  
money, bribed the foreman to make me night watchman,  
a position which exempts one from the other duties. The  
night watchman makes hourly trips during the night to  
see that the animals are all right. Ordinarily there isn't  
much to do, but occasionally the Imp of the Perverse takes  
possession of the pens, and then it's bad times for the  
watchman. In sleeping the steers lie down in a most in-  
tricate tangle, and occasionally contrive to get the fasten-  
ing ropes inextricably interwoven. Then one of them,  
becoming suddenly smitten with a desire to get up and  
see how the ship is heading, chokes all the other cattle  
whose ropes cross his, as well as himself. This process  
causes a wild racket, which summons the watchman. He  
must go in and solve the insoluble problem of the ropes.  
If he is killed, as he is quite likely to be, it doesn't much  
matter, but if any of the live-stock choke to death there  
is a terrible do-do.

Part of the "stiff's" duty is to keep the scuppers clear of  
straw and refuse. During a storm, the seas shipped wash  
through the pens, sweeping everything before them. The  
refuse stops the scuppers, and as a result the decks fill  
until cattle and cattlemen are waist deep in the water.  
This, of course, menaces the safety of the vessel also.  
Again the poor "stiff" must work his way behind the fright-  
ened brutes to a small 4x6 hole, the range of which is  
invariably covered by four or five pairs of hoofs that have  
been made effective by long practice and a lack of refine-  
ment in the nature of the hoofs' owners. When the  
scupper is reached he must clear it up, all the time  
dodging the flying hoofs. Dodging the hoofs is the ex-  
ception; it is most generally the case that he is carried  
out and laid in his bunk for repairs. If a record of in-  
juries of a stormy trip across the ocean on a cattle ship  
were to be had it would compare favorably with the re-  
port of a city emergency hospital. I have heard of cases  
where men were actually trampled down and drowned in  
the scuppers.

Terrors of a Cattle Stampede on Shipboard.

Far away from land the cattle are very quiet, but as  
soon as they catch a whiff of a land breeze they become  
restless, and extraordinary care is required to prevent a  
general stampede, in which pens are broken, the loosened  
cattle charging those that are tied, and when the latter  
are freed, the whole mass surges all over the decks. This  
endangers the safety of the ship itself, and is one of the  
pet bugaboos of the experienced cattlemen. In cases of  
this kind the poor "stiff" is called upon for the hazardous  
work of restoring order.

He must go among the wild brutes, under feet, over  
backs, dodging kicking hoofs and long, dangerous horns,  
beating with his club and screaming at the top of his  
voice in an effort to force into submission, one at a time,  
the animals, whose only will is to break away from all  
restraint and to create as much havoc and damage as  
possible in doing it. As he forces a horn-protected head  
near the most convenient headboard, the dangling rope  
around the brute's horns is grabbed and a turn is taken  
around the nearest stationary object. The plunging and  
kicking animal is held there until he makes a move that  
will permit of his being fastened permanently. Then an-  
other one is caught and fastened in the same way until  
the stampede is stopped.

This is another fruitful source of casualties. More than  
one death, officially labeled "Pneumonia" or "Fever," is  
attributable to what the cattleman calls the "land-ho  
panic."

Through all these perils and hardships the cattle "stiff"  
supports life on the worst of food and sleeps in a cabin  
compared with which, in size, ventilation and cleanliness,  
a Bowery lodging-house compartment would be palatial.  
On my first voyage I lived for half of the trip on bread  
baked on the sly from dough stolen from the cook. The  
"stiff" must work whether he is ill or well, or be beaten by  
the foreman. I have seen a man suffering from fever  
hauled out of his bunk in freezing weather and swathed  
with painful after painful of water by the foreman, while  
the second officer of the ship looked on and laughed.  
Finally the "stiff" is as likely as not to be put ashore pen-  
sioners at some port other than that for which he shipped  
originally, and left to shift for himself. The warning of  
the American Embassy in London will find an echo in the  
heart of every man who has ever been a trans-Atlantic  
cattle "stiff."

RAYMOND BALL.

opening sale of  
polished bands,  
which other stores

Our Daily Story.  
Editorial: Editorial Paragraphs.  
Voting by Mail.

given 1...  
his bride....Case of bubonic plague in  
Wales....Corner-stone laid for German  
Catholic church in Jerusalem....Nica-

powder magazine at the Pruce  
situated a half mile from town, be-  
hole 5:30 o'clock this after-



## CHINAMAN AT HOME.

## VI.—THE CHINAMAN AND HIS RELIGION.

By John Foster Fraser.

THESE are those who say that all the difficulty in China is to be placed at the doors of the missionaries, who are charged with attempting to push an objectionable religion upon the Celestials.

Whether that be so or not is too controversial a question for me to express an opinion upon in these columns. What, however, is absolutely clear to everybody who has studied the country and the people is that the Chinese are a highly-civilized race, with a high system of philosophy and morality, and that Christianity has practically made no advance at all among them.

The Chinese religion is a mixture of Confucianism, Buddhism and Taoism, all distinct, and yet so overlapping one another that it is impossible to say where one begins and another ends. Generally speaking, it may be said that the educated classes have more of the Confucian in their belief, and the lower classes more of Taoism, while Buddhism, in a degraded form, mixed up with the worship of idols, is fairly general.

Long before Confucius was born, which date has been fixed at the year 551 B.C., the Chinese worshiped the spirits of hills and rivers, and believed in a resurrection. This worship of the spirits supposed to control what we know as natural events is still very noticeable in the mountains of the west. At the bottom of hills are little shrines with quaint, carved gods, with feathers attached to their heads and arms, and before these small tapers are burnt by the traveler as an inducement that he may be helped in climbing the hill.

Also by the banks of rivers are to be found these shrines. Although in Central and Eastern China these are not so prominent, all over the west they are to be found, and very pretty indeed and quaint are some of them, nestling among the trees and in beautiful bends of rivers, and perched on the sides of wooded mountains.

A word or two may be given in explanation of the inter-laced three religions common in China. Confucianism is generally philosophical, but also provides for the worship of—(1) Heaven and the powers of nature. (2) Earth and all its parts. (3) Sages, benefactors and ancestors. The worship of the first two is performed at open altars, while that of the third is in temples. At Peking the altars to Heaven, Earth, Sun and Moon are each on one side of the city, and each stands in a large park. The great day of sacrifice, with the Emperor himself acting as high priest, is on December 21.

On the day before he comes forth in great state with all his retinue, consisting of the royal family, nobility, musicians, etc. Advancing to the outside of the outer wall, he gets out of his chair and is led by the officers of the Sacrificial Courts to the "Temple of the Imperial Expanse," and burns incense before the tablets with the ancestral names on them.

He then makes a tour of inspection, even to viewing the stables of the animals destined for sacrifice. When this is over he is taken in his chair to the Hall of Fasting, where he spends the night in fast and prayer—prayer for his people, he being the mediator, the Son of Heaven, between God and man.

Next morning, before sunrise, an officer tells him the hour. He is dressed in his priestly robes and led to a spot outside the Temple wall. When all the ancestral tablets have been brought out he is conducted inside and goes up to his seat of worship. Peals of music break forth. The Emperor sets fire to the sacrifice, and stands till all is consumed. The scene is one of impressive grandeur—the Emperor of many millions acting as priest and offering a sacrifice to Heaven and all his ancestors!

One rather curious object among all the many things used at these sacrifices is the gem which is placed above the tablets. On the altar of Heaven it is an azure color; on that of Earth yellow and square, answering to the Chinaman's idea of Earth. That for the Moon is white, and this sacrifice, performed always at 10 p.m. once a year, is especially beautiful, everything being white.

The gem for the Grain God, at the Altar of Agriculture, where prayers are made for favorable harvests, is light green; that for the Sun a glowing red. The Sun has an altar all to itself, no other object being worshiped there.

Taoism, which may be described as the second religion, is based on the teachings of one Lao-tze, who was not born till he was 81! He founded no school and wished to remain unknown. But he was appointed Royal Librarian at Chow. One day, when he saw the then dynasty was decaying, he went away out of the city, but was stopped at the gate by the porter, who implored him to write a book for him before he left.

So Lao-tze wrote one called "The Classic of Reason and Virtue," a book of 5000 words, advocating purity of heart as the highest earthly aspiration, and many Chinese became his admirers and disciples.

Both these religions are tinged by an abortion of Buddhism, so degraded that it is impossible to reconcile it with the beautiful and holy teachings among the priests in Burma.

The thing that stands out prominently in the religion of the Chinaman is ancestor worship. In every house are the ancestral tablets sometimes of very beautiful workman ship, and sometimes just a piece of wood with the names of the three immediate ancestors written upon them with blood drawn from the arm of the head of the family. Each day the Chinese stands before the tablet and offers incense. They are a filial people, and have the greatest reverence for the aged. It is because ancestor worship cannot be made reconcilable with Christianity that the latter has failed to make any advance with the people. The first thing the missionary insists on the converted Chinaman doing is to destroy the ancestral tablets.

To the Chinaman this is a horrible idea. It is renounce-

ing his father and his grandfather, and such conduct is regarded very much as we should regard the behavior of a man at home who wantonly insulted his aged parent. When a missionary is addressing Chinamen he notices that there is one thing they always understand—the story of the Prodigal Son. It is a parable that fits in entirely with their ideas of reverence due to a parent.

One of the interesting things I came across in China was this story illustrated to suit the Chinese understanding. The Prodigal Son was, of course, a Chinaman with pigtail, and one saw him smoking opium and listening to Chinese singing girls. He ate the husks with chop-sticks, and the fatted calf was a huge water buffalo!

On the face of it we can well understand how a home and family-loving people like the Chinese pay reverence to their fathers. But behind the fact there is a theory. Each of us, say the Chinese, is made up of seven animal principles and three souls. The animal principles perish. One soul goes into the tomb, another remains with the tablet in the house, a third goes to spirit land, where everything is supposed to go on as upon the earth. Paper models of articles needed in every-day life are burnt at the altars, and are supposed by this process to be conveyed to the dead relatives who require them.

But the ghosts are hungry, too. So offerings of food are made. Hence the great desire to have children to minister to those who have died, else the soul would endure torments of hunger. Children who die under 16 have no food offered to their ghosts. The parents think it rather spiteful of them to die before they are of much use, or they think that the little one received injury from them in a former state of existence, and has died in revenge.

Sometimes when a girl has died just before marriage her tablet is carried in the wedding procession, and the bridegroom marries her ghost. There is a river called Bok-lau, in the province of Foh-kein, which often bursts its bounds. A young girl, grieved at the damage done, threw herself into its water. A graduate, on his way to the examinations, asked a boatman why the waters were so troubled. He said the soul of the virgin had no posterity to sacrifice to her spirit, so was restless in the river. "If I succeed in the examinations," said the student, "I will wed her soul." He passed well, and returning had a tablet for the girl made. This he married formally, but naturally had no children. So he married a second wife, and gave one of her children to the drowned maiden to offer sacrifice. Thereupon the river ceased its raging and kept within bounds.

It is not necessary here to dwell on the superstitions of the people as to what can be done by charms. All ignorant races have much the same ideas with regard to mysterious powers and particular amulets, and they are not entirely absent among large numbers of folk in our land.

Believing in good and evil spirits, the Chinese take all manner of means to keep friendly with them or drive them away. I remember at Chun-king-fu, at the upper end of the Yang-tse River, being nearly driven mad by a tremendous din that was kept up for two days in the house next to where I was staying. There were shouts, beating of drums, and blaring of trumpets by day, and the letting off of crackers by night. I made inquiries as to the cause, and learnt that a man was possessed of evil spirits and was very sick, and that priests had been called in to drive them away. They succeeded, for the man died. Then there was peace.

Quite a trade is made by people who exorcise demons. Things may not be going right in a household, owing to the bad temper of a husband or the wife not being so angelic as she should be. A priest happens to be passing. He is called in. He goes through mystic rites, chiefly, I noticed, of beating drums heavily. He receives a handful of cash, and then moves on, looking for other places that are infested by ungentle spirits.

The strange thing I remarked, was that they were always sufficiently successful to be believed in. People were so convinced the demon who had been upsetting the husband had been driven forth that things went much better than before.

Another thing is, when a tradesman finds business declining and people going to the shop on the other side of the street, he has a religious ceremony, which may last a day or two. It is at last declared that the spirits which have been doing all the trouble have actually been driven off, and the man is sure now to prosper in his business. The Chinese in the far interior never believes that the falling off in trade may be due to any shortcomings of his own, but always puts it down to the vindictiveness of some evil spirit.

One of the most impressive things I ever saw was among the misty mountains of Yunnan. I had been traveling over the hills in continuous drenching rain for many days, and at last came to a hamlet, where I stayed for a rest and had rice and tea. It was a dreary cold morning, and as I sat there I heard the sound of singing, eerie and wailing, unlike anything I had ever heard before. Going out, I saw winding down a spur of the mountain a funeral procession. The coffin was swung on great bamboo poles, and about thirty men were carrying it inch by inch down the mountain slope.

It was a quaint and unusual sight, and the low drone of the men impressed me considerably. The rain was falling heavily, and one felt sorry for the little white cockerel that had its legs tied and fastened to the top of the coffin, for it would be ultimately sacrificed at the burial. There was a great deal of pathos in these mountaineers carrying an old man to his last resting place, and in my mind I began making comparisons with the ostentatious methods of burial in western lands.

When, however, the men got in front of the inn they suddenly stopped. Down they dumped the coffin in the mud, and came scampering in to smoke opium, laughed, chatted and were merry.

The pathos of the scene instantly disappeared, and, on inquiry, I found that these men, whom I had regarded as afflicted mourners, were simply hired.

The Chinaman takes great pride in his coffin, and it is usually the one ornament of his house. He likes it to be of a particular wood of a particular district, and the thicker the planks the better is he pleased. Indeed, it is one of the most courteous things you can say to a Chinaman to wish that he may have a coffin ten inches thick.

Funerals do not take place soon after death. The auspicious day must be decided upon by the astrologers, and of course, the coffin must be placed facing a certain way. At Yung-chang I saw a son who was not quite satisfied with the way he got on in the world, and found that his father had been buried with his face too much facing the north. So the body was put at the proper angle.

Perhaps the word "buried" is not the proper one to use for the Chinese do not put their dead underground; they lay them on the ground and pile masses of earth upon them.

A curious religious ceremony is that of "calling back the soul." The person charged with this duty takes the cap and coat of the deceased, and fastening the petticoat to the coat hangs them over his left shoulder, putting the collar into his girdle. Going up to the eastern corner of the gable front, he turns to the north, and, holding out the clothes, calls out, "Ho-o-o, come back." Having called three times he lets the clothes down by the front of the house, where they are taken up in a basket and carried by the eastern stairs to be placed upon the dead body. The caller then comes down by the western corner. The clothes are received in a basket, because the soul has taken shelter in them, and the servants must not touch them.

Like the French, the Chinese are fond of large funeral cards. They have them sometimes a yard long, so much space being required because all the family and near relations wish to intimate that they have "beaten their breasts, stamped their feet, wailed and cried, and wailingly give notice heretofore to those who are related. The nephews, the grandsons, and great-grandsons, the brothers, grandsons, etc., etc., do wipe away their tears and bow their heads to the ground."

The envelope is immense, the printing is blue, but the name of the recipient is in red, as it would be impolite to write his name in mourning color.

The Chinese believe that their dead have a pretty uncomfortable time of it unless they have been unusually good while on earth. It is thought that after death a good man is turned into black fish. It is, therefore, wrong to eat a black fish, because you don't know whether it may not be an immediate relative.

In many cities a well is made where these black fish are deposited, and there the charitably disposed come to feed them, in the hope that some one in whom they are particularly interested may be among the denizens of the black well. I sat once by the side of such a place. It was almost packed with fish, that were greedy gobbling, and when the food was thrown the fighting was rather like a football scramble.

In most of the great cities there is a place where the living can get a very good idea of the eighteen Buddhist hells. The Chamber of Horrors at Mme. Tussaud's is quite a pleasant place of resort compared with this building, which is always one of the city features. All round the recesses occupied by life-sized models of most hideous monsters, perpetrating the most atrocious and diabolical injuries on the unhappy visitors to that particular Gehenna. There are men half sawn in two; others are grilled before red-hot furnaces; bodies are pitched down a hill made of knives of stone; there is a disemboweling, squeezing in a press of daggers; stewing in boiling oil. Many of the demons have unhuman heads, and generally the elders sit upon a platform leering.

By some means a Chinaman finds out in what particular hell his father is, and so he offers food and money to him. But although he may actually put bread, eggs and rice before him, he returns an hour after and bats it himself, unless some of the priests have previously done him that service.

But, in regard to the money that he sends to his relatives, he will buy for a few cash a piece of paper, stamped with a hundred times that value. This is burnt in front of the cell, and he is quite satisfied that his parent has received the equivalent for the full amount. It is the proper thing to send chunks of silver to the nether realm. Accordingly you always see at the entrance to these particular temples great masses of cardboard boxes, covered with silver paper. These are bought cheap, and being burnt count as solid silver. Thus, at a very small expense a man may send considerable sums below.

There was one figure I recall that could hardly be recognized for the plasters that were all about him. When a man has a pain in his head, in his toe, or his stomach, or anywhere else, he buys two plasters from the priest, and sticking one on himself where the pain is, goes to this particular god and sticks the other in a similar position. Then he goes away, quite satisfied that the pain will pass away from him to the figure.

Everybody who has lived in China knows that, however, unsuccessful Christians are in getting converts, they certainly do a great and beneficial work by demonstrating to the Celestials that a good Christian is as reliable a man as a good Chinaman. Frequently the missionaries are imposed upon by the "rice Christian," a Chinaman who gets converted by half-a-dozen missionaries in order to get rice or money from the foreigner. The backsliding of men in whom the missionaries had trusted for years is a great source of heartache. I close with an anecdote which shows the way in which the Chinaman sometimes abuses the kindness of the missionary for the sake of gain. There was a large order for Bibles for China, and a thousand were sent out, the order giving great joy at missionary headquarters. Particulars were asked of the reason for so large a demand. Inquiries were made, and revealed the fact that some Chinese had a large firework contract, and paper being dear, and Bibles to be had for the asking, they asked for a large supply to make crackers!

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## LIVING BAROMETERS.

Among the smaller animals several are so sensitive to changes from heat to cold, from dry to moist, that they foretell these changes some time in advance. One of these, the tree-frog, is used at this day in Germany as a barometer. They are placed in tall bottles with little wooden ladders. The steps of the ladder mark, as it were, the degrees. The frogs always go up toward the top in fine weather and lower down at the approach of bad weather.

The leech kept in a bottle of water also makes a good barometer, indicating what sort of weather is coming in the next twenty-four hours, according as it remains at the bottom or at the top of the water or moves uneasily about.

## Stories of

## Passed His Dying Wife.

NOT all the hardships of a soldier's life endure on the march and in the front.

To be within a dozen miles of his enemy yet not be able to go to her bedside was the worst of all.

Col. Corless had been ordered with his regiment and Infantry, from Cuba to the Philippines. He had been very ill for some time, was at Fort ten miles from Denver.

News of her very serious and sinking condition graphed to Col. Corless as he was going to Washington. He was hoping to have a few days in Denver in which to go and comfort her.

On arriving in Denver there was not a spare before the west-bound train started to carry his regiment.

When Col. Corless left the train in Denver was from his pretty daughter, Miss Margaret.

She was going to mother at once, will you?

"It takes more than an hour to reach the soldier said quietly to his daughter, as he rolled the plains, where the little fort was white walls against the blue background of the Rocky Mountains.

When the train pulled out there was at his bedside his daughter on the platform, her hand on the grizzled old war veteran's head.

It was old "Pia," an Italian, who had been with the devotion of a slave for the last two years. Pia is at heart a soldier, and he stood with red-bearded face up; heels together and his poor old arms were trembling and tears in his dim blue eyes.

Pia was a private in the colonel's company. He was in San Francisco, twenty-three years ago, and became so attached to his commanding officer that he followed him to the service of Uncle Sam and that officer devotedly.

During the illness of Mrs. Corless he was at her side. Nobody at the depot that morning knew of old Pia's presence, and he was with arms folded and quivering eyelids on the face of the car.—[New York Journal.]

## Quelled a Mutiny.

COX was a good disciplinarian, but he was never severe. On one occasion called at his headquarters and stated to would not promise to march their men up valley. He sent them to their quarters at their impertinence until after the war. at Gaulty Bridge, his quartermaster-general in the Second Kentucky Infantry. The men escaped the control of the officers, and made the quartermaster, who had been taken to town. Cox saw the men coming, but instead of firing to fire on them, he ran toward the head and unarmed. He reached a gap ahead of the 500 or 600 furious armed men. He explained that they might kill could not pass.

Straightening to his full height, he said, "General, as you see, orders you to quarters and he expects you to remember soldiers and obey." Much to the surprise of the officers watching the party, the men camp. Cox sent for a company of men, which guarded the prisoner to the charge of mutiny ever appeared again, which afterward, under Nelson and Palmer, his reputation for drill, discipline and hard saga Inter Ocean.

## She Vouched for the Quality.

THE following is a pretty story of the Princess and one of the wounded soldiers now in Hospital, says a London correspondent. Princess not long ago visited Netley Hospital, some of the earlier victims of the war are men. The Princess, in the course of her claiming, "Oh, this terrible war—this terrible of the men had been shot through the right leg carrying away with it the teeth and the of the jaw. The tender-hearted Princess was at the man's suffering, and she said to him: Can you manage to smoke at all?"

The man said, "Yes, Your Royal Highness. The Princess immediately turned to the man and, putting her hand on his shoulder, said: me have your cigarette case?"

The Prince smilingly gave it to the Princess, and she handed it to the man, saying, "Smoke these, my fine fellows are good ones, at least I know the Prince May you do the same."

## The Soldier and the Plum Pudding.

"TELL us the story about the soldier and the plum pudding," said Col. John S. Cooper to Jack today as he and a few others were sitting at the Grand Army headquarters.

"I was on board the United States steamer during the civil war," said Mr. Sherwood. quarters at Key West. Among the many that came under my observation was the British steamer Circassian off the coast of May 4, 1862. She was the richest prize ever taken. On that particular morning while cruising, Cuba, we had chased two steamers about



## Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

### Passed His Dying Wife.

NOT all the hardships of a soldier's life are what he endures on the march and in the front of battle.

To be within a dozen miles of his dying wife and get not be able to go to her bedside was the terrible ordeal through which Col. A. W. Corless passed a fortnight ago.

Col. Corless had been ordered with his regiment, the Second Infantry, from Cuba to the Philippines. His wife, who had been very ill for some time, was at Fort Logan, Colo., ten miles from Denver.

News of her very serious and sinking condition was telegraphed to Col. Corless as he was going westward from Washington. He was hoping to have a few hours lay-over in Denver in which to go and comfort her last moments.

On arriving in Denver there was not sixty minutes to spare before the west-bound train started which was to carry his regiment.

When Col. Corless left the train in Denver his first salute was from his pretty daughter, Miss Margaret Corless, who hung her arms about her father's neck and sobbed out:

"You will go to mother at once, will you not?"

"It takes more than an hour to reach the fort," the old soldier said quietly to his daughter, as he looked out over the rolling plains, where the little fort makes a speck of white walls against the blue background of the distant Rocky Mountains.

When the train pulled out there was at least one person besides his daughter on the platform who saw the commanding figure of the grizzled old war veteran through a mist of tears.

It was old "Pia," an Italian, who has served the colonel with the devotion of a slave for the last twenty-three years. Pia is at heart a soldier, and he stood with arms folded and red-bearded face up; heels together and shoulders back, but his poor old arms were trembling and tears were very visible in his dim blue eyes.

Pia was a private in the colonel's company when the colonel was in San Francisco, twenty-three years ago. He became so attached to his commanding officer that he resigned from the service of Uncle Sam and has since served that officer devotedly.

During the illness of Mrs. Corless he rarely left the invalid's side. Nobody at the depot that morning except Miss Corless and old Pia knew the pathos of the soldiery figure with arms folded and quivering eyelids on the rear platform of the car. —[New York Journal.

### Quelled a Mutiny.

Cox was a good disciplinarian, but he never blustered, and was never severe. On one occasion several officers called at his headquarters and stated to him that they would not promise to march their men up the narrow river valley. He sent them to their quarters and said nothing of their impertinence until after the war. While in camp at Sandy Bridge, his quartermaster-general shot a private in the Second Kentucky Infantry. The men of the regiment seized the control of the officers, and made a rush to kill the quartermaster, who had been taken to Cox's headquarters. Cox saw the men coming, but instead of ordering the guards to fire on them, he ran toward them alone, bare-headed and unarmed. He reached a gap in a stone wall ahead of the 500 or 600 furious armed men and stopped them. He explained that they might kill him, but they could not pass.

Straightening to his full height, he said, firmly: "Your general, as you see, orders you to return to your quarters and he expects you to remember that you are soldiers and obey." Much to the surprise of the score of undisciplined fellows watching the parley, the men returned to their camp. Cox sent for a company from another regiment, which guarded the prisoner to the lower camp. No charge of mutiny ever appeared against that regiment, and afterward, under Nelson and Palmer, made a splendid reputation for drill, discipline and hard fighting. —[Chicago Inter Ocean.

### She Fetched for the Quality.

THE following is a pretty story of the Princess of Wales and one of the wounded soldiers now lying in Netley Hospital, says a London correspondent. The Prince and Princess not long ago visited Netley Hospital, in which some of the earlier victims of the war are now under treatment. The Princess, in the course of her tour, kept exclaiming, "Oh, this terrible war—this terrible war!" One of the men had been shot through the right cheek, the bullet carrying away with it the teeth and the greater portion of the jaw. The tender-hearted Princess was much moved at the man's suffering, and she said to him, "Poor fellow! Can you manage to smoke at all?"

The man said, "Yes, Your Royal Highness." The Princess immediately turned to the Prince of Wales, and putting her hand on his shoulder, said, "Will you let me have your cigarette case?"

The Prince smilingly gave it to the Princess, who, taking out all the cigarettes, handed them to the delighted wounded man, saying, "Smoke these, my fine fellow. I think they are good ones, at least I know the Prince enjoys them. May you do the same."

### The Soldier and the Plum Pudding.

TALK of the story about the soldier and the plum pudding," said Col. John S. Cooper to Jesse Sherwood yesterday as he and a few others were spinning war stories at the Grand Army headquarters.

"I was on board the United States steamship Somerset during the civil war," said Mr. Sherwood. "We had headquarters at Key West. Among the many notable things that came under my observation was the capture of the British steamer Circassian off the coast of Cuba on Sunday, May 4, 1864. She was the richest prize captured during the war. On that particular morning while cruising off Matanzas, Cuba, we had chased two steamers showing suspicious

black smoke, but they gave us the slip. A little later the lookout sung out, and there, lying close to the Cuban coast, was a steamer. Our commander ordered the Confederate stars and bars run up to mislead the officers of the steamer. In a few minutes she steamed toward us. When near enough the commander shouted: 'What ship is that?' The answer came: 'The British steamer Circassian, from Bordeaux, France.'

"Then our captain ordered them to heave to, at the same time dropping the Confederate stars and bars and running up the Stars and Stripes to the masthead. The taunting challenge was sung from the English boat: 'Catch us if you can.'

"In five minutes every man was at his post and a shell from a nine-inch pivot gun had been sent through the rigging of the fleeing steamer. The fourth shot exploded in her topmast rigging just as a steward was in the act of carrying a plum pudding down below. When the shot burst he dropped the pudding and flung himself down. He was still picking up pieces of pudding when his captain surrendered and hauled down his colors. Then we towed her to Key West." —[Chicago Record.

### A Ride With Belle Boyd.

IN the afternoon the veterans became boys again. They got into the swings with their grandchildren and rocked high in the air. But like the children, they soon tired of this play and stilling the swings sat there and once more told war stories, while the children gathered around and listened with wondering eyes at the "tales which grandpa tells."

"Do you remember Belle Boyd?" asked Henry T. Sale. "I reckon we do," came the answer from every lip.

"A buxom lass she was. She wasn't afraid of anything under the sun. See here, Honnett, didn't you drive Belle Boyd from Washington to Fairfax, Va., once? Seems to me I heard that you did."

Col. Honnett laughed heartily at the memory of the experience. "Well, now, I reckon I do remember that drive. Funny thing, too. She took me for a Yankee and I took her for one—both of us were putting on. I drove nine wagons from Washington to Fairfax. I just went into town, bought some old codger's wagon, and then drove out again. And I never took that wagon out empty, either. We wanted all the wagons and horses we could get, and I went to the capital of the enemies and bought them there."

"About Belle Boyd. It happened this way. She had been to Washington and her pretty little head was full of their plans. She had been there for a purpose and she got it. But they were on her track, and she did not know exactly how to get out again. I was driving along the Georgetown pike, not thinking about meeting up with any Yankee girls, when along came a young miss, and asked me to carry her a piece down the road. I didn't dare refuse, 'cause she was putting on Yankee manners, and I was afraid to deny her, and just as afraid of revealing that I was a southerner, so I had to keep my mouth shut. It was Belle Boyd, of course."

"We had to pass a lot of Yankee soldiers before we got through the lines, but Belle managed that. We got nearly to Fairfax before I found out who she was. She was the greatest spy the South had." —[Denver Post.

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### For Her Health.

A TALL San Franciscan was leading a beautiful St. Bernard dog about the Union Depot platform this morning, when a young man said to him thus: "My, what a fine animal. Where are you taking her?"

"This dog is going East for her health. No, you needn't laugh. You don't know the dog," the stranger answered.

"This dog saved my child's life about three years ago. Since that time nothing is too good for Queen. I would have chartered a special car had I thought she desired it. But I knew the express messenger would be kind to her and she is so gentle that she will get along with any one."

"I will tell you her story—first I will introduce myself. I am Alexander Smith. My mother said she gave me a heavy front name to balance my last. My home is on Nob Hill, San Francisco. Our east lawn is a step terrace which ends at a wall five feet above the sidewalk. The nurse left 'Belle,' my youngest child, who was then 3 months old, on this lawn in her go-cart. Either the wind or some movement of the child set the cart in motion, and it started down the lawn toward the street. My wife had just alighted from the carriage when she caught side of the child. She screamed and I ran out of the house. I realized that neither of us could reach her before she fell to the street, so I thought the baby was doomed."

"Before the go-cart could roll half way across the terrace, Queen, then a big clumsy pup, planted herself directly in the path of the vehicle. When it struck her she barked and sunk her teeth in the rubber tire. We both ran forward, and as I grasped the cart my wife fell upon the dog's neck and fairly smothered her with caresses."

"Since that time nothing has been too good for Queen. When she is home she wears a collar that is gold mounted and set with pearls."

"We are going to get breakfast now, Queen," said Mr. Smith, as he patted the big flat head of his favorite. "We are taking her to Chicago to be treated by a good veterinarian for stomach trouble," concluded the dog's owner.

### Naughty Fox Terrier.

NOT long ago a very fat spaniel was introduced into the house where a fox terrier had always been the master. The latter was told, however, to behave well to the newcomer, and not to bully him. So the two seemed fairly friendly and in the end got in the habit of taking short rambles together.

However, the fox terrier was evidently of a thoughtful

disposition, and on one occasion came across a bank, or wall, which was easy enough to leap off, but there was greater difficulty in returning. The fox terrier sprang down the bank and enticed his heavy companion to follow, with the result that the latter could not get back, while the former, by reason of his greater activity, was easily able to do so.

Now the terrier saw his opportunity, returned home and cruelly left his companion lamenting. Never did the former seem happier or gayer than on that day when he had once more the sole run of the house, and he sulked when later on the spaniel had been found, assisted up the wall and brought home.

Since then the fox terrier has repeatedly got the spaniel down the same place, with the usual result, and seems to glory in his mischievous act. Whether the "fat dog" will learn to avoid temptation to such a gamble remains to be seen. —[Buffalo Enquirer.

### A Sensible Woman.

ALTHOUGH Mme. Adelina Patti is past the half century mark, she appears like a woman of 30. Her skin is without a wrinkle, her complexion clear and healthy, her physique strong and active. How does she accomplish this miracle, ask her friends. Has she found the fountain of perpetual youth? Following is from the New York World:

"To an intimate admirer, Mrs. Leonard L. Hill, recently returned from a visit to the great diva's Welsh castle, Craig-y-nos, the famous songstress imparted the secret of her youthful appearance. An Evening World reporter received from Mrs. Hill, at her sumptuous home, the recipes used by the 'Queen of Wales' in preserving her beauty far beyond the time when most American women show the crow's feet and wrinkles of middle age."

"When I visited Mme. Patti Cederstrom," said Mrs. Hill, "I found her at the little railroad station on her own estates to meet me. I was surprised at her youthful appearance and her extraordinary beauty. Afterward I learned the magic she employed."

"Every morning she gets up at 8:30, takes a bath and a short walk in her gardens. At 9 or a little after she eats a light breakfast, consisting of fruit and rolls."

"While she is eating, her maids arrange her hair and she looks over her mail and determines on her evening engagements. Then she writes a few letters and practices a half hour on scales. Only twice in thirty years has she omitted this exercise."

"At 11 she is ready for a walk. Weather has no terrors for her; rain or shine, hot or cold, she ventures out just the same. When it is pouring, she can be seen in a long mackintosh reaching nearly to the ground, high rubber boots and an old slouch hat on her head, sauntering off for a few miles' walk."

"When she walks she walks, and most American girls would be put to shame trying to keep pace with her. She does not pull her collar over her ears to prevent the rain from beating on her. Instead, she holds her face up and delights to feel the rain streaming all over it. 'That is how I keep my fresh color,' she says, 'that is why there are no wrinkles around my eyes nor creases in my cheeks.'

"After her walk she rests and then takes lunch in her conservatory. 'No coffee, tea, chocolate or ice water for me,' she told me. 'I trace half the ills of you American women to such things.' I never saw her drink iced water. Rich foods she sedulously avoids, though she is fond of them. She is a believer in eating enough and of plain, substantial dishes."

"After dinner, which lasts an hour or two, she sings, dances or plays, and at 12 o'clock every night goes punctually to bed."

"Mme. Patti is a fervent advocate of fresh air. She revels in it. On fair days she puts on a short skirt and a pair of thick and comfortable walking shoes and tramps miles into the hills and vales of Wales. 'What ails you girls?' she used to say to us. 'Where is your ambition, your life? Don't sit about doing nothing; get into the air and walk. Then, at my age, you will be as rosy and healthy as I am, and not broken down and suffering with all sorts of complaints.' She took us to the village and ordered us heavy shoes, but no one could keep up with her."

"Although she allows no cards in her house, she joins in all kinds of children's games. There is exercise in them, she declares, and that it what the body needs. Like all singers, she avoids draughts, but she can't get into the air often enough. Cosmetics she abhors."

"Her voice is as fresh and tuneful now as when she sang years ago. The great English doctor, Sir Morell Mackenzie, told her that on account of her excellent care of herself she would sing at 80 as well as she did at 40. The woman who commands \$5000 every time she sings, and looks 35 years old, attributes her youth, her health, her splendid constitution and figure to a sensible and simple observance of nature's laws."

### A Parrot Student.

POLLY'S cage, when at the seaside, hung upon a piazza where the little children were in the habit of studying aloud. The bird, apparently listening, would make an effort to repeat what she could catch. Then suddenly she would burst out with, "I'll spell f-l-y r-a-t" (with strong emphasis on the R), continuing with a low chuckle of satisfaction, and ending in a hearty and long-continued laugh at her success, the little ones joining in the chorus. She was very fond of the children.

In the early morning, when her cage was opened to give her liberty, she would walk about for a time, climb the stairs to the children's room, and crawl into their beds before time for rising. Coffee was almost absolutely necessary to her existence. She would call early and steadily for it in the morning, adjusting her tones according to the length of time spent in waiting—ordering, begging, beseeching, as the case might be, holding her cup, meanwhile, to hasten matters."

A very retiring, modest servant maid had been long in our employ. She had a follower named Thomas, who nightly paid his visit. It chanced one morning that Polly's coffee had been long delayed. A gentleman of the house coming to breakfast met the girl and made an inquiry regarding the meal. She turned to reply, facing the questioner, when Polly, seeing her opportunity for revenge, took it, and in a man's voice called out: "Mary, how's Thomas?" The woman retreated in confusion, while Polly laughed an ugly, low laugh; but the coffee was forthcoming. —[Our Animal Friends.



## A VERITABLE ROMANCE.

STORY OF THE EMPRESS OF CHINA  
AS TOLD BY A DIPLOMAT.

[Translated from the French by Kate Droussau.]

**F**ORTY years ago a young woman, with her son and the father of this son, fled dismayed before an European army. It was not without peril that they escaped from the great city over which was passing a wave of destruction. The victors had pillaged everything, leaving only the walls; afterward even the walls themselves were given up to the flames. The young woman who fled with her child and its father on the eve of the destruction of the Summer Palace was none other than Tse-Hsi, the Empress of China.

The Empress of China was not born in the purple. She was a Manchu, and was very distantly related to the imperial family which, for 250 years, has governed China. But, like many others whose origin is no less illustrious, she knew adversity in her early youth. Her story is a veritable romance. Her career is one of the strangest paradoxes in history. Every one knows the adventures of Joseph, who was sold as captive into the kingdom that later he administered as grand vizier to Pharaoh. And we are all acquainted with the fortune of Esther. Neither the fortunes of Joseph nor of Esther can compare with those of the Empress. The woman who for three months defied the fleets and armies of all the nations of the Occident, and who, as Empress, reigns over 400,000,000 of subjects, was sold as a slave in her childhood, and by her own father. Now, to raise oneself up from slavery to a throne is, in all ages and in all countries, a most marvelous undertaking. But, in China, and when the slave is a woman, this ascension appears impossible. Such was, however, the destiny of the woman who reigns today over the Celestials. There is something absurd in the fact that the Chinese empire is subject to a woman, for in no other country in the world is contempt for the weaker sex carried so far.

### A Capital that Can Be Realized.

The father of Hsi was a Manchu functionary, a prefect in the north of China. Trouble came to him, he lost his fortune, and, totally ruined, he went to hide his poverty in the outskirts of Canton. The family was composed of the father, mother, a little girl named Hsi, and a little boy. Hsi, being a Manchu, had escaped the torture of having her feet bandaged. Since she possessed good health and was even vigorous, it is very probable that, like all Chinese girls of the lower classes, she went more than once in her childhood to gather wood for the family fire.

When the family emigrated to Canton she was 4 years old. It was before the opium war, at a time when the power of China was not weakened, and the prestige of the Emperors, Brothers of the Sun, was undiminished. However much the parents struggled against poverty, their efforts were not crowned with success. Their circumstances became more and more straitened. But, in the south of China, those families possessing a daughter, have always a resource. If the child is good-looking and in perfect health she is a capital that can be realized. If the family is too poor to keep her, the parents can sell her and live on the price she brings.

History says that Hsi herself proposed this sale to her parents that the family might be kept from hunger. Her father, who was a Manchu, and from the north, did not at first agree to this. The practice of selling children is a Chinese custom of the south. Nevertheless, hunger is a powerful adviser. After many hesitations, Hsi was one day given over to a purchaser. Some claim that he was a merchant, others that he was a mandarin, and again that he was an army officer. In any case, he was a man rich enough to buy slaves. He seems to have been a good master, and very soon appreciated Hsi's talents. It has never been explained how this young slave conceived the idea of learning to read and to write. She was 8 years old, and no one at that time dreamed of teaching little girls.

Slavery has its advantages. If Hsi had been the daughter instead of the slave of her master she would have had her feet bandaged, then, arriving at the age of 10, she would have been shut up in the women's apartment, like a veritable prisoner. There is something tragic in this wish of a Chinese woman who hoped to be a dog in her next reincarnation, that she might go where she pleased. Since Hsi was a slave she was allowed to roam about. Then, too, she had charge of the family marketing. Her masters thought so much of her that she was treated almost like one of the family.

### A Chinese Esther.

Things went on in this way until 1848. At that date a great revolution broke out in Europe, and in China a little event occurred that had the gravest consequences for the extreme Orient. It was, indeed, in 1848 that the Emperor Hien-Fung issued a decree that evokes the souvenir of Ahasuerus. When that King wished to replace Queen Vashti by a more submissive spouse, we find in the book of Esther that "Then said the King's servants that ministered unto him, 'Let there be fair young virgins sought for the King. And let the King appoint officers in all the provinces of his kingdom, that they may gather together all the fair young virgins unto Shushan the palace. And let the maiden which please the King be Queen instead of Vashti.'"

A like custom prevailed long ago in Russia and in Persia. It still exists in China.

Hien Fung was married, and his Vashti was not in disgrace. But she had no son, and it was essential that the Emperor should have an heir. Proclamations were sent into all the provinces, inviting the Manchus of noble origin, who had daughters between the ages of 15 and 18, to present them to the Emperor that he might choose a second wife.

Hsi, running about the streets, read the proclamation. She was of the specified age; she belonged to the imperial

family—although the relationship was very remote. As to her beauty, her mirror had already made her sure of that.

She immediately resolved to enter the ranks. To be the second wife of the Emperor, the Son of Heaven, was pleasing to her ambition. No doubt she might fail, but she decided to take the chances.

Her first thought was to gain the consent of her master. The latter was much surprised to learn that his young slave had conceived the idea of sitting so near the throne. But Hsi, like the heroine of Rider Haggard's novel, was "She who must be obeyed." She pleaded well her cause, and won it. Not only did her master authorize her to make the attempt, but, in order to increase her chances, he adopted her, and sent her to Peking in a luxurious equipage.

Little is known concerning the nature of the examinations to which the aspirants were subjected. Whatever they may have been, Hsi passed them triumphantly. Among more than nine thousand candidates she was chosen with nine others as "possessing all the virtues necessary to her sex, and as being as intelligent as a graduate." Like Esther at Shushan, she was installed in the palace of the women. She was still but one of ten, but a vast field opened to her ambition, and she did not doubt of the results. Her confidence in her star was complete. In truth, it happened to her as it had to Esther. She appeared before the King, she pleased him, she bore him a son, and this son was the heir apparent to the throne.

Hsi was only 17 years old when she came to the palace of Hien-Fung, and she was only 20 when the birth of Tung-Chi gave her the envied position of mother of the future Emperor. Certainly one might say that this good fortune was not absolutely exceptional. Any beautiful woman who has given a sultan or a king a son may rise to this position. This has happened many times in Constantinople, Teheran and Peking. That which is exceptional in the case of Hsi is that she gained the favor of the Emperor by the tact with which she conciliated the Empress. If Esther's fate had depended upon Vashti, it is probable that things would have turned out badly for her and for her family. But Hsi played her role with so much skill that she won the good graces of the first wife and became a favorite in the palace. When she was admitted for the first time into the presence of the Emperor, she was already the companion and friend of the Empress.

All went very well for a time. The mother of the future Emperor had no reason to complain in her new situation. But soon a black cloud rose, followed by a storm that burst on the imperial family. France and England sent armies to China. These armies bombarded Taku and marched in triumph to Peking. Hien-Fung, accompanied by Hsi and their son, aged 6, had to leave in haste, and seek refuge in a hunting lodge, while the victors gratified their anger in destroying the Summer Palace.

Hien-Fung did not long survive this cruel blow. He died in 1861, leaving the throne to his son, Tung-Chi. Before his death he took care to appoint a council of regents, composed of two imperial princes and the Minister Lung-Chi. The care of the child was left to the two Emperesses, with what appeared to be equal rights. But history states that the Emperor had given into the hands of his legal wife a testament authorizing her to direct alone, if necessary, the education of the young heir. The fact that the widow never used this power is the best proof of Hsi's good sense and rare tact. The collaboration of these two Emperesses lasted twenty-eight years, and through perilous times.

"Hsi," says an oriental scholar, "found the prestige of the empire gravely menaced, its resources were reduced to almost nothing, and peace was compromised. The fertile provinces had been deserted; three great rebellions were raging; an immense debt weighed heavily on China as the result of foreign wars, during which the capital had been in the hands of the enemy."

None of these difficulties discouraged Hsi. The only thing that troubled her was that she had no part in the government of the empire. By the testament of Hien-Fung all of the power was in the hands of the regents. Hsi, who was at that time 27 years old, decided that this should not be, and that who wills the end wills the means; she was not long in acting.

### Her First Coup d'Etat.

It is always difficult to fix the responsibility of actors in a great historical drama. But the later career of the Empress does not permit us to believe that she was a stranger to the coup d'etat that gave her power. Prince Kung, because he was a man, because he was first minister, and also because he seemed at first to profit by this change, was for a long time considered the chief mover in the conspiracy that abolished the Council of Regents. Whatever may have been the role that Hsi played in the events that followed, we are disposed to believe that she was in reality the head of this plot. Prince Kung, younger brother of the Emperor, was at the death of the latter the veritable administrator of the empire. Already, during the flight of Hien-Fung, it had fallen upon him to negotiate with the victorious generals, and later to sign the treaty of peace. He had been named president of the Tsung-li-Yamen when this institution had been founded, in 1861, to serve as intermediary between the Chinese government and the foreigners. Then, too, one has every reason to believe that Prince Kung had no more liking for the Council of Regents than had the Empress herself, and that he was ready to join her in a coup d'etat.

### Chinese Methods are Summary.

Conspirators do not hesitate to use extreme measures. One day when the Regents came to celebrate the funeral rites of the deceased Emperor, they were arrested by Prince Kung for having been guilty of grave omissions in the rites due the illustrious sovereign, and were immediately executed. Since the Regents were dead there was no council. The result was that the Empress Hsi and the Empress of the Orient had the entire direction of affairs. Prince Kung was appointed by them to restore order in China.

All went well for three years. China rose slowly from the double disaster of a foreign war and the rebellion

of the Taeping. Prince Kung began to be considered every one as necessary to the State. This was said often, for Hsi was not the woman to encourage such a misunderstanding, and on the 2d of April, 1865, an edict removed Prince Kung from his high office for the crime of having exaggerated his importance. The Prince submitted his disappearance, however, provoked such difficulties that five weeks later, another edict restored him to his office, along the presidency of the Tsung-li-Yamen was not given back to him. He had received an important lesson, and had learned that Hsi was always "she who must be obeyed."

The young Emperor Tung-Chi grew. In 1872 the Empress decided that he must marry, and, without hesitation, took it upon herself to choose a wife for him. Young girls of Manchu origin were then ordered to come to the palace, and they appeared in groups of four or five before the future mother-in-law. Each one of them, on entering, handed to the Empress a tablet, on which was inscribed the name and age. If the first impression was not favorable, Hsi was silent, and the girl passed on. If, on the contrary, the first impression was good, Hsi addressed several questions to the candidate, and took note of the replies. The aspirants who were set aside received as a present a slipper of silver weighing an ounce. Those who did not receive a slipper of silver passed a second examination, after which, if they were set aside, they received a roll of silk. At the third examination the candidates were reduced to a very small number.

The choice fell upon a young girl named Al-Sou-Ti, the good, excellent and virtuous daughter of Cheng. Three days before the marriage ceremony Tung-Chi sent his betrothed a Phoenix robe, and two days before a gold tablet, on which was engraved the edict that raised her to the throne. The triumphant fiancée was conducted to the palace by a numerous cortege, at the head of which marched the Manchu princes. Thirty white horses followed her sedan chair. The Empress received the young girl in great pomp, and it was one of the rare occasions that the public was permitted to see her. In truth, although she has directed everything she has always kept behind the scenes. Thus, when she was present at the interviews between her son and his ministers, she arranged it so that she might hear without being seen. It was only after the age of 60 that she consented to meet her secretaries without an intervening screen. This care to hide her life makes a just appreciation of her character almost impossible, and the unknown always appears terrible. However, in spite of the many unpleasant stories told about her, we may take the word of an American Minister to China who wrote recently:

"Hsi is one of the greatest women of the world, and she will take her place in history by the side of Catherine of Elizabeth, of Victoria."

### The Second Coup d'Etat of the Empress.

Although the policy of Prince Kung consisted in opposing one Empress with another, according to the necessity of the moment, yet they remained friendly. They met very rarely, however. The legitimate widow occupied the east wing of the palace, and for that reason was called the Empress of the Orient. The Empress mother occupied the west wing of the palace, and bore the title of Empress of the Occident.

In 1875 the Emperor died. One knows little about him. He left his wife, Al-Sou-Ti, the good, wise and virtuous daughter of Cheng, about to be a mother. This occurrence again brought the two Emperesses together, and the result of this meeting was a coup d'etat, even more daring than the first. If the child were a son, the mother would become regent. The two Emperesses of the Orient and of the Occident had then but to retire from the scene. If the child were a daughter, the Chinese law required that the mother adopt a child who should be declared a posthumous son of the deceased Emperor. But, in this case also, the new widow would be regent. Menaced by the danger, Hsi, with the approval of the Empress of the Orient and also of Prince Kung, cast aside traditional customs, feigned to ignore the young widow, and herself adopted as heir apparent a child 4 years old, the son of Chun, younger brother of the Emperor Hien-Fung.

The advantages of this choice consisted, above all, in the fact that the future Emperor did not belong to a generation posterior to that of Tung-Chi, the deceased ruler, and therefore could not perform the ancestral rites, to which the Chinese attach so much importance, and thus the widow Al-Sou-Ti would be entirely set aside. The regency of Hsi and of the Empress of the Orient was again assured for a number of years. The only known protestation against this coup d'etat was the suicide of a literati, who wished in this manner to mark his disapproval of an act by which the deceased Emperor was deprived of a son to perform the funeral rites.

Hsi then took up again the heavy burden of sovereignty, keeping near her as principal collaborator Prince Kung. This lasted until 1884. At that date Prince Kung was solemnly degraded, and replaced by Prince Chun. The latter, an amiable poet who exchanged verses with the Empress—for she cultivated the muses—had more wit than character, and he would certainly have been unequal to his task if he had not been aided by a statesman well known in Europe, Li Hung Chang.

At the death of the Empress of the Orient, Hsi remained alone in power. The little slave of Canton was henceforth the undisputed sovereign of China.

### CANADA'S EDUCATIONAL CAMPAIGN.

[London Express:] Over one thousand text-books and atlases of the Dominion of Canada have been supplied to rural schools in England by Lord Strathcona, the Canadian High Commissioner. The Canadian government is very anxious to encourage the study of the history, geography and resources of Canada in the schools of the United Kingdom, and therefore offered, about four weeks ago, to supply any rural schoolmaster with as many specially-prepared text-books as he had scholars. Schoolmasters all over the country took up the idea with enthusiasm, and one and all agreed that from an imperial point of view nothing but good results can follow.

## GOOD SHORT STORIES

Compiled for The Times

Got It Done.

**A**N INTELLIGENT-LOOKING boy went to a shop the other day and, reading:

"I want six pounds of sugar at 3d a pound."

"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be halfpenny."

"Eleven pounds of rice at 1d a pound."

"One and fourpence halfpenny," came the answer.

"Four pounds of tea at 1s 3d a pound."

"Six and eight."

"And so he continued: 'Five pounds of seven tins of milk at 5d, four tins of eight tins of sardines at 1s 1d.'"

The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the boy, saying: "Did your mother send the money?"

"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy. "It's my arithmetic lesson I got it done somehow."—[London T.J.A. Bittell.]

### Bound to Have His Fee.

**J**UDGE PHILIPS of the United States this one on a certain Topeka lawyer:

A man was brought into the judge's court on a violation of the United States revenue laws.

A poor, ignorant man, who had been yanked up before the United States court, nearly equal to being condemned to be hanged.

He had employed the Topeka lawyer to defend him when his case was called and he was brought into the court the judge noticed that he duster buttoned from the throat down.

In through the courtroom window lifted prisoner's duster and the court observed legs were bare.

"Have you no pants on?" asked the judge sternly.

"I have not, Your Honor," answered the man, "I have not."

"What do you mean by coming into court like that?"

"Well, Your Honor, I hadn't any money to pay for my attorney to apply for me."

To say Judge Phillips was not expressing to the attorney, he said sharply:

"Either give that man back his pants or let him go. If you don't do this in five minutes, never be allowed to come into this court again on the bench."

The lawyer gave up the pants.—[Kansas City Star.]

### Jack's Advice.

**T**he sermon was on the downward path of the clergyman used the illustration of the rocks.

A jack tar who had strolled in became a part of the sermon.

"The waves dash over her!" exclaimed the clergyman.

"Sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her helm is useless! She is drifting!"

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" yelled the man.

He meant well, but they ran him in. —[London Spare Moments.]

### She Took Him at His Word.

**I**T HAS become quite common for dealers to advertise that if the reader will call and present it, a certain allowance will be made on the purchase.

A certain enterprising music dealer advertised in this way.

"This coupon will be received in full for the price of any instrument over \$200 in our store."

A few days afterward a plain-dressed man came in and presented the coupon.

After a great deal of testing and \$250 piano and ordered it sent to her smiling proprietor proceeded to make a coupon.

"Cash?" he said, inquiringly.

"Coupons," said she, briefly.

He looked up in amazement at the word of "coupons" on his desk.

"There are twenty-five," said she; "350, I believe."

"But, my dear madam," exclaimed the proprietor, "you are only entitled to a deduction of one coupon can be received."

"Does it say so in the advertisement?"

"Yes, and so is this, and this, and all the others."

The proprietor tried to explain, and the end of it was that she went and brought a suit to obtain possession of the coupon, but the proprietor has altered the coupon since that episode.—[New York Times.]

### A Jamaican Experience.

**F**OR some years after my marriage I lived in a small place about twenty miles from Kingston.

One day, when a visit to my Kingston friends was made, I ordered a young negro boy to drive me to the town.

I paid my visit to the dressmaker, took a light summer thing, from her box beneath the buggy seat and drove home.

I went in to escape the heated part of the day.

My husband, who was at home, saw the dressmaker's box and asked me what it was.

"It is a light summer thing, from the dressmaker's box."

"What is it?" he asked.

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"What is it?" he asked.



# GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

## Got It Done.

**A**N INTELLIGENT-LOOKING boy walked into a grocer's shop the other day and, reading from a paper, said:

"I want six pounds of sugar at 2½d a pound."  
"Yes," said the shopman, "that will be one and three halfpence."  
"Eleven pounds of rice at 1½d a pound."  
"One and fourpence halfpenny," commented the grocer.  
"Four pounds of tea at 18d a pound."  
"Six and eight."  
"And so he continued: "Five pounds of coffee at 18d, seven tins of milk at 5½d, four tins of tomatoes at 6½d, eight tins of sardines at 11½d."  
The shopman made out the bill and handed it to the lad, saying: "Did your mother send the money or does she want them entered?"  
"My mother didn't send me at all," said the boy, seizing hold of the bill. "It's my arithmetic lesson, and I had to get it done somehow."—[London Tid-Bits.]

## Bound to Have His Fee.

**J**UDGE PHILIPS of the United States District Court tells this one on a certain Topeka lawyer:

A man was brought into the judge's court charged with a violation of the United States revenue law. He was evidently a poor, ignorant man, who had concluded that when he was yanked up before the United States Court it was nearly equal to being condemned to be hanged without trial. He had employed the Topeka lawyer to defend him, and when his case was called and he was brought before the bar of the court the judge noticed that he wore a long linen duster buttoned from the throat down. A breeze blowing in through the courtroom window lifted the tail of the prisoner's duster and the court observed that the prisoner's legs were bare.

"Have you no pants on?" asked the court, somewhat sternly.

"I have not, Your Honor," answered the prisoner, shamefacedly.

"What do you mean by coming into this court attired that way?"

"Well, Your Honor, I hadn't any money and I had to give those pants to my attorney to apply on his fee."

To say Judge Philips was not impressed it mildly. Turning to the attorney, he said sharply:

"Either give that man back his pants at once or get him another pair. If you don't do this immediately you will never be allowed to come into this court again as long as I am on the bench."

The lawyer gave up the pants.—[Kansas City World.]

## Jack's Advice.

The sermon was on the downward path of a sinner, and the clergyman used the illustration of a ship drifting on the rocks.

A Jack tar who had strolled in became deeply interested. "The waves dash over her!" exclaimed the minister. "Her sails are split! Her yards are gone! Her masts are shivering! Her helm is useless! She is drifting ashore! There is no hope! What can save her now?"

"Let go the anchor, ye lubber!" yelled the excited seaman.

He meant well, but they ran him in for bawling all the same.—[London Spare Moments.]

## She Took Him at His Word.

**I**T HAS become quite common for dealers in various wares to advertise that if the reader will cut out their "coupon" and present it, a certain allowance will be made on the amount of the purchase. It is simply giving a discount for cash, but it occasionally leads to a misunderstanding.

A certain enterprising music dealer once advertised: "This coupon will be received in lieu of \$10 cash toward the price of any instrument over \$200 in value purchased in our store."

A few days afterward a plain-dressed woman walked in, and after a great deal of testing and talking selected a large piano and ordered it sent to her address. Then the smiling proprietor proceeded to make out the bill.

"Cash?" he said, inquiringly.

"Coupons," said she, briefly.

He looked up in amazement as the woman laid a bundle of "coupons" on his desk.

"There are twenty-five," said she; "at \$10 apiece equals \$250, I believe."

"But, my dear madam," exclaimed the music dealer, aghast, "you are only entitled to a deduction of \$10 on your purchase. Only one coupon can be received from each customer."

"Does it say so in the advertisement?" demanded the customer, severely. "This coupon, you say, is good for \$10, and so is this, and this, and all the rest."

The proprietor tried to explain, and the woman argued; and the end of it was that she went away threatening to bring a suit to obtain possession of the piano. She did not do so, but the proprietor has altered the wording of the coupon since that episode.—[New England Grocer.]

## A Jamaican Experience.

**F**OR some years after my marriage I lived at Old Harbor, a small place about twenty miles from Kingston. One day, when a visit to my Kingston dressmaker was a necessity, I ordered a young negro boy to get upon the rumble and drive me to the town.

I paid my visit to the dressmaker, and, receiving my frock, a light summer thing, from her, I placed it in the box beneath the buggy seat and drove to my sister's, where I went in to escape the heated part of the day, giving my

boy sixpence and bidding him see the sights and return at 4 o'clock.

He turned up punctually with the grin still in place, and in due time we reached Old Harbor once more.

When I went to take out my crispy muslin I found to my consternation it was a wet, soppy mass! No rain had fallen and even then—

I turned to the boy: "Solomon, what in the world does this mean? How?"—but the look of utter helpless amazement on his face stopped me.

"Lor' missis, it am queer, but not so queer as what done happen to me. Me bought a quattig (1½d) worth of dat pretty ting dey calls 'ice' to bring home an' show ma sister, an' I put him in dar wid your dress to keep him safe—an' now him gone for true—an' how him get out I dunno wid you sittin' on him all de time!"—[Harper's Magazine.]

## One on Col. Babcock.

**C**OL. BABCOCK, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, met William Jennings Bryan in the elevator of the Auditorium Hotel the other day. Since then the Democrats at the national headquarters grin whenever "Republican apathy" is mentioned.

It seems that on the day of the meeting with Mr. Bryan, Col. Babcock had stretched himself out on a lounge in a room at the Republican national headquarters, and the heat and the quiet environment soothed him to sleep. When he awoke he found that some one had picked his pockets of \$40. Senator J. K. Jones, at the Democratic headquarters across the street, heard of the colonel's loss, and sent word to him that he was welcome to sleep in the Democratic headquarters and he would be insured against losses by theft. Col. Bryan that afternoon met Col. Babcock in the elevator. He teased the chairman of the Congressional Committee a bit. He said:

"I am sorry you went to sleep in the Republican headquarters, colonel, and am more sorry that while asleep they robbed you of \$40. It reminds me of that man in Nebraska who sat up with a corpse, went to sleep and was robbed. It is a parallel case colonel."—[Chicago Record.]

## Beaten by His Father.

**I** ONCE lost a bicycle race to my father in a very humiliating way," said a former well-known Pittsburgh cyclist the other day. It was a ten-mile road race and there wasn't one of my competitors that I feared, least of all my father, for he was really just learning to ride. I was the only scratch man in the bunch, the others being given various handicaps. My father got a lead of twelve minutes, and we all started. It took some time to overhaul the rest, but I finally passed all but my father, and I haven't caught sight of him yet. Before I had proceeded far I saw a crowd of farmers running toward me with pitchforks. I couldn't imagine what was up, and I spurted, hoping to pass them. On the contrary I went into the ditch by the roadside.

"The way those farmers acted was disconcerting, and I came to the conclusion that it was a case of mistaken identity and that I was going to be killed as some one else's proxy. They lunged at me with their forks, but they showed no disposition to seize me. They surrounded me as I got up, but I watched my chance and cut through an opening.

"They ran after me for a few hundred yards, but I was soon out of sight. I was feeling pretty sore, for that little incident had meant the loss of several minutes to me. Two other mobs appeared on the scene, but I escaped them after a slight delay. The upshot of the matter was that my father came in first while I was not even a close second.

"When we were sitting at home that night my vanquisher made a clean confession of how he won that race. He said he realized the hopelessness of winning by fair means, so every time he passed a farmer on the road he made the startling announcement that a crazy man was coming behind him in close pursuit. He implored them to try and head him off while he rode on to the asylum and procured aid. He had repeated this declamation until the whole countryside was aroused and I was chief witness as to how well the scheme succeeded."—[Pittsburgh News.]

## Told All He Knew.

**W**HEN a certain old Dominican father, after forty years of honest service in the Philippines, had arrived at such an advanced age that he knew his time for this world was short, his brother padres asked him to write a book detailing his experiences. He consented, but added: "No one shall see it while I live, but when I am gone you will open my private chest and there you will find the manuscript." Recently the old man died, and after he was buried the Dominican fathers opened the chest and found therein a vast bundle of manuscript sewed together in the form of a book. On the cover were these words: "The Characteristics, Habits and Customs of the Filipino People. By Father —, D. O. M. Prepared as a Result of Forty Years' Careful Study and Observation of the Race." They opened the book to the second page and it was blank. They opened it to the third page and it was blank. There were 300 blank pages. On the very last sheet was written these words: "This is all I know after forty years' study of the Filipino people."—[San Francisco Argonaut.]

## A Natural Error.

**A**FTER dinner the guests of the — House, in the Adirondacks, used to repair to the porch to watch the gorgeous sunsets. Little Ellwood Wilson's father had tried to impress upon the boy, who was but 5 years old, the marvelous coloring, and as the little fellow sat on his father's knee he would tell him that this was the work of the angels, who, every night, while the guests of the hotel were at supper, would paint with their fairy brushes the western sky. Night after night the child grew more interested in the subject, and his belief in the legend grew stronger and stronger. But one day a shadow crossed his young life, his playmate, Johnnie, after a brief illness, had died at the hotel. The little fellow's heart was nearly broken, but he was comforted with the fact that although Johnnie was dead, he was an angel now and could look down on Ellwood

and watch him at his play. A few nights after the fellow had been laid away, the sunset was less gorgeous than usual. A haze in the western sky had dimmed the colors, and the display was disappointing. As Ellwood sat on his father's knee watching the sky, he suddenly looked up and said: "Papa, the sunset isn't bright tonight. I guess this must be Johnnie's first."—[Edgar S. Nash, in New Lippincott.]

## Tale of the Sign.

**W**HEN Russell B. Harrison, son of ex-President Harrison, presided over the affairs of the Terre Haute Electric Street Railway Company several years ago, he had a sign painted to hang upon his office door which on one side read:

HARRISON IN.

and on the other:

HARRISON OUT.

By this means Mr. Harrison's callers were saved the trouble of making inquiries.

The road finally went into the hands of Joshua Jump, as receiver. Mr. Jump followed the business-like methods of Mr. Harrison and had his own name substituted for that of the late president of the road. When he was in his office the sign on the door bore the cheering inscription:

JUMP IN.

and when he was away, his visitors governed themselves by this notice:

JUMP OUT.

About two years ago the road was sold to a Boston syndicate, and C. B. Kiddor became the general manager. Now, when he is at his office the card bears the cheering announcement:

KIDDER IN.

and it casts a corresponding gloom on the caller when he sees the other side:

KIDDER OUT.

—[Chicago Journal.]

## His Coating Cost More.

**A** GOOD story is told of Cluny Macpherson, whose death and achievements were recently recorded. On a certain occasion he was having dealings in his castle with one of the very poorest of his clansmen, and had him into one of the rooms, which had just been redecorated at great expense.

"What do you think of this?" queried the chieftain; "the varnishing alone of this room cost me £150."

"That's naethin' gya," was the astonishing response. "If ye'll come along tae ma bit hoose A'll show ye a room that cost fair mair than that tae be coated."

"And so an appointment was made, the colonel wondering that he had never heard of it before. When he visited the place, a poor looking thatched little "bidding," he was shown into a room so dark that he could scarcely see, with its walls literally blackened by the smoke from a peat fire.

"Here's ma room," exclaimed the triumphant tenant. "A mak oot that it took five hunner loads o' peat tae coat it and at 10s the load, that maks two hunner and fifty pun!" Cluny had to admit his discomfiture.—[M. A. P.]

## An Unexpected Ending.

**B**Y THE way," said the man who had stopped at a farmhouse to water his horse, "fifteen years ago a poor boy came this way and you took him in."

"Yes?" queried the farmer, somewhat surprised.

"You were kind to him," went on the stranger. "You fed him, gave him words of encouragement and an old suit of clothes, put 5 shillings in his pocket and sent him on his way rejoicing. He told you at the time that he never would forget your kindness. Am I right?"

"I believe you are," replied the farmer.

"He said that if he prospered he would see that you never had occasion to regret your kindness to a poor, struggling lad."

"Land's sakes!" exclaimed the farmer's wife, excitedly. "It sounds almost like a fairy tale, don't it?"

"Well," continued the stranger, "he told me to tell you that he is still poor."

And as he drove away the farmer went out and kicked the pump viciously, while his wife threw a rolling pin at the chickens.—[Answers.]

## A Story of Stevensen.

**I**N HIS atelier in the Rue de Bagneux, Mr. St. Gaudens is finishing the medallion of his friend, Robert Louis Stevenson, to be cast in bronze for the cathedral of St. Giles in Edinburgh. Above and below the figure will be Stevenson's prayer, which he wrote himself. "I love to think that that beautiful prayer will be preserved in bronze in a cathedral," Mr. St. Gaudens said to me. He told this anecdote of a meeting between the great writer and Gen. Sherman when the former was already ill and the latter was old, and had forgotten or lost all interest in everything but his battles.

"Gen. Sherman," said Mr. St. Gaudens to him, "Robert Louis Stevenson would like to make your acquaintance."

"Robert Louis Stevenson?" said the old general. "Who is he? One of my men?"

Mr. St. Gaudens explained. The great writer came and was introduced.

"Oh, yes, Mr. Stevenson," said the general. "Were you one of my men?"

A third time this happened. And then the general really seeing the sympathetic young writer, began to talk of his battles, and in five minutes more the two men were down on the floor with maps, following excitedly the old campaign.—[Harper's Bazar.]



# Circling the Pacific. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## THE CHINESE RIOTS.

HOW THE OFFICIALS AND LITERATI OF CHINA ARE STIRRING UP THE PEOPLE.

From Our Own Correspondent.

**S**HANGHAI, Aug. 25, 1900.—American ladies stripped naked and clubbed to death by Chinese mobs!

Our missionaries massacred in cold blood in the very courts of the Chinese Governors who are supposed to protect them!

White men, women and children thrown into the flames of their burning homes!

The hearts and heads of American girls torn from their bodies by Chinese runxans and sent as trophies of patriotism to their rulers!

The highest officials of the Celestial empire, including its cruel and tyrannical head, the old Dowager, secretly inciting the people to riot, arson and murder!

These are some of the incidents which have been happening and which are still happening in China. Insignificant incidents which the powers are proposing to wink at for a bit or so of territory or a money indemnity.

### The Officials Behind the Boxers.

There is no doubt but the officials have been behind the Boxers from the beginning of their organization. There is evidence that the society is backed by a grand council

in connection with the Boxers, but there is no doubt that she is at the bottom of the great growth of the society. I heard last night of an interview which she had with a censor named Wang shortly before the outbreak of the war. Censors are appointed by the Chinese government to move around secretly through the different provinces and report on all that is going on. They are imperial spies whose business it is to keep track of the wrongdoings of officials and to gather information as to the feelings of the people concerning them and the government.

This man Wang had been spying about through Chihli, and the Empress Dowager sent for him. When he appeared she said, "What do you think of the Boxers in Chihli? Are they well organized, and can they be depended upon to join the troops in fighting the foreign devils when the time comes?"

To this Wang replied: "I am certain of it, Your Majesty. The members of the society are taught to protect to the death your heavenly dynasty and to wipe the devils from the face of the earth. As for myself and all of my family, we have joined the society and had I the power I would gladly lead the van of the avenging army."

As the Empress Dowager heard this she nodded her head in approval. Then, after thinking a moment, she remarked:

"Ah, it is a grand society, but I am afraid that with no experienced men at its head the Boxers may act rashly and get us into trouble with the 'Yang-kuei-tse' (foreign

churia in the settlement of peace, and that there is an understanding to this effect with the Chinese leaders.

I heard a story here which illustrates the real feeling of the Empress Dowager and her party as to England and America. It was descriptive of a meeting of the Grand Council in Peking when France was demanding a share of Southern China. Gen. Yung Lu advised that the government ask Great Britain to interfere, saying that the United States and Japan would join with Great Britain if Russia and France threatened reprisals. To this King Yi replied:

"We don't want anything to do with Great Britain, Japan and the United States. We have a score to settle with the English for the sack of the Yuen-ming-yang (summer) Palace. We want to get even with Japan for the seizure of Formosa, and we want to punish the United States for treating the Chinese who go there and to the Philippines no better than dogs. As to Russia, we have nothing against her. She is our friend, and if France joins with her, although we have a grudge against France, we will be just that much the stronger. I am for keeping in the closest friendship with Russia. If she is with us we can defy the world. If we have only Russia to help us Great Britain will cower into the background."

This speech was applauded by Prince Ching, Prince Tuan, Chao Shu-chiao and the rest of the council, including the Empress Dowager, who nodded her head vigorously in approval.

Earl Li Called the Benedict Arnold of China.

The sympathy of Li Hung Chang with Russia is well known throughout the empire. It is whispered by some of the Chinese that he is in the pay of the Russian government, and he has even been accused of being false to China. An evidence of this was displayed some months ago in a Chinese school near Chee Foo. The school was taught by an American girl, and it had among its students many sons of mandarins and influential Chinese representing some of the best families of the empire. The teacher has her own methods of instruction, and in her English classes she often tells stories to fix the meaning of new words in the minds of her pupils. A few weeks before the war broke out the word traitor came up. She described what "traitor" meant, illustrating it by Benedict Arnold. A day or so after this she asked her scholars if they could define the word traitor and give an example of the same. One bright boy, the son of a mandarin, at once raised his hand. He was told to speak, and he said: "A traitor is a man who sells his own honor and that of his own country for gold, and the greatest example of a traitor that we know of here is Li Hung Chang."

"Yes," broke in another boy, excitedly, "he has sold out our country to the Russians."

And a third said: "I wish I were near him that I might kill him."

These boys probably represented the feelings of their fathers.

### Why the Officials Oppose the Missionaries.

The high officials of China realize that the missionaries are their enemies. They know their corrupt methods cannot endure with their western civilization, and they fear to lose their jobs. They have been at the bottom of nearly every riot of the past. They pretend to be the friends of the foreigners, but the blue books of the empire and in the government shops are full of all sorts of lies written to stir up the common people against the missionaries.

In some such books are descriptions of how the foreigners scoop out the eyes of Chinese for medicine and photographic materials. The Chinese think that their eyes have different qualities from ours, and that the missionaries are here as eye collectors. In one of the anti-missionary cartoons distributed some time ago two blood-thirsty villains in foreign clothes are pictured in the act of cutting out the eyes of a dead Chinaman, while another missionary stands by and gloats over a saucerful of eyes he has just captured.

### How One Chinese Saved His Eyes.

I have before me this print. I have also gotten a translation of a tract which was circulated all over China, entitled "The Death Blow to Corrupt Doctrines."

The latter shows how and why the eyes are stolen, stating that the foreigners are enabled to extract silver from lead by means of them, and also that when spread over a glass they will record the magic pictures (photographs) which the Christians prize. In this work there is an extract from the public records showing how one Chinese scholar cheated a missionary and saved his eyes. It is as follows:

"In the reign of the Emperor Wan Lie a foreigner named Pa-ta-Li came into Chekiang and began to persuade men to join the Christian sect, and great numbers were ensnared by him. Now, there was a certain military undergraduate, named Wang Wen-Mu, an athlete, who, hearing that when any one who joined this sect died they secretly took out his eyes, had a desire to test the matter. So for some days he ate nothing, and word was sent to the priest that he was about to die. The priest came, and, sure enough, he had a little knife in his hand. Coming forward, he was about to cut out Wang's eyes, when he, springing up suddenly, beat him and drove him out of his house, and cut off his head and destroyed his image of Jesus. When this affair came to be known in the capital the Emperor rewarded him liberally."

### Some Boxer Superstitions.

Another story the Boxers are spreading is that the foreigners have a magic medicine which, if rubbed on the palm of the hand and held up before the face of a Chinese, will hypnotize him and make him the slave of the foreigner. They say that this medicine is made out of the eyes of infants and young children, and that the missionaries steal them for that purpose. I have often seen

October 7, 1900.]

then going through an interior Chinese town, a C. Another put her hand over the eyes of her child. I saw a head in a shawl until I had passed out of sight. A massacre at Tien-Tsin in 1870, in which more than 100 of the French Sisters of Charity were treated badly as our missionary girls are being treated. It was caused by a rumor that these nuns were kidnapping children for their eyes.

It is on the crushed-eyed theory that the Chinese does not like to be photographed. When his face is on the photographic plate he believes the evil eye mixture with which it is covered catches his soul, and that the owner of the plate can cause all sorts of evil thereafter. I have had Chinese break my camera after I had photographed them, and several times had narrow escapes in using it.

### Foreigners Accused of Spreading the Plague.

Another queer story comes probably from the fear of the bubonic plague. It is stated in some of the interior provinces that the foreigners are now buying for 3 cash each and giving them poison. After they scatter the lice abroad among the people, they believe that a louse thus poisoned has a fatal bite, and also communicates the disease to its descendants. One who has traveled in China knows that the people are infested with insects, and this story has had a bad effect.

In one of the cities a man was found buying lice. When being asked what he was doing, he replied that he had been paid to get them for the hospital. Such stories seem ridiculous to Americans, but among the Chinese are accepted as truth, with terror and dread.

### Foreign Medicine Factory.

Stories of this kind are sometimes illustrated with pictures. For instance, I saw in a Chinese magazine an illustration of how the foreigners make medicine. It showed men in American clothes were bending over a cauldron in which the heads and legs of men were cooking. Beside the kettles were baskets and tubs filled with Chinese humans cut in pieces. In another cut a man was grinding up the bones and flesh, and in a third a missionary was shoveling the ghastly stuff into the scales for weighing. In another room the scales were being packed up by straight-eyed white men in foreign dress.

### The Hog Cartoons.

Some of the worst cartoons which have been distributed are those representing the missionaries as goats. The Chinese character which represents the word goat and that which represents hog are substantially the same, and one of the nicknames for the Christian religion in the provinces of the Upper Yang-tse is "the religion of the crucified hog." A few years ago millions of colored cartoons, picturing a hog fastened to a cross, Chinese bowmen shooting arrows into it, were distributed all over China. For a similar reason they call the missionaries "pig-devils," the characters for foreigner and for pig being much the same. I have before me a cartoon in which a Chinese executioner is cutting off the heads of foreigners. The bodies are like those of men, but the heads are goat heads. Other cartoons show pictures of hell, in which the Buddhist deities are sawing the pigs and goats into pieces and torturing them in other ways.

These cartoons are printed in red, purple and blue. Each is about half the size of an ordinary newspaper. They have been made by the millions and have been sold in boats and canoes all over China. Each contains characters about its edges denouncing the missionaries and telling lies about them, many of which are too gross to publish.

### Boxer Tracts.

It is impossible to conceive the extent of the circulation of Boxer tracts. It is considered a crime to distribute them, and 800,000 of one issue were sent out by a club of eight men.

These tracts are incendiary in the extreme. They incite the Chinese to rise and sweep the foreigners off the face of the earth. One tract has an illustration of a sword which has been especially made for the purpose of Protestants and Romanists. Every family, poor, is commanded to join in the butchery and the flesh of the Christians among themselves—two and a half pounds, to each man. They are to boil the flesh and offer it in sacrifice to their gods and ancestors and their parents.

### One of Their War Songs.

I have copies of a number of the incendiary songs. I give a translation of only one, entitled "Choo-Choo Choo."

"To forgive men is virtuous,  
To forgive pigs is sinful;  
To injure men is to be robbers,  
To injure pigs is to be heroes.  
Say it out!  
Rout them out!  
Save men, save to the utmost;  
Kill pigs, kill to the last.  
Seize the Christians!  
Fine I'll chop them.  
Fat meat,  
Fresh blood;  
Take seats,  
Feast, friends.  
Coarse skin, big bones;  
My teeth grind small.  
Talk of bishops,  
All make chops."

### Angels to Help the Boxers.

In most of the placards which are now being distributed it is stated that the heavenly powers are sending multitudes of spirits to help the Chinese drive the foreigners. These spirits are supposed to enter the bodies of the Boxers, and until it was actually tested the Boxers thought that this possession rendered them invincible. One, for instance, to prove



(1.) "The Hog of the Cross." This placard of Chinese killing foreigners helped cause the riots in the Yang-tse some years ago. (2.) Chinese cartoon of missionaries cutting eyes out of dead Chinese. (3.) Chinese placard showing foreigners' fate in hell. The hog represents the foreigner. The men are Buddhist devils.

composed of government officials and Buddhist priests, who hold their meetings in the monasteries throughout the empire and in the very back rooms of the government offices themselves. These men have their printing establishments, and are sending out placards, cartoons and insurrectionary songs throughout the provinces. They have, I am told, organized the country just as our politicians organize for a Presidential campaign, and have their runners working up clubs in the various districts. They have the support of men of influence in every province, and a number of the Governors are said to have taken the oath of the order.

The positions of Prince Tuan, Governor Yu of Shantung and Gen. Tung Fu-Shiang are well known; they are with the Boxers. Just where Li Hung Chang, Chang Chi Tung, Sheng and others stand is uncertain, but they, like the most of the officials, are merely the tools of the old Empress Dowager, and dance as she pulls the string.

### A Story of the Empress Dowager.

The Empress Dowager will probably now deny all con-

devils) before everything is ready. You must have some responsible leaders in Chihli and Shantung to control them." With this the audience terminated, but the next day, by imperial orders, Wang was given a high position in Peking. He was elevated from a sixth-grade official to a fourth-grade metropolitan post, and that one of great importance.

Although since the Tien-Tsin massacre Chinese officials have been forbidden to refer to foreigners as devils, in the above interview the Empress herself is said to have done so, speaking contemptuously of them as "Yang-kuei-tse."

### Why the Chinese Favor the Russians.

The bulk of the missionaries come from Great Britain and the United States, and the massacres are another evidence that the higher officials rather despise us Anglo-Saxons, and are looking for the Russians to help them out of their troubles. They evidently did not think Russia would be involved in the war, for before its outbreak the relations between Russia and China were very close. Indeed, it is now whispered that Russia will receive Man-



when going through an interior Chinese town, a Chinese mother put her hand over the eyes of her child or hid its head in a shawl until I had passed out of sight. The massacre at Tien-Tsin in 1870, in which more than a score of the French Sisters of Charity were treated almost as badly as our missionary girls are being treated now, was caused by a rumor that these nuns were kidnapping children for their eyes.

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could not be killed, took a revolver and shot himself in the breast. Unfortunately the bullet missed the spirit and killed the man. Another is said to have put six shots into himself and remained unharmed.

The placards state that the war is a heavenly one, and that it will take three years before the foreigners are driven out of China. There are to be no more foreigners after 1903.

One of the worst features is the teaching of the children. Companies of child-Boxers have been organized in nearly every town and district, and they may be seen going through the evolutions of the society. They are boys and girls between 10 and 20 years of age. They are taught that the only salvation of China is to get rid of the foreigners, and that the Lord is to aid them.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

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## FUN IN PARLIAMENT.

JOKES, BULLS, QUIPS AND RETORTS AND WITTY SAYINGS OF THE PAST SESSION.

[London Daily Telegraph:] Speaking from long and intimate experience, the Chancellor of the Exchequer has just referred to the past session as the dullest and least interesting that he remembers. And yet the picture is not so dark in all its colors. There have been bright debates, powerful speeches, attacks dauntlessly made and skillfully and vigorously repelled. Moreover, the session has given us many witty sayings and more than the average number of oddities of phrase, which, when the humor is unconscious, both houses so gleefully welcome. To Mr. Flavin the Commons have been indebted for several delightfully comical outbursts. He is a man of quick temper, but there is amiability in his anger, for it is obvious that he is angry with himself for being angry with those who are moved to laughter by the quaintness of his expressions. It was he who said: "It was all right for you to send Irishmen to the front to be killed in your wars, and then come back and spend the remainder of their lives in an Irish workhouse." From him also came the assurance that "as brave a heart beats beneath the tunic of an Irish Fusilier as beneath the kilt of a Gordon Highlander." It was one of his colleagues who rose and announced, "I am now going to repeat what I was prevented saying." The use of a wrong word by Mr. Flavin once gave a peculiar significance to his eulogy of the Boers' bravery, for, according to him, there were to be found among those who took the field "the beardless boy of 16 and the gray-headed burglar of 60." A similar slip was made by Mr. MacNeill, who characterized as an insult to the Irish members the erection in the neighborhood of the House of Parliament of an equestrian statue to Oliver Cromwell.

But it is not the Nationalists who alone perpetrate a bull, for this week Sir E. Ashmead-Bartlett spoke of certain schemes advocated by honorable gentlemen behind him, who he was sorry to see were not in their places. Although scarcely a bull, there was quiet irony in Sir Wilfrid Lawson's reference to a naval engagement which was about to commence between the Chinese and Japanese, in which a junk was seen conveying the Chinese commander to a place of safety. Another honorable member, who holds views of his own as to vaccination, urged the president of the local government board to issue a return of the number of children still unborn who were unvaccinated, and it was only the other day that Mr. MacNeill moved that the lords' amendment to a bill "be now considered this day three months." E. Robertson was held to have committed a "bull" when he declared that the extravagance of the army officers should be stamped out with a stern hand. The quick transference of the attention of Parliament from one subject to another often affords amusement. One evening the House had finished the discussion of a matter of grave importance, and an air of responsibility and even of solemnity had settled down upon the House. Members, with hushed expectancy, saw Mr. Ritchie, of tall and commanding figure, rise and, advancing to the table amid perfect silence, ask leave to introduce a bill to prevent the sale of immature fish!

Samuel Smith is very serious and solemn, but by his speeches on what he regards as the immorality of modern plays and the disgraceful condition of the London streets, he was the cause of much amusement. He is so sincere and earnest in his desire for reform that T. B. Curran's question as to whether his views on the latter point were derived from personal experience was comical from its very audacity. Certainly his motion for a stricter supervision of theatrical performances led to one of the brightest debates of the session. T. P. O'Connor's description of the sort of play which, if he could like any play, Mr. Smith would prefer to see produced, was admirable—"An Adelphi melodrama, with a villain (Mr. Bowles suggested a Tory,) not necessarily a Tory, but a baron, and perhaps a marquis with all the vices of the aristocracy, and a hero of the humbler classes, with all the virtues of the humbler classes, in which, of course, there was an Irishman with all the humor; by which it was conclusively proved that virtue, especially in the humbler classes, was always triumphant, and vice, especially in the higher classes, was always visited with just punishment."

Then came Mr. Bowles, who, comforting Mr. Smith with the assurance that theatrical plays were intolerably dull, asked the honorable gentleman where, if he wished to see a play of the passions, he could be so certain to find it as in the House of Commons? "Where," proceeded Mr. Bowles, "was there such a scene of amity and concord to be found as among the nineteen men of genius who formed Her Majesty's government? Such unexampled fidelity to be found as on the front ministerial bench? When he saw ministers walking together arm in arm in the street, and when he recalled what he knew of their secret history, he felt that he had a better play in his mind than any that was ever produced on the stage." But the sting of Mr. Bowles' speech was in its tail, for he concluded by drawing a picture of Mr. Smith wandering through art galleries and museums with his pocket full of fig leaves wherewith to make good the sartorial deficiencies of painted and sculptured figures.

The session has given us two notable specimens of what may be called the reductio ad absurdum argument. It was

with no friendly intent toward the bill compelling shopkeepers to provide seats for their assistants that James Lowther gave notice that he would move that each seat should have a cushion or stuffing not less than three inches thick and be fitted with rests, similarly upholstered, for the arms. More subtle was the method by which the Earl of Kimberley cast ridicule upon those who contended that in the Cruelty of Wild Animals in Captivity Bill there lurked danger to various forms of sport. With perfect gravity he suggested that the bill would probably put an end to fishing with a worm as bait. The peers looked their surprise, and he therefore proceeded to demonstrate the logical soundness of his proposition. "This is a bill," he in effect said, "to prevent cruelty to wild animals in captivity; the schedule says the word animal shall be held to include reptile; a worm may be held to be a reptile; a worm impaled on a hook must certainly be held to be in captivity, therefore the angler who uses a live worm for bait would be guilty of cruelty to an animal in captivity."

## THE RHINOCEROS BIRD FOUND OUT. HE HAS BECOME A CARNIVOROUS ANIMAL AND MUTILATES CATTLE.

[London Standard:] The rhinoceros birds of Africa have long enjoyed the reputation of being friends of man, by reason of the services they render in ridding cattle and horses of insect pests. From the days of Le Vaillant down to our own times, travelers have written in their praise; and the account of these birds and their habits is one of the brightest bits of description in Millais's "Breath from the Veldt." In appreciation of their good offices they were awarded special protection at the International Conference on the Preservation of Wild Animals in Africa, held in London last May.

For some little time, however, it has been doubted whether their usefulness had not been overestimated, or, at any rate, whether the good they did was not more than counterbalanced by the injury inflicted by them on domestic animals in probing and deepening existing wounds. These misgivings were strengthened when Lord Phillips told us how the Arabs detested the rhinoceros birds because they worried the camels; and Hawker wrote of the Somalis driving them away when they tried to settle on the baggage ponies. Now a much graver charge is brought against them, backed up by convincing evidence, at least so far as regards one part of Africa.

Prof. Ray Lankester has just published a letter from Capt. Hinde, of the British East Africa Protectorate, in which that officer says that, owing to the destruction of the native herds in Ukumbani by the cattle plague, and the eating up of the sheep and goats in the famine, the birds were deprived of their accustomed insect food. In consequence of this they have become carnivorous, and attack any domestic animal not constantly watched and protected. Capt. Hinde asserts that perfectly healthy animals have had their ears eaten, and holes torn in their backs and flanks, by these birds with their large and powerful bills. This categorical statement puts the alteration in their feeding habits beyond all possible doubt, and shows, in the words of Prof. Lankester, "that they are dangerous and noxious creatures," at least in that part of the protectorate of which Capt. Hinde writes.

This change of insect food to the flesh of living vertebrates is paralleled in the case of the kea parrots of New Zealand, which formerly fed on the grubs that lived in the woolly tufts of a composite plant allied to the cudweed. Within recent years, however, they have frequented sheep stations for the sake of the offal from the slaughter sheds. Now they will kill sheep for themselves, digging down through skin and flesh till they reach their favorite morsel. The change of habits in the rhinoceros birds seems to have been brought about by the scarcity of their ordinary food, and in the kea parrots by the opportunity of procuring new and toothsome food with comparatively little trouble. In both cases, human agency plays an important, though indirect, part, and the story of the rhinoceros birds is one more instance of the influence of civilized man on a fauna strange to the conditions which he brings in his train.

## A SUBURBAN BURGLAR ALARM.

[Chicago Tribune:] There had been an unusual number of petty robberies in one of the suburban towns, and the men on the incoming train were talking about the matter. There were the usual expressions of opinion that there should be more constables or watchmen, and that the villains ought to be hanged, and that the people should take the law into their own hands.

"That's all very well," said one man, "but it happens that no one has known that he was robbed until the next morning, with the exception of two or three cases where noises were heard, and then those who heard them were afraid to investigate."

"That is cowardly," said another suburbanite. "No, it isn't," replied the first speaker. "It's only natural. I would rather have the fellows carry off my house than run up against the muzzle of a cold pistol."

"Do you mean to say that we must tamely submit to these outrages?" demanded a tall, thin man, excitedly.

"Not by any means. We ought to arm ourselves and have a concerted scheme of action. One of the articles of defense that every householder should have is a horn."

"What's the good of a horn?" asked two or three at once.

"Hit 'em with it?"

"Finest alarm in the world. A rattle is no use at all, pistols are out of the question with amateurs, and there is no use shouting out of the window, because the lone policeman will either not hear you or think it is a party come home hilarious. But you try a horn—one of those Christmas or masquerade affairs about two feet long, that makes a hoarse roar like a mad bull. In the stillness of the night the effect would be to wake the town, and when the sound was heard it would be the signal for every man to rush out in the street with any weapon he had handy. Oh, you needn't be afraid that the thieves would wait to ask what was up. They are not courting publicity, and at the first note they would streak it. And if the policeman was asleep he would awake and know exactly what had happened, and be on the lookout. Oh, it's a great scheme! What do you say if I call a meeting at the Town Hall and talk it over?"



October 7, 1900.]

## Current Literature. Reviews by Adachi Kinnosuke.

## FICTION.

When Man is Young and Foolish.

IT WAS a sultry evening upon the Indian Ocean. A maid sat upon the lonely deck of a steamer—she was going to meet her destiny. That is to say, she was bound for India to marry a Hindoo prince. Beside her sat a man young and foolish. When they reached Bombay (Oh, there were a few spasms in the breast of the man, young and foolish, which looked much like the death gasps of a very theatrical conscience, for the man, young and foolish, was engaged to another girl,) they married secretly, the man and the maid. The man, young and foolish, had a tender heart; he, naturally, could not stand the thought of seeing that charming maid enter into an Inferno with such a desperate despair. He married the maid. But the young and fool man was without money. The young girl, however, to whom he was engaged and whom he forgot in his transport of pity and love for the maid bound for the Inferno, had a great deal. Moreover, she was very ill, the girl to whom the young man was engaged; there was no hope for her, the doctors said. At the suggestion of the maid whom the young man had married (she was rigorous in her investigation of the certainty of the early death of the other girl,) the man, young and foolish, married the girl with money. And the young man, young and foolish, who had gone heroically to the rescue of the maid, hurled himself into a hades. And the story goes on through the clever and charmingly wrought sentence—for the author commands a graceful prose style indeed—in its wise, studious, and entertaining way.

As you see then, there is nothing so very striking in the plot of the story. In the treatment thereof, I fail to see anything great in the expression of emotional intensity. And that is as it should be—a great or intense emotion would be utterly out of place with a man, young and foolish.

It is an exceedingly charming reading all the way through; for the tragedy of the small is so entertaining for the sense of humor of the many. Moreover I have said that the author is no child with the pen. And in his easy, natural way of telling his story, full of pauses and leaps over untold gaps, there is a touch of art which cannot be gainsaid.

And then, too, there is a goodly number of people in this world to whom this ought to be a solemn sermon. [The Dishonor of Frank Scott. By M. Hamilton. Harpers, New York. Price \$1.50.]

A New Collection of Mr. Stockton's Short Stories.

With his usual free air of a millionaire in words and paper, entirely free from any such ridiculous chains as economy, Mr. Stockton has spread eleven of his yarns over 422 neatly-printed pages. A number of his friends—and they are many—will doubtless see humor in some of these and in others, sentiment. At least that is what I am told. If he succeed in doing all that, heaven forbid that I should be found a stumbling block across any young lady's path! I do not see, however, why the genial author does not see it wise to carry the elegance and ease of style and faint perfume of letters which one sees in his five-page introduction, into the body of the book—into every one of the stories. To be sure, here and there, you seem to catch the glimpses of pleasant and excellent things, but then we want good things oftener. As usual there is not lacking those extravagant situations and impossibilities peculiar to the author; but I looked in these stories for the things which made you laugh in "Rudder Grange" and in vain.

[Afield and Afloat. By Frank R. Stockton. Scribners, New York. Price \$1.50.]

It is Rather Funny.

The author has built out of the matrimonial escapades of a certain sea captain—he is known in the book under the name of Flower, although he is engaged to a girl under the name of Robinson—a book, foolish, funny and altogether entertaining.

"I've been making a fool of myself, Jack," confides the hero of the yarn—and he seems to have had one of the rarest moments of truth telling just at that moment—to his mate. "But what did you get engaged to her for?" The mate was curious. "She fell violently in love with me," was the answer, "I was just a child in her hands. You know my easy-going nature." And the tale goes on:

"But you made love to her," expostulated the mate. "In a way, I suppose I did," admitted the other. "But didn't you remember Miss Banks while all this was going on?" "In a way," said Flower, "yes—in a way. But after a man's been engaged to a woman nine years, it's very easy to forget, and every year makes it easier. Besides I was only a boy when I was engaged to her." "Twenty-eight," said Fraser. "Anyway I was not old enough to know my own mind," said Flower, "and my uncle and old Mrs. Banks made it up between them." "If you are not very careful," said Fraser, impressively, "you'll lose both of 'em." The skipper leaned over the table, and glanced carefully around. "Just what I want to do," he said in a low voice. "I'm engaged to another girl." "What?" cried the mate, raising his voice. "Three?" "Three," repeated the skipper. "Only three," he added hastily.

In this I have introduced the genial character of the skipper and from this you may have a fair warning of what the book is in general. Of course it is full of laughable adventures of the "easy-going" skipper; and where it is not lacking in ludicrous situations, you may know that it was not because the author despises frivolity. What some wise people call frivolous (and puts on airs because they fancy that they are above it,) is getting a matter of serious import in this sad world. To make others laugh—think it over well in the dead of night, the night when you have murdered sleep completely—is after all a divine gift as much as the wisdom of a prophet or poet. The author ought to be congratulated for the partiality of nature in

endowing him so much fun to amuse himself and his brethren and the reading public ought to be exceedingly grateful for the books that come from him bubbling over with foolish fun.

[A Master of Craft. By W. W. Jacobs. Frederick A. Stokes, New York. For sale by Fowler Bros.]

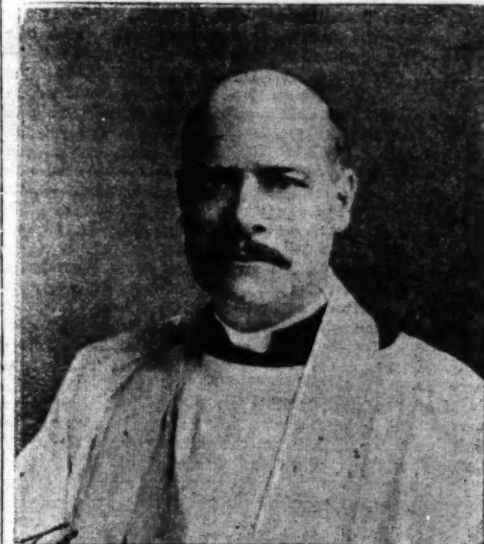
## ANECDOTAL.

Rev. Mr. Brady's Recollections.

Out of the memory—very marvelously tenacious, it is, by-the-by—of the pious but far more laborious past, when he was a missionary in the West, the good story-teller of many a brave fight on sea, has culled many entertaining stories. We have his word for it, all save one of these stories are actual experiences of his—actually happened—"to the best of my recollection," that is to say, as he says. The book, therefore, is a collection of many and many short stories of which some are amusing and most of them are meant to teach something good to those who read them, and there are even a few which are wise. Full also, it is of touching bits of tender pictures of love, of devotion for humanity, God, children and even for a pig. And a preacher—it matters not whether he be a Methodist or Episcopalian—who would afford his flock an entertaining Sunday morning on the famous and ever-attractive text, "Out of the mouth of babes and sucklings, etc.," can hardly find a better reference book than this collection of anecdotes.

As I have stated these entertaining bits of tales are supposed to have come from the memory-land of a pious missionary. Naturally, you would suppose that it is full of edification; and you are right. At the same time, the piety of the book is an advanced type. Herbert Spencer claims fully a page of it.

"One day I was seated in the station at Medicine Lodge awaiting the train. I was reading intently, and was ab-



REV. C. T. BRADY.  
[From The Critic.]

sorbed in my book, but I noticed a cowboy walking in the room eyeing me, evidently desiring to be sociable. He finally stopped before me, saying: 'Good mornin', stranger; 'w'at mought you be a-doin'?' 'I am reading,' I answered. 'W'at are you readin'?' 'A book on evolution,' 'W'at's evolution?' he asked curiously. Herbert Spencer's famous definition was on the page before my eyes, and without a second's hesitation I read it off in the most rapid manner: 'Evolution is an integration of matter and concomitant dissipation of motion, during which matter passes from an indefinite, incoherent homogeneity to a definite coherent heterogeneity, during which the retained motion undergoes a parallel transformation.' The effect was startling. 'My God!' he cried. And then, he stepped backward in his tracks, threw up his hands, gazed at me with astonished eyes, and, with jaws dropping in amazement, absolutely backed out of the room. I think this is the only instance on record of a cowboy being 'held up' by Herbert Spencer. It is unkind enough, so it would seem to me, to sling Herbert Spencer in one of his most lunatic paragraphs upon the unprotected and altogether too devoted head of a decent cowboy. But what can you say of the hardness and the frigidity of heart of a missionary who could write such as the following on the most gentle of the martyred races—the chicken?

"Chicken to the right of me, chicken to the left of me, chicken before me, chicken behind me! Chicken, chicken everywhere, and not a drop of drink—which is a mixture of metaphors or something; but let it pass as it was in a prohibition State! I wondered sometimes that I did not turn into a chicken myself. I think I could write a feeling essay, 'On the Prevalence of Chicken in the Diocese of X—.'"

Spite of assurances, I am not at all so sure of his ability of writing the essay. What I think is that he is at least thoroughly qualified to become wise on "The Unexpectedness of a Parson's Taste."

In speaking of one of the books which the author "perpetrated"—that is the author's own word and, mindful of my verdant youth and the ripeness of the author's pen, I do not have the nerve to improve upon it, much as I am tempted to do so—a certain clerical friend of his said to him: "Well, Archdeacon, there are several 'dams' and a

'hell' or two in that book of yours, but, after all, I think it might well go into the parish library." The author not certain "whether as a frightful example or not," I come to think of it, all the books I have read that author have in them something much more than "dams," "hells" and some gentle librarians of Sunday-schools have voted against them. If so, the author may have proud satisfaction of sleeping upon the thought of at least this present volume, in spite of Mr. Spencer, have, to say the least, a much, a very much better chance to be admitted into the gentle fold of literary land—over, the literary criticism, pure and simple, will have to delight itself in these pages because of the grace of its prose-style.

[Recollections of a Missionary in the Great West. Cyrus Townsend Brady. Scribners, New York. Price \$1.50.]

## POETRY.

From a Southern Poet.

Frank L. Stanton—you have seen the name, have you? In a number of current magazines? I have come to rather long over the lines that come above or stand in the name. It may be because they are in such a contrast, his lines, to the wordy inanities which are over another name—Clinton Scollard, with which the current magazines are pitted so universally.

The coming of a true singer is an event of more significance than the birth of a prince. At least such to be the opinion of the tenth or twentieth generation to the death of the poet. We know Homer; we know Virgil; the princes and the lords to whom he sang. In Miller, James Whitcomb Riley, and Mr. Markham have risen to the lofty dignity worthy for the art and gibes of the small and the envious. Still, they are lonely in this huge country. Therefore a volume of Stanton's poems is very likely to receive a very warm welcome. In it he has gathered many little careless bits (I am wrong, but somehow the volume gives me the impression that the poet has not taken himself and the Muse as yet) of "Plantation Songs" and those he groups under the titles, "Just from Georgia," "Songs of God," "The Philosopher," and "Love Songs."

"A Necklace of Love."  
"No rubies of red for my lady—  
No jewel that glitters and charms,  
But the light of the skies in a little one's eyes,  
And a necklace of two little arms."

"Of two little arms that are clinging  
(Oh, ne'er was a necklace like this!)  
And the wealth of the world and love's sweetness  
In the joy of a little one's kiss."

"A necklace of love for my lady  
That was linked by the angels above.  
No other but this—and the tender sweet kiss  
That sealed a little one's love."  
Simple and tender—and you know that is a gem in a poet of the age that takes Kipling seriously.

"'Twas gittin' long 'fo' Chris'mas, w'en de holly was red,  
En you feels it in yo' fints dat 'de fros' is on de snow,  
W'en de angels is oncravellin' or de snowflakes in de air,  
En de worl' wrop up 'twell mawrin' in a freakin' white."

And the rest of "A Christmas Conversion" is a sample of the dialect verses in the book. Nothing so very great, strong—all the same things which tell you that a poet is there somewhere, and you were to take the trouble of putting these poems side of Richard Watson Gilder's!

[Songs from Dixie Land. By Frank L. Stanton. Merrill Company, Indianapolis. Price \$1.25.]

## TRAVEL.

The Republics of Colombia and Venezuela.

The author has gathered the result of his studies in Colombia and Venezuela—especially in the two years from 1892 to 1899 and grouped them under following titles: "The Isthmus of Panama," "Panama Canal Project," "Old Spanish Main," "The Valley of the Magdalena," "Mule Ride in the Andes," "The Colombian Capital," "Alta-Plain of Bogota," "Manners and Customs," "The Problem in America," "Democracy in South America," "Spanish-American Revolutions," "Rights of Foreign South America," "Colombia and its Possibilities," "The Land of Curacao," "The Venezuelan Coast," "Canal Environments," "Where is Venezuela," "Staple Products of Venezuela," "Mineral Products of Venezuela," "About the Monroe Doctrine," "The Monroe Doctrine and Mosquito Coast Controversy," "The Disputed El Guapo," "The Anglo-Venezuelan Boundary Dispute," "The Arbitration Tribunal of 1899," "The Principle of National Arbitration."

In his official capacity of Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary of the United States to Colombia and Venezuela, the author has enjoyed, it goes without saying, many an opportunity of study and observation which meant for every one. There is something exceedingly vivacious in the author's pictures of the scenes. The descriptive chapters were written on or near the spot described, and have been carefully revised, from time to time, as those localities have been revisited, or as they have undergone material changes during the past quarter century," says the author; and that explains it all. Over it would not hurt the future map-makers of South America to be studios over these pages. The author takes the trouble of setting to rights over errors which are being smiled or pouted into (as it may be) the heads in modern schoolrooms. It goes to saying, too, that the author has always kept in view the commercial possibilities of the country—those which are the closest to American enterprises.

fondness of the author for details, for the small things which so many men are careless and, after all, so much to do with life, seems to have made a very helpful indeed for a traveler in the lands where he deals.

[The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics. By L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$1.50.]

## HAWAII.

A Physician's Book on Hawaii.

Dressed in a cheap and atrociously shocking make-up comes a volume on Hawaii from the government physician. They are well written, and to take the words of the author in the preface, and to take the observations of many years. From sketchy and for the most part made up of the author's impressions of Hawaiian scenes and is in this book that which would suit those who would give a few months of vacation to the islands. The author promises two other books "which will be near." And it may be that the student of serious people who would learn something worth knowing about Hawaii may find, in the coming volume, things for which they may feel very grateful to [Beneath Hawaiian Palms and Stars. By K. S. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati.]

## BOOKS ON CHINA.

A Brief Summary of Chinese History and Life.

The book opens with the "general survey" of the past, and gives you in the briefest possible space some of "Chinese History," "Recent Events," "Language and Literature," "Government of China," "Towns and Manners," "Real Life at Nippon," "War," "Divorce," "Religion and Philosophy," "Commerce," "Army and Navy," and it concludes with a brief and insufficient chronology of China.

There is one thing about this book which is your notice. Some of the chapters—I am sure know how many or which ones; and the book about the matter—were written by Gen. Tchen, Military Attaché of Imperial Legation at Paris. Accounts perhaps for the remarkable accuracy—entirely too brief—of the chapters on the Chinese and literature. The scholarship and the breadth that you meet within the chapters which naturally credit to Gen. Tchen, are not at all those of us who know something more of a Chinese man than what a three-months-in-a-treaty-trotter or a certain class of missionaries say about the same time, these pages must be a revelation to the good people in this goodly land, who hear of the I-Ho organization ("Boxers," the call it,) for the first time since the Chinese trouble.

[The Empire of China: Past and Present. Tchen-Ki-Tong, John Henry Gray, and Others. Nally & Co., Chicago.]

The Chinese Crisis of 1900.

For the benefit of the busy man, in a very brief and most accurate manner, and from a rather tance, a newspaper man has essayed to bring volume on the present trouble in China. In it is a brief résumé of Chinese history, the story of the Rebellion, of the Chino-Japanese War; the cause up to the present crisis and as well something of the present, religion, and civilization of China. Chapter also which deals with the four notable in China, by which he, the author, means, Dowager, the Emperor, Li-Hung-Chang, and Kowloon. The author brings the history of the current latter part of July. The book is one of which tell you how fast the modern pen may ready the printing press. [World-Crisis in China. By Allen S. Will. J. Company, Baltimore.]

## MEN AND THINGS LITERARY.

A notable and timely project is begun in number of Scribner's Magazine. There is no far East of greater importance than Russia, this time the series of seven papers on "Russia" by Henry Norman, will attract the widest attention. Norman is well-known by his books on international and travel among them, "The Peoples and the Far East." He has traveled all over the world, acquainted with its most important political. This series of articles on Russia is founded on a recently especially for Scribner's Magazine, and a journey over the great Trans-Siberian Railroad abundant opportunities to inspect the life of the Siberia. Mr. Norman also visited the Caucasus spending a month in Finland, studying the conditions of that people, who are being denationalized. The whole series, from the present article on "Capitals" (including a visit to Tolstoy,) to the on the political aspect of affairs, will be the most interesting literature on the present crisis in the world.

The October Lippincott's: Mr. Altshuler's "My Captive: A Tale of Tartar's Raiders," is vigorously treated. The "Captive" is the story of a British officer who gives considerable trouble, a member of the gallant Morgan's band, him a chase which ends in the capture of the "The Line of East Resistance," by Edith Wharton heart story of a husband whose wife regards him the means to an end. The "end" is a Newport limited freedom for herself. This work for a there comes a day of reckoning. Mrs. Wharton's satirical style well fits her subject and does not elude a humorous side to the dark picture. Mr. Altshuler's story, called "For the Saffron," is a tale of a magnificent sacrifice. Told, a little Cuban he knew he "was good enough to live, but not enough to die," and when danger threatened



October 7, 1900.]

nosuke.

years, but, after all, I think it is a very good example of a book which I have read from cover to cover. The author may have been upon the thought that in spite of Mr. Spencer, who, a very much better than the field of literary lamb. The book is simple, will have many because of the ease of reading in the Great West. The author, New York. Price \$2.50.

NY.

we even the name, have you seen? I have come to know that come above or stand below they are in such a strikingly insidious which are printed in Scotland, with which the author is universally.

There is an event of much importance. At least such a one as the twentieth generation of the name; we know of the name to whom he sang. Joseph, and Mr. Markham seem to be worthy for the caricature. The author, still, they are very.

Therefore a volume of the name receive a very warm welcome. Little careless bits (I may say) give me the impression of himself and the Muse setting up and those he groups in the name, "Songs of Good and Evil Songs."

body—  
charm,  
a little one's eyes,  
the arms.

are clinging  
like this!  
and love's sweetness imparts  
to him.

body  
angels above.  
tender sweet him  
love."

you know that is a great  
when Kipling seriously.  
Christmas, when de holly leaves

as that "we free" is on de shore;  
or de snowflakes in de night,  
mawna' is a freezing shore

times Conversion" is a happy  
in the book.  
song—all the same they're that  
it is there somewhere, but I  
le of putting these poems  
down!

By Frank L. Stanton. New  
York. Price \$1.25.]

RAVEL.

and Venezuela.

the result of his studies in the  
especially in the two republics  
—extending twenty-seven years  
—and then under following heads:  
"Panama Canal Project," "The  
Valley of the Magdalena,"  
"The Colombian Capital," "The  
Peoples and Customs," "The  
Democracy in South America,"  
"Rights of Foreigners," "The  
and its Possibilities," "The  
Venezuelan Coast," "Caracas  
of Venezuela," "Staple Products  
of Venezuela," "A View  
of the Monroe Doctrine and  
its History," "The Disputed El  
Dorado Dispute," "The Availability  
of 1899," "The Principle of

Navoy Extraordinary and the  
United States to Colombia  
enjoyed, it goes without saying  
and observation which has  
is something exceedingly  
pictures of the scenes. The  
written on or near the exact  
carefully revised, from these  
have been revisited, or as they  
be during the past quarter  
and that explains it all. The  
future map-makers of the  
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of getting to rights over so  
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schoolroom. It goes with  
has always kept steadily  
of the country—especially  
to American enterprise.

kindness of the author for details, for the small things over which so many men are careless and, after all, which have so much to do with life, seems to have made this book very helpful indeed for a traveler in the lands with which he deals.

[The Colombian and Venezuelan Republics. By William L. Scruggs. Little, Brown & Co., Boston. Price \$2.50.]

## HAWAII.

## A Physician's Book on Hawaii.

Deemed in a cheap and atrociously shocking cover and make-up comes a volume on Hawaii from the pen of its government physician. They are well written, these pages, and to take the words of the author in the preface, they contain his observations of many years. Fragmentary, sketchy and for the most part made up of the records of the author's impressions of Hawaiian scenes and men, there is in this book that which would suit those careless people who would give a few months of vacation to the islands. The author promises two other books "which will be somewhat nearer." And it may be that the students and the serious people who would learn something worth the knowing about Hawaii may find, in the coming volumes, some things for which they may feel very grateful to the author.

[Smooth Hawaiian Palms and Stars. By E. S. Goodhue. The Editor Publishing Company, Cincinnati.]

## BOOKS ON CHINA.

## A Brief Summary of Chinese History and Life.

The book opens with the "general survey" of things, China, and gives you in the briefest possible space the epitome of "Chinese History," "Recent Events in China," "Language and Literature," "Government of China," "Customs and Manners," "Real Life at Nippon," "Woman—Marriage—Divorce," "Religion and Philosophy," "Finance and Commerce," "Army and Navy," and it concludes with Lord Dunsford's speech before the Commercial Club, Chicago, and the brief and insufficient chronology of China.

There is one thing about this book which is worthy of your notice. Some of the chapters—I am sure I do not know how many or which ones; and the book is silent about the matter—were written by Gen. Tcheng-Ki-Tong, Military Attaché of Imperial Legation at Paris. And that accounts perhaps for the remarkable accuracy—although it is entirely too brief—of the chapters on the Chinese history and literature. The scholarship and the breadth of view that you meet within the chapters which you would naturally credit to Gen. Tcheng, are not at all surprising to those of us who know something more of a Chinese gentleman than what a three-months-in-a-treaty-port globe-trotter or a certain class of missionaries say about him. At the same time, these pages must be a revelation to some of the good people in this goodly land, who heard of Taku Fort and the I-Ho organization ("Boxers," the newspapers call it) for the first time since the Chinese trouble of the year.

[The Empire of China: Past and Present. By Gen. Tcheng-Ki-Tong, John Henry Gray, and Others. Rand, McNally & Co., Chicago.]

## The Chinese Crisis of 1900.

For the benefit of the busy man, in a very hasty and not the most accurate manner, and from a rather goodly distance, a newspaper man has essayed to bring out a little volume on the present trouble in China. In it you can find a brief résumé of Chinese history, the story of the Taiping rebellion, of the Chinese-Japanese War; the causes which led up to the present crisis and as well something of the government, religion, and civilization of China. There is a chapter also which deals with the four notable characters in China, by which he, the author, means, the Empress Dowager, the Emperor, Li-Hung-Chang, and Kang-Yu-Wei.

The author brings the history of the current event to the latter part of July. The book is one of those things which tell you how fast the modern pen moves and how ready the printing press.

[World-China in China. By Allen S. Will. John Murphy Company, Baltimore.]

## MEN AND THINGS LITERARY.

A notable and timely project is begun in the October number of Scribner's Magazine. There is no factor in the war of greater importance than Russia, and just at this time the series of seven papers on "Russia of Today," by Henry Norman, will attract the widest attention. Mr. Norman is well-known by his books on international politics and travel among them, "The Peoples and Politics of the Far East." He has traveled all over the world and is acquainted with its most important political personages. The series of articles on Russia is founded on a trip taken especially for Scribner's Magazine, and it included a journey over the great Trans-Siberian Railroad, with abundant opportunities to inspect the life of the people in Siberia. Mr. Norman also visited the Caucasus and is now spending a month in Finland, studying the peculiar conditions of that people, who are being denationalized by Russia. The whole series, from the present article on "The Two Capitals" (including a visit to Tolstoy,) to the final papers on the political aspect of affairs, will be the most illuminating literature on the present crisis in the world's politics.

The October Lippincott's: Mr. Altshuler's novel, entitled "My Captive: A Tale of Tarleton's Raiders," is a romance, vividly treated. The "Captive" is the daring daughter of a British officer who gives considerable trouble to her captor, a member of the gallant Morgan's band. She leads him a chase which ends in the capture of the captor's heart. "The Line of Least Resistance," by Edith Wharton, is the heart story of a husband whose wife regards him simply as a means to an end. The "end" is a Newport villa and unlimited freedom for herself. This works for a while, but then comes a day of reckoning. Mrs. Wharton's clever, half-satirical style well fits her subject and does not fail to include a humorous side to the dark picture. Mrs. Crowninshield's story, called "For the Señora," is a touching sketch of a magnificent sacrifice. Tété, a little Cuban boy, said he knew he "was good enough to live, but not quite good enough to die," and when danger threatened a beautiful

woman who had been kind to him, he gave up his life for hers without hesitating a moment.

The striking characteristic of Ainslee's for October is its variety of strong fiction. "The Colonel's Last Campaign," by Brand Whitlock, is a stirring, realistic story of politics in the Middle West. "A Matter of Twenty Thousand," by Joe Lincoln, is a mirthful sea serpent yarn. "The Release of Five-Sixty-Four," by Dabney Marshall, is an affecting tale of a southern convict camp; and "Sister Taylor's Registered Letter," by Samuel Minturn Peck, is as deliciously humorous as it is true to life. "Little Muck" is an animal story of the cattle ranges in the Far West, full of warmth and sympathy. Among the articles is one entitled "Kwang Hsu and the Empress Dowager," which shows the Chinese Emperor and the Empress at short range. And Bliss Carman's poem in the number is a poem.

McClure, Phillips & Co. published on September 29, "An Eagle Flight," by Dr. José Rizal, a Filipino novel of great strength; "The Circular Study," by Anna Katharine Green (Rohlf), a dignified detective story of New York City; "The Fugitives," by Morley Roberts, a novel of love and adventure in the South African war; "American Fights and Fighters," by Rev. Cyrus T. Brady, a series of stories based on the early land and sea fights of our country.

"The Day of Wrath," a new novel by Maurus Jokai, will be issued from the press of McClure, Phillips & Co. early in October.

The publication list of the Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. for September 29 embraces a number of interesting works. Chief among these are "An American Anthology," the long-expected work by Edmund Clarence Stedman; "Squirrels and Other Fur Bearers," a group of life histories of fifteen small mammals, by John Burroughs; "A White Guard to Satan," an historical novel of Bacon's rebellion in Virginia in 1676, by Miss A. M. Ewell; a Cambridge Edition of the Complete Poetical Works of Elizabeth Barrett Browning, edited by Miss Harriet Waters Preston; "An Indian Giver" and "The Smoking Car," two handsomely-printed and bound little volumes, each containing a play by William Dean Howells; "Fortune's Boats," a romance for girls, by Barbara Yechton; "Ednah and Her Brothers," a child's story, by Eliza Orne White; and the eighteen small volumes of the "Little Classics," now issued in a new and improved form, are also set for publication on that date.

"The Story of a Young Man," by Clifford Howard, Elizabeth Stuart Phelps's new novel, "The Successors of Mary the First," "A Story of Beautiful Women," "Blue River Bear Stories," by the author of "When Knighthood Was in Flower," are all begun in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "Romances of Some Southern Homes" gives some glimpses of social life in the South before the war, and "The Longings of a Secluded Girl" and "A Minister Among the Cowboys" tell of achievements in face of obstacles.

Some wonderful things are described in the October number of St. Nicholas—Saturn as seen through the great telescope in the Lick Observatory in California; "A Yacht Race in the Clouds," which is by no means a fairy story; "A Boat That Pulls Itself Upstream," and "White Magic in a Bicycle Wheel," in which is shown that any boy who owns a bicycle may become more or less of a White Magician. R. Van Bergen writes a letter explaining the situation in China; "Two Dogs I Have Known," are described by Mrs. C. V. Jamison, author of "Lady Jane"; and there are short stories by Annie B. Jones, Lynn R. Meekins, Belle Moses, and others, verses by Mrs. Spofford, Albert Bigelow Paine, etc.

Outing for October: "A Treason of Nature," by Charles G. D. Roberts; "Poultry and Poultry Breeding in the United States," by H. S. Babcock; "The Place of the Automobile as a Sport Factor"; "Coursing on Western Prairies"; "The Development of the American Trotter"; "Some Russian Sports"; "The Woodcock and His Ways," and the "Jack-snipe Out of the North," are some of its leading features.

The fiction of October McClure's includes stories by Anita Fitch, Gelett Burgess, E. Hough, Edith Wyatt, Annie Webster, Myra W. Jacrell, and Josiah Flynt and Francis Walton. Mrs. Fitch's "The Lady With the Waterfall" is illustrated by Walter Glackens, the young artist whose individuality of style has lately brought him into prominence. "The Horse-Thief," by E. Hough, is a western story, told with remarkable bravado and with rollicking humor of style. As for the others, it is hard to say which is best, whether Josiah Flynt's account of the outcome of the murder of a New York policeman, or Gelett Burgess's partly American, partly foreign, sketch of "Mademoiselle Parchesi."

The popularity of the clever Frenchman, "Monsieur Beaucaire," has exhausted the supply of copies of the book. McClure, Phillips & Co., the publishers, are now printing another edition of 10,000, and the work will again be on sale in a few days. Richard Mansfield is preparing to present "Beaucaire" on the stage, following the production of his Henry the Fifth. The work of dramatization has been done largely by Mr. Tarkington, the author. It is not generally known that Mr. Tarkington gets his name, Booth, through relationship to the famous family of actors. This fact may explain the dramatic instincts that Mr. Tarkington possesses in so high a degree, and which are so clearly exhibited in his romance of the French prince who masquerades as a commoner.

## KNEW THEY WERE AMERICANS.

[Washington Post:] A compliment and a slur in the same breath are in a letter I have just received from a Washington girl who is in Paris.

"We were dining at Joseph's the other night," she writes, "when a delightfully-dressed woman sitting at a table near with a party of three sent one of the men with her to ask father if we were not Americans. She seemed to be saying, 'I told you so' to her friends, and as we came out she stopped me in the corridor to explain her odd proceeding. She was politeness itself.

"Mademoiselle will pardon me," she said with the most charming accent, 'but it was a wager. I have wagered my husband that we shall see fifty Americans this evening. It is now thirty-five we have seen, and Mme. B., who is with us, would not believe you were Americans. Mais, I was sure—sure!"

"Why were you so sure of it?" I asked.  
"Madame flashed a dazzling smile at me.  
"Oh!" she said, "the Americans have always the voices of the worst and the manners at table of the very, very best. I was sure."

## CHINESE PAWNSHOPS.

## THEY ARE KNOWN TO HAVE EXISTED OVER TWENTY-FIVE HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

[London Express:] What the public house or hotel is to an English town, the pawnshop is to a Chinese community. Its lofty solid building rears itself above the houses and forms the most prominent feature in the bird's-eye view of any city or town. They are now national institutions and were known to exist in the days of Confucius, over twenty-five hundred years ago.

In those days usurers charged exorbitant interest for money lent, and very frequently the borrower disappeared with his booty for good. To one ingenious shlylock there came an idea. As hostages were given in war as a guarantee of good faith, why should not borrowers deposit pledges for the money lent them? Thus originated pawnbroking in China. The pawnshop is a square building, towering to some seventy or eighty feet above the ground. The first twenty feet are built of solid granite, the remainder of best brick. As precautions against fire and thieves, they are most solidly built. No woodwork is allowed on the outside, and the walls are raised several feet above the roof. The windows are very small and tightly laced with thick iron bars, and inside are iron shutters to repel flames.

The eight or ten-storied building stands several feet back from the street line. There is a small doorway, and behind it stands a wooden screen bearing the name of the pawnshop. Instead of the English "three balls," the Chinese pawning sign consists of two. This represents the bottle gourd, used in China as a natural life buoy, and thus proclaims the pawnshop as "The Life Preserver."

Behind this signboard is a small courtyard where all business is transacted. The front of the shop is fenced off with iron bars, like a lion's cage, six feet above the ground. The Chinese coming to pawn his winter clothes hands up the bundle to the broker behind the bars.

The Chinese "uncle" fixes the price, gives the "nephew" a ticket and the money; the pledge is ticketed and packed away, just as in England.

The rates of interest are high. On advances of less than 10s., 36 per cent. per annum is charged. From 10s. to £1, 24 per cent., and on larger sums slightly less.

But during the winter months articles can be redeemed at a reduction of one-third in the interest, as a concession to the needs of the poor.

A pledge may hold good for three years. After that time it cannot be redeemed.

Periodically the pawnshops sell off their unredeemed pledges to second-hand shops, sales direct to the public being forbidden.

On migrating to Australia, America or elsewhere, the Chinaman pawns his implements of worship—censer, urn, tripod, etc., thus leaving them in security till his return. Pawnshops are also used as banks.

A man having saved some money consigns it to the pawnbroker for safe custody, paying a small fee for the privilege. From time to time he is admitted to see that his treasure is still intact or to add more to it.

There are three classes of pawnshops in China. The largest are, of course, the more respectable, while the smaller houses are more grasping in their business. Both are duly licensed by the government and pay an annual fee. There are also small secret pawnshops existing outside the law and only by connivance with the officials, whose complacency is purchased. In China the business of pawnbroking is honorable, and followed by the highest men in the kingdom. Much of Li Hung Chang's vast wealth has come and still comes from his five large pawnshops. He is pawnbroker as well as Viceroy.

The Chinese "uncle's" great enemies are fire and thieves. If fire originates in the shop the proprietor must pay the full value of all pledges destroyed. If the building is wrecked by a fire starting outside, the owner is exempt save for a small percentage. As to robbers, cartloads of stones are stored to repel an attack, prompted by the rich booty of the pawnshops. The attendants are also armed, but not infrequently the places are wrecked by gangs of robbers.

## A CASE OF THUMBS.

In the notebook of the late Bishop Fraser of Manchester there is a story of a former young curate of the English village of Stoke, which shows the value of a little common sense in deciding a knotty point, says a London periodical.

The curate, being exceedingly anxious at all times to do things in the order of the liturgy, once insisted, when marrying a couple, on the ring being put on the fourth finger. The bride rebelled, and finally said:

"I would rather die than be married on my little finger!" For an instant the curate wavered, then he said: "But the rubric says so."

Matters were at a standstill—the bride tearful, the groom uneasy, the curate determined—when the parish clerk stepped in and said:

"In these cases, sir, the thumb counts as a digit."

## DOROTHY AND HER PONY CART.

Miss Dorothy Brown is driving today  
Behind her own pony, a dear little bay.  
And why is she driving so fast and so far?  
She's off to the depot to meet her papa!  
In painting the picture, the harness, of course,  
Should be shiny black upon the brown horse.  
And when the black's dry, put on daubs of white,  
To imitate leather reflecting the light.  
Paint yellow the mountings to counterfeit brass,  
Pale yellow the straw upon this sweet lass.  
Bright red for the trimmings for Dorothy's hat,  
And put a blue ribbon upon her gray cat.  
Sage-green is just right for the trees; and between  
The trees and the road, a brilliant grass green.  
Dorothy's costume should be a dark blue;  
The cart should be black with a red stripe or two.  
Next week if you happen in Paint-Box town,  
We'll call just once more on Dorothy Brown.  
DOUGLAS S. BOTT.

the opening side of the building, 73 additional rooms, all newly furnished, every thing strictly first-class. Elevator. American plan, \$1.25 to \$3.00, latter includes suites, with private baths. European plan, 50 cents up.

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given 1... his bride.... Case of bubonic plague in Wales.... Corner-stone laid for German Catholic church in Jerusalem.... powder magazine at the Pr situated a half mile from town about 5:30 o'clock this aft



## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Thought Himself to Death.

THE startling fulfillment of the prediction of Mrs. Elizabeth Horstman of Mishawaka, Ind., made last July, when she was apparently in the best of health, that she would die on August 15, has set the press once more to discussing the probability of premonition of death. Mrs. Horstman, who was related by marriage to Bishop Horstman of Cleveland, is said to have been a person of great piety. It is not known that she was of a melancholy or a superstitious disposition. Neither is anything known as to the motive that prompted her to make the gloomy prediction. It is known, positively, however, that she made it and that it was fulfilled to the letter.

There are, of course, numerous interpretations of this event. One of the commonest is that founded on the fatalist theory. Her day had been appointed and she was informed of the time by some occult or supernatural agency. The spiritualist view, in its broadest sense, is hardly less common. She was advised by some departed near and dear one as to the time when she should die. The rational belief is that which is advanced by the Pittsburgh Dispatch: her death is clearly an example of the remarkable power which the mind exercises over the body.

It is known that fatal results followed the experiment of making a man believe that he had been lanced and was slowly bleeding to death. The story of the practical joke played by a lot of young French medical students on the janitor of their college is familiar. They accused him of some fictitious offense, gave him a mock trial, and sentenced him to death by decapitation. He was led to a block. Beside it was an ax. His upper body was bared and his eyes were bandaged. His head was forced down to the block. One of the students smote him across the neck with a wet towel and—he was dead. It is held that it was not the ill-usage or the shock that killed him, but his firm conviction that his time had come.

There are many cases recorded in which people have predicted the time of their deaths. Then there is the case where a man predicted the very hour at which he would give up the ghost. A few minutes before the hour struck he was told that he had been deceived; that the clock had been set back three hours and that the appointed time was long past. He at once recovered and remained in good health for many years. It is held that if Mrs. Horstman had been misled in regard to the calendar she would still be living.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

## The Youngest Automobile Driver.

MISS JEANETTE LINDSTROM, a bright, pretty little girl of 13, has broken the automobile record by being the youngest licensed driver of a horseless carriage in the world. She is a Chicago girl, and so proved her ability to manage an automobile that City Electrician Ellicott and Health Commissioner Reynolds gave her license No. 322, permitting her to operate a handsome little electric wagon, presented to her by her father.

An examination for automobile drivers was called for yesterday afternoon and ten applicants appeared.

Eight men were waiting to be examined for licenses, some of them being owners of fashionable rigs, but they all gave way to the youngest automobile driver in the world. Mr. Ellicott and Dr. Reynolds dropped all other business to listen to the pretty driver as she answered the necessary questions.

Dr. Reynolds found that her wrists are like steel from long practice in handling the levers of an automobile. Little Miss Lindstrom said she first learned how to manage a horseless carriage under the tuition of her father, C. A. Lindstrom of the Hewitt-Lindstrom Motor Company.

Miss Lindstrom came from Boston with her parents two years ago. She can handle a brake, a Stanhope or a horseless delivery wagon.—[Chicago Times-Herald.]

## New Treasure Ship.

IN A FEW days the new Argonaut, a submarine automobile, which now lies at anchor in the harbor at Bridgeport, Ct., will set forth on a cruise of adventure.

She will patrol the bottom of the sea along the coast of Long Island Sound and around Cape Cod.

She will poke her nose inquisitively into the wrecks that have gone to pieces on the rocks, and she will look into the affairs of the depths that have remained as a sealed book, awaiting the twentieth century submarine navigator to unfold.

With her one big electric eye, she will make light the dark places. Her wheels will furrow great ridges in the sand and the startled fishes will look in wonder at her. Hugo's Great Uncorker of the Bottles of the Ocean will become a verity, and the fleeting fancy of Jules Verne, who, in his "Twenty Thousand Leagues Under the Sea," was the inspiration of it all, will read like a volume of history.

The novelists have played their parts and the practical inventor has entered. Two years ago the old Argonaut made a thousand-mile pleasure voyage on the bottom of Chesapeake Bay. Now, rebuilt, enlarged and reconstructed, the new Argonaut will set forth on the real business for which she was designed—treasure hunting.

This search for hidden treasure is an old pursuit, yet the zest for it will never lessen so long as men rule and are ruled by gold. The possibilities of gaining untold riches long lost in the sea for the seeking is presented anew with the advent of the Argonaut.

One hundred million dollars of booty lies buried beneath the water along the North Atlantic Coast, and these marine mines of wealth have been indicated on a chart of wrecks issued by the United States government. No wonder these modern Argonauts, filled with the spirit of daring and adventure, are enthusiastic over their coming voyage.

They purpose to begin near home by looking up the wrecks in Long Island Sound, their submarine boat being so equipped that she can remain under water for days at a time. Under the direction of her captain the queer little

craft will proceed to hunt for the wrecks as zealously as mariners, who sail upon the sea, instead of under it, seek to avoid these spots.—[New York Journal.]

## Gave His Mamma a Scare.

MME. WU, wife of the Chinese Minister, her son, Chow Tsu, and Charles Lee, a colored servant, went shopping in Wu Ting Fang's automobile today. As they were returning home Chow Tsu, 13 years old, and a most precocious youngster, insisted upon being allowed to run the machine instead of Lee, who is an expert.

The boy was reprimanded by his mother, who told him that he must wait until he grows older. Chow Tsu apparently was resigned, but, instead, was only waiting his chance.

When Lee got out of the automobile to go into the legation for something Mrs. Wu wanted, Chow Tsu took advantage of the opportunity and incidentally the automobile.

With a shout that he intended taking his mother out riding, he jerked the lever controlling the machine to its limit. The machine, according to eyewitnesses, jumped about four feet in the air.

Young Chow Tsu yelled with delight and tried to make it jump again. The automobile went about fifteen feet and took to the sidewalk, jumping a four-inch curb.

Mrs. Wu shouted for assistance in every dialect of the Chinese language. Heads appeared at the windows of the legation, and wild cries of alarm sounded from every floor. Chow Tsu was enjoying himself. He gave the steering gear another twist in an effort to regain the roadway.

The automobile made a dash for a big silver maple tree growing in front of the legation and undertook to climb to the topmost boughs. Mme. Wu was on the verge of fainting. Chow Tsu was frightened, and the wheels of the automobile were going round so fast the spokes couldn't be seen.

The carriage tipped backward, and young Chow Tsu tried to climb out the back. Mrs. Wu hung on.

Charles Lee arrived just then and rescued Mme. Wu. Chow Tsu insisted upon Lee leaving the machine in the street so he might see "the wheels go round." Chow Tsu was given a good old-fashioned American spanking after he went inside. He told one of the detectives stationed at the house he didn't care, adding: "I'll run that thing yet."—[Washington Correspondence New York World.]

## An Educated Convict.

A HARVARD graduate occupies a cell at the County Jail. He enjoys the distinction of being the best educated and the most widely traveled of the county prisoners. Since receiving his diploma at Harvard in '86, Lee Forest has seen a great deal of the world. He began his career on the stage, toured the greater part of the United States with a theatrical company, drifted from that into the circus business, and for five years sold tickets for Barnum's show, looked into the faces of circus crowds almost the world over, and followed the business of a telegraph operator in the winter when the show went into quarters.

"Omnia Gallia in tres partes divisa est," he quoted yesterday to assure a visitor that he had really studied a little of the classics.

"Quousque tandem abutere, Catilina, patientia nostra?" he also inquired to show that he had made Cicero's acquaintance, and then, as a reminder of his friendship for Ovid and his dactylic hexameter, he softly murmured:

In nova fort animus mutatus dicere formas,  
Corpora di coepit, nam vos mutastis et illas.  
Ad sprate melia, prima que ab origine mundi  
Ad mea perpetuum, deducite tempora carmen.

Forest is a well-dressed, smooth-appearing man of 38 or 40, light complexioned, and with sandy mustache. His father is a prominent Baptist minister and student of theology in the East, a warm personal friend of the evangelist, Wharton, well known to Kansas City people. Forest has always been a sociable "good fellow" from his college days, when he was a member of the Phi Delta Tau fraternity, and says that if he extricates himself from the present trouble he will be the very opposite of a "good fellow." He was sentenced to two years in the penitentiary in the Jackson County Criminal Court a few months ago for obtaining money from the American Express Company under false pretenses, and a witness was brought all the way from Canada to convict him. Forest admits securing the \$50, but claims he was authorized to receive it. His case is pending in the Supreme Court. He has money to spend, though a prisoner, and ranged on shelves in his cell are photographs of theatrical and college acquaintances.—[Kansas City Journal.]

## Has Become Chinese.

THERE is a little American boy in Chicago who has become a Chinaman.

It is frequent enough that a Chinaman becomes an American, but who ever heard of an American turning a Chinaman?

Little Ah Loo is the first instance on record. He is now 12-years old and he has been raised from his infancy by the Chinese residents of Chicago.

He is a tall, handsome little fellow, pink and white as are other American boys, but dressed in the silk robes and sandals of a Chinese youth.

When only a years old the boy was deserted by his parents and when Dr. Dong Tong, the Chinese physician on West Lake street, awoke one morning he discovered a little pink and white mite of humanity lying on his doorstep and took the stranger in.

From that day Ah Loo has never known the care of a white woman. Dressed in silks and sandals, the infant was taught first the Canton dialect, and after mastering the language, the precepts and teachings of the great Confucius were instilled into the little brain, until today he has become a brilliant oriental scholar.

Ah Loo also makes regular pilgrimages to the joss house,

No. 319 Clark street, and his religious belief is in keeping with his Chinese teachings.

Some time ago Dr. Dong believed that the time had come to instruct the boy in his native language and the name of Ming C. Chan, at No. 291 Clark street, where he would be daily thrown into contact with his own people.

But Ah Loo pined for his Chinese home, and a few days ago became ill. So at his earnest request the little American boy has been returned to the home of his childhood.

He declares his Mongolian guardians have been kinder to him, and he hopes to grow up among them and get that he was ever the fondling darling of some American mother.—[Denver Post.]

## Brought Back One Thousand Teapots.

ANYONE in want of teapots should go to Japan. An Englishwoman, an artist, during a sojourn in that country, made a collection of more than a thousand specimens, no two of them alike, and the collection is valued at \$10,000.

Some of the teapots are real curiosities. One is a caldron-like affair holds three gallons, while at least a dozen specimens are so small that a thimbleful would overflow.

There are pots in the shape of birds, beasts and fishes and frogs have lent their forms to some, and there is a beetle to be seen in the collection, as well as a squirming eel. Buddha himself has been pressed into service as a model. Swans correct to the last curl of each feather form teapots so small that they can be hidden in the palm of the hand. There are lotus bud pots and others in the form of a teahouse.

All materials are included in the collection. Inlaid silver, hammered copper, iron exquisitely wrought, and all the different kinds of Japanese pottery have been used in the manufacture of teapots. Several specimens cost \$100 each, but so cheap is artistic handwork in the East that many of the others were bought for a few cents.—[Minneapolis Journal.]

## Photographs on the Skin.

SCIENTIFIC discovery is bound to be picturesque and interesting and must attract universal attention. A Roumanian chemist named Dinkereco discovered a means of combining the substances which are used in sensitive paper for photographic purposes so that they can be applied to the human cuticle without injuring it, and the skin thus be made a sensitive plate for the printing of photography. Dinkereco's remarkable discovery is a combination of photography and the etching process, and that to some extent the image is "bitten" into the cuticle.

At any rate, the impression is permanent, the image clear and distinct, and the skin is not made a negative. The impression does not wear away with the changes of the tissues and the renewal of the surface of the skin, because the substances or changes which have been produced by the process of photography are renewed according to the modifications produced by the "biting" process, just as those of a tattooed outline are. And whatever the chemical means employed the results are remarkable. This means every human being becomes a sort of photographic album. The likenesses of his friends, landscape views associated with his childhood or with significant events of his life, portraits of the great men and heroes whom he admires and many other things may be reproduced beautiful and permanently on his surface.—[Chicago Chronicle.]

## A Free Telephone.

RECENTLY an experiment has been made of the use of a free telephone. It was in an inconsiderable town, Wisconsin. A free telephone station was established, placed in a prominent position, and the public invited to use it without let or hindrance. The result is accepted as a test of the utility of free telephone service, although it was an entirely unjust and partial one.

The telephone company, at the suggestion of the board of the community, established a free public station. It was placed in a booth at the intersection of two principal streets, on the sidewalk. At night the booth was lighted with electricity. Its interior contained nothing but a telephone and the subscribers and the instrument. Two or three months after the experiment was inaugurated it was declared to have proved a popular success from the start.

But the sequel was not satisfactory. While the company's list of subscribers was increasing with remarkable rapidity, and the increase was generally regarded as due to the increased value of the telephone service to merchants by reason of the number of people with whom the telephone brought them in communication, three months later the experiment was abandoned as a failure.

The reason for the failure, as declared by the company and the merchants, was the abuse of the free service by certain irresponsible members of society who abused the privilege offered to them. "Youngsters and irresponsible had defaced the booth and used the instrument 'recklessly' and viciously, making telephone calls for mischief or worse."—[St. Paul Globe.]

## A SLIGHT MISUNDERSTANDING.

[Will Vischer in Woman's Home Companion:] Speaking of three "cheers," I am reminded of an incident in a Catholic church in Chicago some years ago. Three Protestant ladies had called at the church during a meeting that was being held in furtherance of some charitable purpose, which they were interested, and when they came down to aisle, all the pews being occupied, the priest in charge of an attendant, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies! The attendant misunderstood, and called out, "Three chairs for the Protestant ladies!" The cheers were given with will, and it was all the holy father could do to stop the exuberant reception before the attendant could call for a "tiger."

## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## Carpets, Draperies and Furniture.

A. J. A.: YOU have a reception hall, front parlor and dining-room to furnish, and you want to know what wall coloring to use, carpet to lay, how would you like a soft yellowish tan for your hall, ceiling and all? With this wall color on the floor and silk or art linen draperies, windows, a palm in a green jardiniere, would be a good color scheme. You could use a fine white rug on the floor with green rugs, or merely Brussels or rug, with polished floor. I would hang green folding doors into front parlor, matching all of nicely. You will find that white net hung full, will look well under your straight green curtains, chairs, and a hat table of Flemish oak this hall a great deal of style. Now, as your reception parlor and green, I think it would be well to let the door hangings open into a Gobelin or soft old silk. If you can get some rugs with this blue in the rug, a few pieces of mahogany or Flemish oak, with a tapestry in old blue, mingling this with the green, can be sure of a handsome and refined effect. Many windows to drape that I suppose you would have inexpensive curtaining. I think that you would perhaps look too simple in your parlor, can find some India silk having a white ground with green and green leaves over it, and would make of this, lining it with white satin, you would get a handsome effect. Catch these back with blue silk cords and tassels and let straight curtains under them to the sill of point d'esprit net. For ruffling on the front edge and across the bottom, I would tint walls of dining-room a medium light green, and paper the ceiling and frieze with white figured paper. Use thin white muslin in here. This scheme will look well with old dark dining-room furniture.

## To Lower Ceilings in Effect.

W. J. A. says: "In one part of my house, rooms arranged as plan inclosed. The ceiling is low and as the rooms are not large it makes them well. Around the two sitting-rooms I have a painting two feet from the ceiling. I want to color also to tint the woodwork. The latter is red, ugly and disagreeable to work with as it has to do with an oil which has left the wood sticky. Should I use for the walls and woodwork? The all freshly painted a bright pumpkin yellow."

My advice to you would certainly be to use the walls of your sitting-rooms, but not the shades of the more so you inclosed. Persimmon to mix for you a good clear yellow, rich yet ochre with just a little white is a beautiful color for your woodwork cream white and drop your paper another foot from ceiling. Paper ceiling and frieze with some beautiful pattern of paper on walls. Cream ground, perhaps, with yellow rose treatment will metamorphose your rooms and use at your windows curtains of white ruffled and gandy over ash curtains of this yellow silk if as if you had caught and held sunshine here every day. I advise you strongly against the more machine colors. There is a good French gray in them, but the other colors are very common effect.

## Young Girl's Room.

S. L. wishes to have her room girlish and art colors. She prefers blue and white with perhaps introduction of some pale green. She says: "I have between two pieces of blue burlap for floor cover is a Gobelin blue with yellow lions and crowns, other is a very deep blue with fleur-de-lis; it would be rather dark. Please advise me about dresser scarf, laundry bag and a screen for the leads to the porch. Or, would you put curtains glass and leave it in view. I thought of getting with a tea set and having a cozy corner built. Advise this? Could you tell me how to arrange flowers and photos (I detect fish net?) I have lanterns I could use. What would you use bedspread? I don't care much for white over a color you suggest some pretty styles for sofa cushions? Would you use bamboo bookcase and chairs? What shall I do with a wicker rocking chair? The walls of my room are pale gray pink."

It seems to me that your pink ceiling precludes ability of a blue covering for your floor. If you wish to use colors which are delicate and you could make a charming combination of pink and gray. In the first place I would never advise of burlap for a floor covering. Its weave is too stiff is too cheap and light in texture to imitate, the cheap colored burlaps bought now here fast dyes and there is no material which more readily and holds it more persistently. Carpet is slightly stretched and worn, becomes as faded, you would shudder to contemplate it, ability of clean daintiness (the most important in a girlish room) would have departed. Could you get pretty rugs of gray Brussels or pink? Or have your floor stained and polished with wax and rugs? Bearing in mind that your wall and gray, I would advise white dotted muslin and tied back; curtain your door in exact manner as window, if the shape of glass admits treatment. New under the muslin hang ash blue, pale green silk. A pretty effect could also be obtained by fast your wall just above the glass to your door.



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

## Carpets, Draperies and Furniture.

**A. J. A.:** YOU have a reception hall, front parlor, back parlor and dining-room to furnish, and you want to know what wall coloring to use, carpets, curtains, etc. Now would you like a soft yellowish tan color for your hall, ceiling and all? With this wall color a cold green on the floor and silk or art linen draperies for your windows, a palm in a green jardiniere, would complete a good color scheme. You could use a fine white matting on the floor with green rugs, or merely Brussels carpet large rug, with polished floor. I would hang green jute in my folding doors into front parlor, matching all of the greens nicely. You will find that white net hung full, with border, will look well under your straight green curtains. With two chairs, and a hat table of Flemish oak this hall will have a great deal of style. Now, as your reception hall is tan and green, I think it would be well to let these green door hangings open into a Gobelin or soft old blue parlor. If you can get some rugs with this blue in them and can use a few pieces of mahogany or Flemish oak, upholstered with a tapestry in old blue, mingling this with wicker, you can be sure of a handsome and refined effect. You have so many windows to drape that I suppose you would like to find inexpensive curtaining. I think that white muslin would perhaps look too simple in your parlor, but if you can find some India silk having a white ground with blue flowers and green leaves over it, and would make curtains of this, lining it with white satin, you would obtain quite a handsome effect. Catch these back with blue or green silk cords and tassels and let straight curtains fall from under them to the sill of point d'esprit net. Put the patent netting on the front edge and across the bottom of the net. I would that walls of dining-room a medium light, transparent green, and paper the ceiling and frieze with green and white figured paper. Use thin white muslin curtains in here. This scheme will look well with either light or dark dining-room furniture.

## To Lower Collage in Effect.

**W. J. A. says:** "In one part of my house I have four rooms arranged as plan inclosed. The ceilings are very high and as the rooms are not large it makes them seem like wells. Around the two sitting-rooms I have a picture molding two feet from the ceiling. I want to color the walls, also to paint the woodwork. The latter is redwood and is ugly and disagreeable to work with as it has been covered with an oil which has left the wood sticky. What colors should I use for the walls and woodwork? The floors are all freshly painted a bright pumpkin yellow."

My advice to you would certainly be to use yellow on the walls of your sitting-rooms, but not the faint pasty shade of the morecos you inclosed. Persuade your painter to mix for you a good clear yellow, rich yet soft. Yellow ochre with just a little white is a beautiful color. Paint your woodwork cream white and drop your picture mold another foot from ceiling. Paper ceiling and this deep blue with some beautiful pattern of paper bought for side walls. Cream ground, perhaps, with yellow roses on it, this treatment will metamorphose your rooms and if you will use at your windows curtains of thin yellow silk you will feel as if you had caught and held sunshine here even on cloudy days. I advise you strongly against the morecos or alabaster color. There is a good French gray to be found in them, but the other colors are very common looking in effect.

## Young Girl's Room.

**G. L. writes:** "I have her room girlish and artistic in pale colors. She prefers blue and white with perhaps the introduction of some pale green. She says: 'I am undecided between two pieces of blue burlap for floor covering. One is a Gobelin blue with yellow lions and crowns on it, the other is a very deep blue with fleur-de-lis; it, I am afraid, would be rather dark. Please advise me about curtains, dresser, and laundry bag and a screen for the door which leads to the porch. Or, would you put curtains on the glass and leave it in view. I thought of getting a taborette with a tea set and having a cosy corner built. Would you advise this? Could you tell me how to arrange my cotillion screen and photos (I detest fish net?) I have two beautiful lanterns I could use. What would you suggest for a bedstead? I don't care much for white over a color. Could you suggest some pretty styles for sofa cushions and pin cushions? Would you use bamboo bookcase and bow curtain? What shall I do with a wicker rocker that is small? The walls of my room are pale gray and ceiling pink.'"

It seems to me that your pink ceiling precludes the possibility of a blue covering for your floor. If you are a blonde and wish to use colors which are delicate and becoming, you would make a charming combination of pink, pale green and gray. In the first place I would never advise the use of burlap for a floor covering. Its weave is too coarse and the stain is too cheap and light in texture to be appropriate, the cheap colored burlaps bought now are few of them fast eyes and there is no material which catches dust more readily and holds it more persistently. When such a carpet is slightly stretched and worn, becomes dusty and has faded, you would shudder to contemplate it and all possibility of clean daintiness (the most important requisite to a girlish room) would have departed. Could you not use something with pretty rugs of gray Brussels flowered with pink? Or have your floor stained and polished and use blue and rugs? Bearing in mind that your walls are pink and gray, I would advise white dotted muslin curtains and tied back; curtain your door in exactly the same manner as window, if the shape of glass admits of this treatment. Now under the muslin hang sash curtains of blue, pale green silk.

A pretty effect could also be obtained by fastening a roll of blue net just above the glass to your dresser; let this

rod project into the room about two feet, wrap it with pale green satin ribbon, and finish the front end with a full, handsome butterfly bow. Now throw over the rod a scarf, with the front edge ruffled, of your white dotted muslin, catching it back with a slight fullness on either side of the mirror with pale green satin bows. The scarf should be long enough to hang down some inches over the sides of the dresser and the bows should be placed high or low, according to the shape of your mirror. Ruffle this scarf also across the ends. Keep your bed snow white, making a dotted muslin spread with deep ruffles to throw over your white Marseilles one on dress occasions. A night dress case made of pale green and white figured silk and tied with green satin ribbon, laid against your white pillow will give a beautiful touch of color to your white bed. I would by all means advise the taborette with tea set, but set it near your glass door or window and not in a stuffy cosy corner. If you could get cups for this of white, with little Dresden sprigs of flowers on them, and then in working the tea cover for your taborette and the scarf for your dresser, you would reproduce these sprigs in colored embroidery, and could have nothing daintier. Curtain your high window in alcove with pale green and set a stand with a full sword fern on it. You can so cultivate this fern by pouring a small pitcher of water over it every other morning, that it will soon fall over in a huge shower toward the front and will fill your little alcove. Use toilette things of a delicate shade of pink on your dressing bureau and keep a glass of pink roses on your desk. Cover a square pin cushion with pink silk and put a full puff of the silk at each of the four corners, then cover the smooth top with a small square of white linen embroidered with sprigs to match scarf, edge this with a frill of lace and put a butterfly bow of pink at each corner. Put your soiled wicker chair in the hands of a good painter and tell him you want it enameled in pale green.

I will also tell you how I made a beautiful sofa cushion the other day. I found that pale green satin brocade was selling at one of the large stores for 39 cents a yard. I bought enough of it for a cushion and embroidered enough

white-linen embroidered cover, and on it place work basket, books and a vase of pink or white flowers. If you have room on your window sill for a fern, place one there either in a pale green Chinese jar or red pottery jar and saucer. I think, though, that merely removing all but one of your stiff oak chairs and replacing them with wicker will make a wonderful difference in your feeling about this room. One or two brilliant water colors of the California missions, with much background of blue sky, in narrow gold frames, will vary your etchings agreeably.

## Some Suggestions for Santa Monica.

**S. M.:** You ask for directions for making a denim cover for your dining table. Measure for a square which will hang over two feet each way; that would be two yards and two-thirds, or eight feet square. Lay selvages lapping a little and stitch flat in putting your widths together. A three-inch hem looks well, I think. A cluster of disks embroidered in the corners in black or white rope floss make a good finish, or cut from figured denim some handsome figure and applique it in the corners, embroidering it down with black silk. Also you wish to know what to use on floor of bedroom which is tinted old blue. I would paint and varnish my floor dark brown and have a large central rug woven of blue and white rags, with border of plain blue. This will look handsome and artistic in blue room and will wear indefinitely. In your dining-room bay window I would suggest that you hang sash curtains of dark blue Chinese or Japanese crepe with white chrysanthemums on it. This will pleasantly temper the light. It will not fade. You also ask me if I think it good taste to hang pictures at the side or head of an iron bed. My personal experience is that there is nothing more satisfactory than to hang a favorite picture beside the bed, where the eyes naturally rest on it in the mornings. I think, as you say, that the artistic beauty of a room depends much more fully upon the arrangement than the furniture. The liveable, lived-in look is the thing to be desired; this quality without disorder invests all of the articles in the apartment with a charm. Your kind comment on my work is most encouraging.



SILK FLUTED ON RODS IN UPPER PANES.

of the clusters of roses thrown up on it with pale pink floss silk to form a border to the top of the cushion. It was very easy to embroider over the green roses, as even the shading was defined in the pattern, and the result is a very expensive looking cushion—for which I paid 50 cents. The bamboo bookcase curtain with green art linen a shade darker than your other greens. I am afraid I cannot suggest an original arrangement for your cotillion favors. You might utilize the wall space over and around your fern in the alcove for sticking them up with needle tacks.

## A Stiff-Looking Room.

**A. O. H., Los Angeles, writes:** "I have a sleeping room painted cream white or possibly a shade or two darker. The walls are papered; the ground work of the paper matches the paint with a bit of pink in it. The carpet blends nicely with paint and paper, shading from cream into the light and dark browns. The furniture is oak, the bed has a pink and green silk drapery over the canopy top, the chairs are plain oak, with cane bottoms. The curtains are of fine white lace. I have a pink toilette set, and a very handsome embroidered set for the dresser. The pictures are etchings in oak frames. The room is of medium size, facing south. All in the room is good, and yet I am dissatisfied with it, for to me it looks plain and commonplace. What can I put in it to give a cosy look, or what can I add to give it tone? There is no table. Shall I get an oak one? If so, what shall I put on it? There is no room or place for a window seat or lounge and therefore no cushions. Had I better remove the chairs? If so, how shall I replace them?"

The fault of your room, I think, is that it has too much oak. It needs variety and lightening in effect. A low easy chair or two, wicker in place of the oak, with pink and green cushions in them will lend grace and ease to your pretty room. The drapery over your bed, however pretty it may be, is ineffective unless you reproduce its coloring in other things. If you do this you give it value as an artistic touch. I would have a pretty stand of wicker, with

## A Riverside Ranch House.

**B. N. A. says:** "I have a small ranch house in which the walls are of wood, stained simply with creosote stain like the outside of the house. The living-room is quite large, being 14x16 feet. It has two long, narrow windows that slide back against the wall in the inside and I am at a loss how to curtain them. This interior is rather somber and I would like to do something to brighten it. I have three good Navajo blankets that are chiefly red in color and a wicker steamer chair, four plain, straight wooden chairs with rawhide laced seats, and half a dozen old Indian baskets. If you can tell me of two more chairs which would look well with the other furnishings and of some good color for curtains and a few cushions, I would be deeply grateful."

At the risk of provoking a smile from my readers I must recommend to your use in here, Turkey-red calico. As indeed there is nothing which will carry out so well the brilliancy of your blankets or will contrast so delightfully with your wooden walls. Hang short curtains of crisp white muslin at your narrow windows and finish them at each end with others of Turkey-red calico. If you have a prejudice against this material, you can use white crash with a blue plaid on it. I would advise you to set a pot of red geraniums in your window, with either of these draperies. Two of the heavy wood rocking chairs that are used for porches would be comfortable looking in your room. Some cushions of Turkey-red mingled with the plaid crash, would look well on your steamer chair. I presume, of course, you have a table of some description in the middle of the room for books, etc. If you have not, you should by all means get one and stand it in front of your fireplace. A cover of blue denim falling on all four sides to the floor would look well on it.

The housekeeper of 'The House Beautiful' will answer, so far as possible, all proper and clearly-stated queries addressed to her in care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, whether the writer be a resident of California or not; and where she may not have been clearly understood on any particular point, will answer privately, making necessary explanation. Answers to inquiries have, frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.

...the opening into the...  
...the opening into the...  
...the opening into the...

Our Daily Story.  
Editorials; Editorial Paragraphs.  
Voting by Mail.

...his bride....Case of bubonic plague in Wales....  
...his bride....Case of bubonic plague in Wales....  
...his bride....Case of bubonic plague in Wales....

...powder magazine at the...  
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## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### A CHEAP FASHION WINTER.

STYLES HAVE CHANGED SO LITTLE THAT ONE CAN WORK WONDERS WITH OLD CLOTHES.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, Oct. 1, 1900.—There is going to be nothing new in the building of coats this season. A good Eton, long jacket or caped coat left over from last year can ruffle it with the newest of the new, and never be found out or identified as a warmed-over luxury. Wide revers, sometimes faced with lace over satin, high collars, long sleeves, with no gathers at the shoulders, and jabots down the front where the revers turn back, are all of them familiar features that seem only to have been revived from the camphor trunks. Short fur jackets of Astrakan, Persian lamb or broad tail have not lost one particle of their prestige and full-skirted carriage coats of the empire form are evidently going to make another dash for the popularity they just missed last winter. These last are a trifle shorter in the skirt than we remember them to have been. Just below the knees is where the hem of the gray, brown or green surtouts appears and numbers of small shoulder capes and exceeding fullness in the skirt are apparently to be distinctive points in the long wraps for the present autumn.

A few of the short coats are rendered very sumptuous in appearance by the addition of gold braid in their decorations. Thrifty women whose last year's coats are far too good to justify the purchase of new ones are ripping away all the old braid and buttons, and substituting gold galoon, and beautiful indeed is some of this glittering braid. It is manufactured in shaded gold, in dull gold, green gold

and antique gold, in fact, in a score of tones and is the only decorative agent we have yet seen that is able to dissipate all our interest in and admiration for the palettes of honorable service and memory.

The fate of the cloth gown is not yet decided, that is to say whether braid, or fur, or stitchings shall have the upper hand in its ornamentation. The tailors and dressmakers are busily experimenting with all the three above-mentioned mediums and their efforts are attended with decided success.

White underwear had arrived at a point of such extravagant elaborateness that a reaction was sure to set in. Women who take pride in possessing the most exquisite wardrobes of lingerie use very, very little lace. A little real Valenciennes is esteemed, but something better is ruffling of finest batiste, that is edged with scalloped button-hole work. Not even the most accomplished laundress can do lace to look well and wear well and vulgar imitations are too easily attained, so the most costly and elegant bridal trousseaux show all the night dresses, petticoat flounces and edgings on chemise and knickers finished with a simple fine line of needle work. In one box of bridal things, lately shipped from a New York house, famous for its fine underwear, the lingerie was made all of delicate white French batiste and the flounces and frills were of an exquisitely soft and delicate cotton goods, called washing chiffon. Of course these ruffles were cut in double scallops or points and buttonholed. There was scarce a half dozen yards of lace on the five dozen costly garments and that used was hand-made Valenciennes, very narrow and of the simplest pattern.

Neither linen nor silk is worn in preference to fine cottons, by French women, who, however, still cling, for out-

door wear, to the silk petticoat. A deep accordion ruffle with a heading and footing of narrow silk, the edges of which are pinked, is the most approved pattern for a simple, serviceable street petticoat. Pretty ones of dull red, green, mauve and pale blue made on the above-described mode, are now appearing and are by many women worn in preference to the old ones that are rather too crisp for the prevailing style of and beside one alpaca skirt outwears two or three of the old ones, and looks clean and fresh until the day it goes to its rag bag grave.

MARY H.

### GERMAN WOMEN AND DOGS.

THE FORMER ARE THE QUIET, HARD-WORKING, STAY-AT-HOME HEROES OF THE COUNTRY.

By a Special Contributor.

In Germany a dog may be said to live a "dog's life" and having made this observation about dogs, I attempted to ask: "What about the women of Germany?" For before he knows it, the traveler in the Fatherland begins to associate the women and the dogs. Perhaps it is because he sees them so often toiling along together by side in the market roads or in the streets of cities, carrying heavy carts. And perhaps it is because both are uncomplainingly faithful and strong, and silent.

At first the American looks upon all this with a favor of unfamiliarity, for he comes from a country where the dogs, at least, live lives of aristocratic leisure, but a time he begins to feel that, after all, the women and the dogs are not so badly treated. They are up and to bed late and for long hours they wear the same

and yet one is impressed with the unvarying shown these faithful servants. Visit any market place and one sees hundreds of dog carts drawn by the pavement edge and the dog, with his harness on, lying on a clean, soft mat which has been laid for him. If it rains, there is often a bit of an umbrella to stretch over him. At the market, once I saw a dog lying under a little cloth which had been raised over him while it rained. The dogs everywhere look sleek and well-fed, and to take an interest in drawing the load, often to the woman opposite with almost human com-

On a rainy day in Vienna I saw a dog hold a man's skirts out of the mud in his teeth while he loaded a huge load of cabbages. The women, too, look well-kept. Their clothing is carefully mended, though often coarse, and even the burden-bearers are not without little touches of feminine finery. Invariably they look strong and vigorous, and as they eat one hears them chatter as their sisters do everywhere the world over, pleasant gossip about dress and husbands, and as the women and the dogs bring most of the produce to the city markets, thus traveling in the gardens, old clothes buyers and so on. In one respect, however, the dogs are better off than the women. When they reach home they may rest; the women rest. One sees them in the fields at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 9 o'clock in the evening, grubbing and harvesting. In the cities they are up everywhere with baskets strapped to their backs, carrying laundry work, vegetables, meat, fruit, babies, and are run by women almost exclusively. It is common sight to see women sawing or splitting in the streets, as I saw them often, or mixing mortar, loading and unloading brick and lumber in all manner of other heavy work.

And yet, in spite of all this, the German woman of the lowest caste, manages to appear womanly, to perform her household duties and to send her children out clean and well-dressed. For besides all this, the German woman brings many children into the world and they, like the dogs, are trained to work. They can toddle. A woman's wages are only a few cents a day and yet, in the aggregate, over all of Germany, an immense addition yearly to the wealth of the country. The women are the burden-bearers and if it were not for their productive toil Germany would soon go to the work of the women which enables Germany to maintain the finest army in the world to withdraw hundreds of young men every year from the ranks of the labor, to enable the Kaiser to bluster against the Chinese question and growl at England or France. When one comes to think of it the heroism of the German woman falls hard on the women. In war, although few will so look at it, the women are the real winners of every victory, the quiet, hard-working, stay-at-home heroes who have watched and waited, and built the houses while their sons were glittering uniforms—these heroes, the dogs.

### CAPITAL'S DEADLIEST FOES.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE STRIKER, WHO LEARNED MANY VALUABLE LESSONS.

By a Special Contributor.

Should the woman behind the striker withdraw her courage and support from the miner in Pennsylvania, the coal region, President Mitchell of the United States would, right or wrong, retreat from the coal fields in the annals of capital and labor. In the twenty-three years that have elapsed since the McGuffee strike up their bloody conflicts in Pennsylvania, the wives, daughters and mothers of the men have learned a vast deal of prudence and prudence, when the first rumors of a strike agitated the women take alarm and instant thought is ready against those lean months of idleness which have in the homes of the wage-earner. When work is plentiful and wages good, the woman, Irish, Italian or Polish woman is frugal. If her husband of liquor she guards his pay religiously, and by a trifle with which to indulge his appetite. She aside barely enough to keep the souls and the family alive, and the remainder she puts in a safe as a place of safety. If her faith in her husband has some secret hiding place, a box in the attic, a dim corner in the cellar, or perhaps an old trunk or belt which never leaves her person. It is estimated that of the \$2,000,000 in savings deposited in the banks, \$2,000,000 are in the names of foreign women of mining families.

When the strike actually comes these brown-skinned women take a fresh reef in their domestic economy. Their shawls a trifle tighter under their chins, their hands must have the price of an occasional tip for their spirits. But the wife will go barefooted in long winter rather than dip into her savings for comfort, though, as in very many cases, the amount to thousands of dollars. There will be no more of white on their table, and small quantities of dark molasses will be substituted for sugar. There will be no murmur from the female members of the family. They know how to endure and to wait. The foreign woman is seldom caught unawares. She hears the murmurs of its oncoming and she sets her household to rights for the impending winter. During the past month or two she has been harvesting her small vegetable and fruit patches, corn ripened, the family was not permitted to eat upon the goodness thereof. Just enough food out at meal times to provide nourishment.



MODEL RECEPTION DRESS.

Here is a French model calling and reception dress of rich primrose silk, having sleeves and yoke of pierced ombre-dyeing and further decoration in the way of velvet belt and bows.

FROCK FOR A CHILD.

This pretty little blue cashmere frock is a model of simplicity and style for a child from 4 to 7 years of age. The low-cut neck and short sleeves are old-fashioned, and are intended to be worn with white, crimped frills, basted on the edges of them.

A SMART STREET COSTUME.

An excessively smart street costume is shown in the picture, which develops the new skirt and curves of a winter Eton. The stuff is a mastic cloth, the whole dress is laid in elegant tucks and coat revers slightly braided.



ters.

A deep accordion-pleated skirt of narrow silk ribbon is the most approved autumn street petticoat. Extravagant mauve and pale blue alpaca mode, are now appearing in preference to the silk skirt. The prevailing style of gowns outwears two or three styles until the day it goes down.

MARY DEAN.

MEN AND DOGS.

QUIET, HARD-WORKING  
OF THE COUNTRY.

Contributor.

said to live a "dog's life" of quietude about dogs one of the women of Germany. A traveler in the Fatherland has seen the dogs. Perhaps the most telling along together in the streets of cities, dogs are it is because both are strong, and silent.

upon all this with the dog comes from a country where aristocratic leisure, but after all, the women are quiet. They are up early and wear the harness.

and yet one is impressed with the unvarying kindness shown these faithful servants. Visit any German market place and one sees hundreds of dog carts drawn up on the pavement edge and the dog, with his harness loosened, lying on a clean, soft mat which has been spread down for him. If it rains, there is often a bit of canvas over an umbrella to stretch over him. At the market in Hamburg once I saw a dog lying under a little collapsible stand which had been raised over him while it rained. And the dogs everywhere look sleek and well-fed, and they seem to take an interest in drawing the load, often looking up to the women opposite with almost human compassion. On a rainy day in Vienna I saw a dog holding the woman's skirts out of the mud in his teeth while both walked before a huge load of cabbages.

The women, too, look well-kept. Their clothing is clean and carefully mended, though often coarse, and even these burden-bearers are not without little touches of feminine finery. Invariably they look strong and well, the stronger ones rosy of cheek, smooth and sunny of hair, stout of arm, and the older ones, though often bent, are still vigorous. At noon one sees them sitting by their dogs, eating their rye bread and sausage, and occasionally offering a bit to the great faithful creature, who stands near with eager eyes. And as they eat one hears them chatter very much as their sisters do everywhere the world over—a bit of pleasant gossip about dress and husbands, and dogs. Thus the women and the dogs bring most of the produce from the gardens to the city markets, thus travel all manner of peddlers, old clothes buyers and so on.

In one respect, however the dogs are better off than the women. When they reach home they may rest; the women never rest. One sees them in the fields at 5 o'clock in the morning and at 9 o'clock in the evening, grubbing and hoeing, and harvesting. In the cities they are up and down, and everywhere with baskets strapped to their shoulders, carrying laundry work, vegetables, meat, fruit, babies. The markets are run by women almost exclusively and it is a common sight to see women sawing or splitting wood in the streets, as I saw them often, or mixing mortar for new buildings, loading and unloading brick and lumber, and doing all manner of other heavy work.

And yet, in spite of all this, the German woman, even of the lowest caste, manages to appear womanly, to attend to her household duties and to send her children out looking clean and well-dressed. For besides all this hard work the German woman brings many children into the world and they, like the dogs, are trained to work as soon as they can toddle. A woman's wages are only a few cents a day and yet, in the aggregate, over all of Germany, they mean an immense addition yearly to the wealth of the nation. The women are the burden-bearers and if it were not for their productive toil Germany would soon go bankrupt. It is the work of the women which enables Germany to support the finest army in the world to withdraw hundreds of thousands of young men every year from the ranks of productive labor, to enable the Kaiser to bluster valiantly over the Chinese question and growl at England or threaten France. When one comes to think of it the hero-making business in Germany falls hard on the women. In the next great war, although few will so look at it, the women will be the real winners of every victory, the quiet, hard-working, stay-at-home heroes who have watched and worked the farm, and built the houses while their sons and husbands wore glittering uniforms—these heroes, the women and the dogs.

## CAPITAL'S DEADLIEST FOE.

THE WOMAN BEHIND THE STRIKER, WHO HAS  
LEARNED MANY VALUABLE LESSONS.

By a Special Contributor.

Should the woman behind the striker withdraw her steadfast courage and support from the miner in Pennsylvania's infamous coal region, President Mitchell of the United Mine Workers would, right or wrong, retreat from the most famous battle in the annals of capital and labor conflicts.

In the twenty-two years that have elapsed since the Molly Maguires stood up their bloody conflicts in Pennsylvania, the wives, daughters and mothers of the laboring men have learned a vast deal of prudence and providence. Today, when the first rumors of a strike agitate a settlement, the women take alarm and instant thought for making ready against those lean months of idleness that work such havoc in the homes of the wage-earner.

When work is plentiful, and wages good, the Hungarian, Polish, Italian or Polish woman is frugal. If her husband is fond of liquor she guards his pay religiously, giving him only a little with which to indulge his appetite. Then she keeps him sober enough to keep the souls and bodies of her family alive, and the remainder she puts in what she regards as a place of safety. If her faith in banks is shaken she has some secret hiding place, a box under the eaves, a tin can in the cellar, or perhaps an old leather bag or belt which never leaves her person. It is estimated that of the \$3,000,000 in savings deposited in the banks of London, \$2,000,000 are in the names of foreigners, and the same state that a large percentage of the depositors are the women of mining families.

When the strike actually comes these brown foreign women take a fresh reef in their domestic economy and save their shawls a trifle tighter under their chins. The husband must have the price of an occasional tippie to keep up his spirits. But the wife will go barefooted through the long winter rather than dip into her savings for her comfort, though, as in very many cases, these savings amount to thousands of dollars. There will be black bread instead of white on their table, and small allowances of dark molasses will be substituted for sugar. There will be no murmur from the female members of the household. They know how to endure and to wait.

The foreign woman is seldom caught unawares by a strike. She hears the murmurs of its coming even before the more volatile American woman does. And she straightens out her household to rights for the impending danger. During the past month or two she has been garnering the harvest of her small vegetable and fruit patch. When the crop ripened, the family was not permitted to gorge itself upon the goodness thereof. Just enough has been laid out at meal times to provide nourishment. The remainder has been dried in the sun, to tide over the strike.

The same may be said of beans, potatoes, grapes and squash. The writer stopped at one house where dozens of cucumbers were spread in the sunlight, turning a mellow gold. The housekeeper of the humble but trim domain was asked to what use they would be put, and she tersely replied:

"We cooks an' eat a some day."

And when the strike is over, the foreigner's family may look a trifle gaunt, there may be dark circles under the mother's eyes, and a fresh stoop in her shoulders, but there are still savings in the bank. The return voyage to their birthplace, or the coveted ownership of a little shop, market or saloon is just a little further off. That is all. They will grasp it some day.

The wife of the American, or more properly, the English-speaking miner, is one of the most steadfast, loyal women in the world. A young woman recently came home from an interior city, where she had gone to visit friends and purchase her simple wedding trousseau. The first news that greeted her was of the impending strike. Her friends supposed, of course, that the wedding would be postponed, but they counted without their bride. The wedding, by her request, was hurriedly consummated, and she met the protests of her family and friends with the explanation:

"John needs me now worse than ever. He has no mother, and a home will keep him out of mischief. We both have to live, strike or no strike, and we're going to fight it out together. He'll be the better off for a cup of tea or coffee with me at home than for a glass of something warmer with the boys down at Bradley."

And something in the quiet air of determination, yet kindly smile, of the young bride promised that "the boys" would see little of "John" at "Bradley's." It is only a \$4 company house that will shelter the newly-wedded pair. There will be no lace curtains—so dear to the miner's wife—at those windows for the next few months, but there will be a strong, true heart beating in unison with that of the brawny young miner—the sort of a heart that makes mischief for the mine-owner, and happiness for his employees.

At one small but comfortable home, where the husband has been earning from \$60 to \$70 a month for the support of his wife and three children, I found ample preparation for a strike of moderate duration. The mother reminded me strongly of a New England housekeeper, spare of figure, short of speech, but warm of heart, and one looking well to the needs of her household. Talking of her plans, she said:

"The miner's wife is always credited with being either shockingly penurious or hopelessly extravagant. Some of us try to strike a medium. My father was a miner, and with my mother I lived through several strikes. So when I had a family of my own, I knew enough to prepare for such an event. We are ambitious for our children. We don't want them to be miners. We are educating one boy away from home for a profession because a distant relative has interested himself in the boy's future. We have not saved as much money as we might have done, because I want my children to be well dressed, self-respecting, and I won't let them work out till they have secured an education. So you see we have not much in bank. My husband was opposed to the strike, but he won't be a scab. We will have to economize, but we will not suffer."

Then she showed her storeroom, where one big shelf was covered with glasses and jars filled with preserves, jellies and pickles.

"These," she said, "are the only luxuries we will have during the strike."

There, also, were dried apples, peaches and grapes, from their own trees and vines, dried corn, a few beans, canned tomatoes and potatoes. In another closet she displayed with considerable pride piles of quilts.

"You see," she remarked, "we won't freeze for lack of covers. I am fortunate in having relatives who send me boxes of half-worn clothing. This I can make over for myself and family, and the only article of clothing we will have to buy for some time will be shoes. We will pay our rent several months in advance to be safe of a home, and we will lay in coal, and our boy can gather wood. Whatever we buy in the way of groceries we will pay cash for, and get them at the lowest price. I hate to touch our savings, but we people of the mines must stand together. It is our only hope."

In former strikes the women of mining districts have secured quantities of work from New York muslin underwear factories, but this source of revenue is practically closed to them now. The Consumers' League has urged manufacturers to withhold work from the mining districts and have it done within the walls of their own factories. A number of shirt waist and several silk factories are in operation in the Hazleton district, but they have the full quota of employees at all times, therefore they offer no opening for the wives of strikers.

Many of the single women are leaving for larger towns and cities in search of employment, and their wages will be sent home to relieve the distress of those who cannot find employment. A young woman left Hazleton a few days ago, bound on just such a mission. She was well-dressed, and in course of conversation talked freely of her plans. She asked for information regarding employment agencies.

"I have never worked out but once, and that was as a nurse girl to one of the big families on 'the hill' (referring to the homes of the mine-owners,) but I am strong and a good cook. I heard that in New York I could earn \$25 a month and my board at general housework, and I am going to try it. I have plenty of clothes, and that money will keep our family during the strike."

This kind of woman is the man behind the gun in this terrific conflict between employer and employee, between capital and labor, and if labor and employee win, let them doff their hats to the steadfast, courageous woman in the \$4 company house.

## DELICIOUS TEA PUNCH.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Put one tablespoonful of Ceylon or India tea into a large pitcher, and pour over one quart of boiling water; cover the pitcher, and stand it aside for ten minutes; strain and add a pound of sugar, the juice of six lemons and two oranges. Stand this aside until very cold. When ready to serve add ice and Apollinaris.

## DRESSING WINTER WINDOWS.

FOUR GRACEFUL AND EASY WAYS OF ADJUSTING  
NEW DRAPERIES.

By a Special Contributor.

No room lacks in charm if its windows are prettily draped. So many are the adequate and inexpensive materials suitable for winter draperies, that a woman is hardly to be forgiven if she fails to expend wisely all funds she purposes to lay out on fresh curtains. If the allowance for autumn renovation is not very generous and the householder years after a genuine artistic effect she must refuse even to consider any of the cheap cotton-filled damasks and imitation oriental stuffs that blaze with crude colors, but go back to the simple and cheap denim, cheesecloth, soft dull-colored India silk and dotted cream white Madras.

For 15 cents a yard one can buy really lovely imitations of French and English cretonnes and chintz, denim in solid, rich reds, blues and greens or relieved by stripes and figures and a durable and agreeably figured cotton goods known as upholsterer's lining. This last is printed with patterns of big white empire wreaths, or a small diamond design, on a ground of forest green. Pompadour red or Mandarin yellow and if, with these stores of good materials to draw from, a window cannot be dressed charmingly for the output of \$1.20 per window, then the dresser thereof has no right to feel herself an astute or successful person.

Simple graceful lines of drapery and good color is what sets a window off to the greatest advantage, and four suggestions are sketched in order to give any one of an engineering mind some ideas as to which is attainable with inexpensive upholstery fabrics. One of the pictures shows how in a room that boasts four sun-admitting windows, the curtains can be arrayed to temper the glare and convey to the interior of the room a most delightful air of inviting cosiness.

This fashion of hanging a window is properly called "cottage drapery" and warm red denim is one of the best goods for the purpose. A single width of the heavy fabric is enough for the straight fall at right and left of the sash. This gives selvage edges at the sides and necessitates hems only at tops and bottom of the three-yard lengths. The hem at the bottom should be about three inches deep and at the top it is merely a casing through which to run a slender brass rod on which the curtains are gathered and from which they hang. A founce of denim from fourteen to eighteen inches in depth, is then made, strung by small brass rings to a larger rod than the first and fastened to fall in a founce lambrequin over the top of the curtains proper. The ends of the founce rod should be finished off with small brass balls and if a touch of extra ornamentation is desired, the founce may be made of red denim that is striped or figured.

Exactly the same effect as this can be gained by using single-faced velours and lining the plain surface with red satin, and this season a good use is made of dull red or green burlaps. Both of these materials cost more, however, than the denim.

Now for a room where curtains are necessary, but from which no light can wisely be excluded, a charming arrangement of drapery is possible with cream Madras, cheesecloth, or even snowflake that is striped in good colors. This scarf decoration, while it gives a window an elaborately garnished appearance, is too transparent to shut off any desired daylight. A liberal amount of material is required in the make-up of the full crossed scarfs, edged with a coarse cream point de Paris lace that costs 9 cents a yard. Two widths of wide goods are necessary to give a graceful amplitude to every side of the high looped garniture and small brass rods are again most fittingly employed here.

As a matter of fact, unless a rich brocade or weighty stuff is used and the windows and room are lofty, ponderous wood or brass poles, with large rings and balls are no longer considered in good taste. They would not, for example, be utilized with such hangings as are represented in the sketch of a tall window draped with a view to shutting out an ugly prospect and yet securing all possible light. For this window the sash curtains are made of cheap cream white Madras at 21 cents a yard. The edging and bands of insertion are done with an inexpensive wash lace and then the whole window is framed with two long Singapore mats. So universally popular are these widths, woven of grass and dyed in bands of red and blue, and yellow, that they need no recommendation. In this instance the fringed ends of two mats meet in the center of the upper wood facing of the window and unite in a large, loose knot. Drawn from the knot, to right and left, the lengths are knotted again around big iron hook nails driven in the top corners of the window facing and then they drop their fringed ends to the floor.

For a long low window no more suitable drapery can be suggested than the design given in sketch for dressing a long street window. Here the problem was confronted, securing all the light possible and yet avoiding a view of a neighboring backyard. Very skillfully and at the expense of \$5 the upper glass of the sashes were, by the inhabitant of the room, painted in yellow to imitate leaded panes. Below this, over the sheets of clear glass, one width of pale yellow India silk was draped like hunting, from frame to frame and made fast by cosettes of narrow yellow ribbon. When silk and ribbons soil they are taken down, wrung out in a bath of refined gasoline and tacked in place, all in the space of half an hour. FANNY ENDERS.

## SOUL COMMUNION.

Oftimes a tender face is borne to us,  
Amidst the shadows of the darkest night;  
'Tis wafted like the perfume of the rose,  
And fills the mind with heavenly streams of light.

The lovely sweetness of that soul's bright glow  
Reflects a halo, all around our own  
It thrills us with a holy peace—  
To know that we are never more alone.

ELIZABETH T. MILLS.

STREET COSTUME.

street costume is shown in the new skirt and curves of the dress. The stuff is a satinetron. It is laid in clusters of tightly braided.

... strictly first-class. Elevator. American plan, \$1.25 to \$3.00, latter includes suites, with private baths. European plan, 50 cents up.

Our Daily Story.  
2. Editorials: Editorial Paragraphs.

... his bride.... Case of bubonic plague in Wales.... Corner-stone laid for German... powder magazine at the Pruce situated a half mile from town. I about 5:30 o'clock this afternoon.



## The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

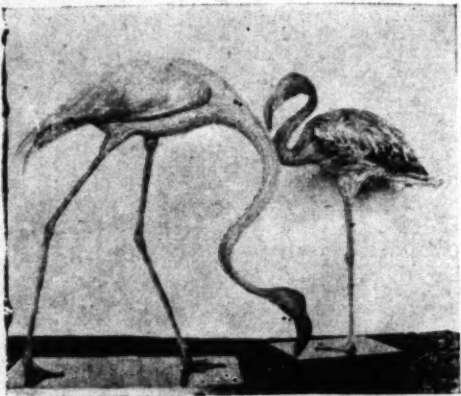
### THE AMERICAN FLAMINGO.

A BEAUTIFUL AND INTERESTING BIRD FOUND IN  
FLORIDA EVERGLADES.

(BY A SPECIAL CONTRIBUTOR.)

TODAY I am going to take you from our sunny California to the dark swamps of the Southeast—to the everglades of Florida, those vast marshes inhabited of old by treacherous Seminoles, but now only fit for the home of some solitary kite or croaking bittern. Here and there on the outer edges of this vast cypress grove the open bayous and mangrove swamps offer home to thousands of beautiful water birds, herons, egrets, strange birds called auhinges, or water turkeys, and others of this great family. But the king of them all, the ibis of the western world, is the tall, ungainly, yet strikingly graceful, "Flame Bird," the American flamingo. In many ways this is the most peculiar bird in all North America, combining as he does the long neck of a swan, the body of a duck, and the stilt-like legs of a sandpiper in one. These birds are often over six feet in height, and the legs alone are usually more than three feet from hip to toes. The feathers of the whole body are bright scarlet in color, while the bare skin of the neck is red. Strange to say, when first hatched, they are grayish white; in the second year they put on a whiter dress, while it is not until well into the third year when the beautiful crimson feathers appear. Their native home is Africa, where they are to be seen in vast flocks during all the months of the year; now and then they wander across the Mediterranean Sea to the southern coast of France and Italy, sometimes flying as far inland as the city of Marseilles.

They are very shy birds and one of the most difficult of all water birds for the hunter to approach. On this account they band themselves together in large flocks, remaining in company all through the year, except just at the nesting season, when they go to the outlying islands just off the warm coast of some tropical country to rear their young. Many hundreds go annually to the Cape Verde Islands, on the coast of Africa, where each pair builds its tall, cone-shaped nest of mud and grass. This is made so high that the bird, when sitting on it, can rest her feet on the ground. From this you will see that the nests must be nearly three feet in height. They are usually built on some inaccessible mud flat where the water at high tide



covers the ground to a depth of two or three inches, while at low tide the mud is so deep and sticky that nothing of any weight can pass over it without sinking. The flamingoes have feet webbed like those of a coot or mud hen, so that they may walk easily over very soft mud. A slight cavity is hollowed out in the top of the pile of mud, which they use for a nest, and here two white eggs are laid, somewhat larger than those of our common turkey. When the young are first hatched they are grotesque looking creatures, all neck and legs, and, in fact, they are unable to fly until full grown, so that, like the young of our common grouse and partridge, they have to depend upon their legs for safety. Up to twenty-five years ago they were very common on nearly all of the West Indies, but the incessant demand for their beautiful feathers has driven them from their former homes to inaccessible breeding places in the heart of the swamps or far-away islands.

The upper half of the bill is curved down with and over the lower so that both together serve as a sort of scoop with which the bird gathers up its food of shellfish and small sea animals which it obtains by wading in the shallow water of the bayous and tide marshes. They always feed in companies and at the least alarm the whole red-coated phalanx take to flight sweeping in rapid yet graceful curves along the shore line and only settling again to their food when a sufficient distance has been placed between them and their pursuers. When on protracted flights and at high altitudes, they follow their chosen leader in one undeviating scarlet line, much as do the cranes and other closely-related birds. Before alighting they sail slowly around and over their prospective feeding ground, taking flight at the slightest danger. They do not place watchmen out as do the cranes and snipe, but are constantly raising their heads from their feeding so that each one may search the surrounding landscape for dangerous-looking objects.

Older authors tell of their being so numerous on the Florida and Bahama Keys that as many as twelve or thirteen have been killed at a single shot; yet only last year one collector made a several months' cruise on his yacht in that region without taking a single bird, although, as he says, he saw numbers of them, but, owing to the plume hunters, very few full-grown birds were in the different flocks, and such as were, were so wary and timid that he

was unable to approach them. They have the habit, peculiar to all wading birds, of standing on one foot; meanwhile keeping the other drawn up under the body. While sleeping on her nest the female usually keeps her head under one wing and may then (if the hunter be so fortunate as to find the nest) be easily killed or captured.

In many parts of the world the flesh of the flamingo is considered excellent eating, but in most cases their food gives them such a "fishy" taste that their flavor is decidedly unpleasant.

A proverbially silent bird, lacking the resonant cry of the cranes and other birds of its class, it makes no sound even when death overtakes and ends its harmless life, that its glowing feathers may add to some woman's headgear, for, say what you may, she who wears a dead bird upon her hat is actuated by an impulse similar to that of the wandering Ishmael who daubs himself with red paint and sticks the white feathers of the implacable eagle in his hair, solely that he may become an object of barbaric beauty to his fellows.

HARRY H. DUNN.

### HOW A TENDERFOOT RODE STURGIS.

A COWBOY STORY FROM THE HOME OF BUFFALO BILL AT NORTH PLATTE.

By a Special Contributor.

Away along in 1881, the cowboys who were looking after some eight thousand head of cattle, the property of the firm of Cody & North, near the center of North Platte, a "tenderfoot," as a green hand is called, made his appearance upon the scene. It was no uncommon thing for visitors to the West to stop off at North Platte, as that place is the end of a division of the system of the Union Pacific Railroad, some to enjoy the kind hospitality of Col. and Mrs. Cody and their charming daughters; others to see Barton & Keith's herd of domesticated buffalo, or the horse and cattle ranches in the vicinity.

On the occasion of the visit of this "dudish" individual, the foreman, Capt. North, was not in the sweetest of humors, as the "7-UP" outfit had picked up some of the man, he and his right-hand man, Buck Taylor, had figured on getting, and we would have to start short-handed in a day or so up the Platte River, via Hinman's ranch, through the bad lands, by the head of the Birdwood and Willow Island, to the aforesaid starting point.

This was a disappointment quite sufficient to justify "Cap" in going about "like a bear with a sore head."

Well, as I said before, "Mr. Dude," with a Christy stiff hat, a boiled shirt, with immense stand-up collar, came to the camp, and of course no special notice was taken of him, any more than of dozens of others, except, that some of the boys passed a few remarks to each other upon his get-up.

Approaching the cook, who was monkeying about the fire, he says, "Mister, which of you might be called the boss?" The "chef" showed him "Lute," as we called "Cap" North, and says he:

"I heard over there at the saloon last night you wanted a man? I came over to get the job."

"Cap" looked at the Christy stiff, silk tie, and his pretty

had quite a lot of riding I have, I can tell you, said I could ride well."

"That's so," said North; "well, I guess I have a job for you."

"What," says the dude, looking mightily surprised, "happens you think I can't ride? Not good enough?"

"And that's no lie," said North, who was getting tired of him.

"Oh, but hold on," says the gentleman, "you seen me ride; give me a chance, I'm pretty handy with a job."

"Look here," said North, "you ride that bald-skin Comanche bronco over there, and if he kills you, I'll take you on, and what's more, I'll give you wages."

Now this same bronco was a regular outlaw killer, and there wasn't a cow puncher in the territory before who could stay with him if he tackled him, and one morning he actually did pitch him now one of Cody's Wild West rough riders, back of Dismal River. He also puzzled other bronco takers were no slouches, either.

He was a vicious, biting, striking, whistling terror, and as for bucking, why, he'd sooner buck than we called him "Sturgis," as Cody & North got the Sturgis range in '80.

It did seem rather mean, low down, to run the up against such a cyclone, but he was so proud why he just jumped at the chance.

"All right," says he, "you'll give me top wages to ride that horse?"

"Yes," says North, laughing to himself. "As you wouldn't mind buying me an outfit, too, as I said the greenie."

"I'll do that," says North. "I guess sticking pretty cheap," whispers he to us boys who were round taking it all in.

"Here, George," says North, "you go and help the man catch Sturgis, saddle him, and bring him round. They soon ran him in from the grass, roped him, blindfolded him—no easy matter—saddled and him round to the greenhorn."

"What a funny saddle," says he, "dear me, I can ride on that thing. Pap's saddle wasn't so besides I generally rode barebacked when I was a boy. Won't some of you gents take it off?"

So we took off the saddle.

Then says he, "I ain't used to that kind of a Pap had one, though it wasn't that fancy but generally used a rope round Molly's neck, or a halter, take off the bridle."

So we took off the bridle, but it was no easy job. Sturgis was walking round in fine style, kicking, striking out, and snorting all the while to boot, or four of a kind.

The Missouri hayseed's eyes began to bulge, and says he, "that seems to be a pretty ornery horse, I guess I may have a little trouble getting on seems to be the trouble with me."

"Yes," says North, "that does seem to be the but some of the boys will give you a leg up, if



TALK ABOUT A CIRCUS.

clothes, etc., and then he says quite slowly, "and what kind of a job might you be looking for?"

"Why, punching cows, of course," said the stranger.

"Yes," said Mr. North, "and what do you know about cow-punching? Where might you have punched cows?"

"Oh, down in Missouri," says he, smiling most pleasant.

Now, as a matter of fact, there ain't no cow punching in Missouri; that State is pretty much of a hayseed State, and a regular nesting place for suckers, greenhorns and tenderfeet, so when Mr. Christy Stiff said he came from Missouri, "Cap" looked at him and said "and what outfit did you work for down there?"

"Well, I worked for my Pap; Pap had nigh onto twenty cows, and I had to drive them down to Spring River to water; Pap used to ride the old bay, and I used to ride Molly; sometimes I used to ride Jim, the mule; oh, I've

"Oh, no," says he, "my Pap used to say that was good enough for me if I couldn't get on my own legs, I can have a try at him if one of you gents lend me a pair of spurs?"

So we gave him a pair of spurs, and he put on and slides up to old Sturgis, while us boys were all fall down and die a-laughing, and the bronco was round them with his ears laid back and a small amount of white in his eyes, when all of a sudden crazy tenderfoot rushes at him, grabs him by the scrums on his back, snatches the hackamoose from the boys and turns him loose.

Sirree, talk about a circus, there we had it and take. There was clouds of dust, snorting and old Sturgis bucking endways, sideways and every way, while that greenhorn from Missouri just

his sides and lambasted him over the head with his Christy stiff hat. The North Platte schoolhouse was close by, and what does that blamed galoot do but run through the door and into the room, and we know'd there was the kids, just a-boll the windows and the school-marm just a-yell der.

being a pretty girl, we lost no time in going off, but before we could get there out comes Sturgis, still lambasting away with his Christy stiff hat, looking rather silly, with a kid's slate in his off hind foot and his mouth full of copy, like truck. Not satisfied with this, Sturgis jumps over a fence, the sheriff's garden, and in going through the fence managed to get entangled in one of the sheriff's, much to the amusement of Mr. and Mrs. the rest of us.

In spite of all his efforts, though he put in a lick, he was unable to pile that greenhorn, that paralyzed him, for cow horses are not used to a rate, after they had charged round for fifty minutes, and fairly discouraged old Sturgis, the sidewalk and into "Bulldog Proof Perry's" up to the bar, and says he (throwing one leg and sitting sideways, with the remnant of the old Sturgis's ear.) "Well, boys, I'm on 'Cap' this time; did you get this? He turned out later that he weren't no tenderfoot, went through the performance over a bet he could Bill, that he could fool "Cap" North, as he usually.

was the Wyoming Kid, one of the best all-around in that Territory, and as a bronco buster he was universal in all the West.

Needless to say we all enjoyed the joke, and pap captain.

### THE GIANT OF OMGARING.

A FAIRY HELPED A GOOD BOY TO  
BRAVE DEED.

By a Special Contributor.

"Ching ga ling, ga ling,  
I am giant of Omgaring!  
I laugh and dance and sing,  
And I eat up everything!"

This is what the great giant sang in a deep, more terrible than the loudest thunder. The village of Omgaring stopped their play and the houses, hid their heads under the bed, and themselves to sleep in very fright, for it was a terror to them all. It is no wonder were afraid; for his appearance was enough to frighten. With his purple hair, red eyes and green, he is a terrible sight, indeed. Just a great many times bigger than the tallest, will not wonder that people shuddered and in they heard him sing:

"Ching ga ling, ga ling,  
I am giant of Omgaring!  
I laugh and dance and sing,  
And I eat up everything!"

lived on the top of the mountain in a gro only entrance to which was guarded by a roaring of this lion could be heard for miles eaten up every one who had ever tried to force into the castle.

Remembering the sad fate of all those who had been many years since any one had thought of entering the castle or attacking Omgaring. One moonlight night in winter, and was covered with snow, a boy sat in his room, looking out of the window. He leaned his head and sighed as he thought of the great, wicked evil he was doing; and he wished he could some way of freeing his beloved village from the

Suddenly he heard a gentle tapping on the door and a sweet voice saying, "Please open the door, and let me in." Jock's mouth and eyes were with astonishment, for standing on the sill was a creature he had never seen. Jock was a polite creature he had ever seen. Jock was a polite visitor. She was dressed all in blue, even to her hat on her head. She carried a wand in her hand as she looked up at Jock's face and said: "I am the fairy Good Resolve. I go about to help people. When I find any one who to do a good deed, I fly to help him. I know you want to conquer the dread Omgaring. Isn't that so?" She smiled so kindly he was not frightened, though this was the first time he had ever seen. He answered, "Yes, good fairy, I might destroy this bad giant."

Then the fairy said: "I cannot help you to kill there are mightier fairies than I who do us; but I can send you to the fairy who will help you really in earnest and wish to do good who live in Omgaring." When Jock declared to do anything, the fairy said: "Keep waiting and tomorrow at midnight follow the fairy, who will come for you."

Jock felt a little frightened when she said midnight in Omgaring went out after dark; but he was a brave boy, and he said: "Good night, Jock." Jock then said: "Good night, Good Resolve." He was in the window for her to go out, when he

the next night at midnight Jock was sitting low watching for the fairies' messenger, when a tinkling bell caused him to turn round, and there stood a little fairy. How he got there Jock

am the messenger," he said to Jock. "I have



[October 7, 1900.]

Girls.

have, I can tell you; my  
"well, I guess I haven't  
looking mightily surprised  
"Not good enough?"  
North, who was getting  
the gentleman, "you  
chance, I'm pretty hard up  
you ride that bald-faced  
there, and if he don't  
what's more, I'll give you

was a regular outlaw and  
cow puncher in the outfit  
with him if he took the  
actually did pitch Buck  
West rough riders, head  
other bronco twisters

ing, striking, whistling, and  
why, he'd sooner buck than  
as Cody & North got him

a, low down, to run the  
but he was so precious  
chance.

"You'll give me top wages  
giving to himself. "And  
me an outfit, too, as I'm

th. "I guess sticking plain  
to us boys who was sta

th, "you go and help Billy  
him, and bring him round  
from the grass, roped him,  
any matter—saddled and

ays he, "dear me, I don't  
Pap's saddle wasn't like  
checked when I was at  
take it off?"

used to that kind of a  
wasn't that fancy kind,  
Molly's neck, or a halter,

but it was no easy job,  
and in fine style, kicking  
all the while to beat the

eyes began to bulge out  
to be a pretty ornery kind  
a little trouble getting on  
trouble with me."

at does seem to be the me  
give you a leg up, if you

the opening sale we

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his sides and lambasted him over the head with that  
Christy stiff hat.  
New North Platte schoolhouse was close by in those  
days, and what does that blamed galoot do but ride ker-  
nough through the door and into the room, and the first  
thing we know'd there was the kids, just a-boiling out  
the windows and the school-marm just a-yelling blue  
under.

She, being a pretty girl, we lost no time in going to her  
aid, but before we could get there out comes mister  
Sturgis, still lambasting away with his Christy stiff, while  
Sturgis looked rather silly, with a kid's slate hitched  
to his off hind foot and his mouth full of copybooks and  
such like truck.

Not satisfied with this, Sturgis jumps over a fence into  
the sheriff's garden, and in going through the clotheslines  
managed to get entangled in one of the sheriff's night-  
gowns, much to the amusement of Mr. and Mrs. Groner  
and the rest of us.

But in spite of all his efforts, though he put in his very  
best ticks, he was unable to pile that greenhorn. Probably  
he had paralyzed him, for cow horses are not used to such  
humors.

At any rate, after they had charged round for a good  
twenty minutes, and fairly discouraged old Sturgis, he rode  
the sidewalk and into "Bullet Proof Perry's saloon,"  
right up to the bar, and, says he (throwing one leg over the  
bar and sitting sideways, with the remnant of that hat  
crushed on old Sturgis's ear.) "Well, boys, I guess the  
kids are on 'Cap' this time; did you get this mutton-  
headed cayuse from a Platte-bottom sheep-herder?"

It turned out later that he weren't no tenderfoot at all,  
but went through the performance over a bet he had with  
Mule Bill, that he could fool "Cap" North, and he did  
effectually.

He was the Wyoming Kid, one of the best all-round cat-  
men in that Territory, and as a bronco buster who's  
name was universal in all the West.

Needless to say we all enjoyed the joke, and particularly  
the captain.

THE GIANT OF OMGARING.

A FAIRY HELPED A GOOD BOY TO DO A  
BRAVE DEED.

By a Special Contributor.

"Ching ga ling, ga ling,  
I am giant of Omgaring!  
I laugh and dance and sing,  
And I eat up everything!"

This is what the great giant sang in a deep voice that  
was more terrible than the loudest thunder. The little boys  
in the village of Omgaring stopped their play and, running  
into the houses, hid their heads under the bed clothes and  
shivered themselves to sleep in very fright, for this great  
giant was a terror to them all. It is no wonder the chil-  
dren were afraid; for his appearance was enough to terrify  
the bravest. With his purple hair, red eyes and beard of  
bright green, he is a terrible sight indeed. Just think of  
him, a great many times bigger than the tallest man and  
you will not wonder that people shuddered and grew pale  
when they heard him sing:

"Ching ga ling, ga ling,  
I am giant of Omgaring!  
I laugh and dance and sing,  
And I eat up everything!"

He lived on the top of the mountain in a great castle,  
the only entrance to which was guarded by a great lion.  
The roaring of this lion could be heard for miles, and he  
had eaten up every one who had ever tried to force an en-  
trance into the castle.

Remembering the sad fate of all those who had at-  
tempted, it had been many years since any person had  
dared to think of entering the castle or attacking the giant  
of Omgaring. One moonlight night in winter, when the  
ground was covered with snow, a boy sat in his little room  
looking out of the window. He leaned his head on his  
hands and sighed as he thought of the great, wicked giant  
and the evil he was doing; and he wished he could think  
of some way of freeing his beloved village from this mon-  
ster. Suddenly he heard a gentle tapping on the window-  
pane and a sweet voice saying, "Please open the window,  
Jock, and let me in." Jock's mouth and eyes were wide  
open with astonishment, for standing on the sill was the  
most creature he had ever seen. Jock was a polite boy, so  
he opened the window at once, and in stepped the strange  
visitor. She was dressed all in blue, even to the tiny  
shoes on her feet. She carried a wand in her hand  
which she waved as she looked up at Jock's puzzled face  
and said: "I am the fairy Good Resolve. I go all over the  
country to help people. When I find any one who is think-  
ing of doing a good deed, I fly to help him. I know your  
trouble. You want to conquer the dread giant of  
Omgaring. Isn't that so?" She smiled so kindly at Jock  
that he was not frightened, though this was the first fairy  
he had ever seen. He answered, "Yes, good fairy, I was  
wondering I might destroy this bad giant."

Then the fairy said: "I cannot help you to kill the giant,  
for there are mightier fairies than I who do such great  
things; but I can send you to the fairy who will help you  
you are really in earnest and wish to do good to the  
people who live in Omgaring." When Jock declared he was  
willing to do anything, the fairy said: "Keep a good  
heart and tomorrow at midnight follow the fairies' mes-  
senger, who will come for you."

Jock felt a little frightened when she said midnight, for  
he was Omgaring went out after dark; but he promised.  
The fairy then said: "Good night, Jock." Jock said:  
"Good night, kind fairy, Good Resolve." He was going to  
look out the window for her to go out, when lo! she disap-  
peared.

The next night at midnight Jock was sitting before the  
fire watching for the fairies' messenger, when the sound  
of tinkling bells caused him to turn round, and there beside  
him a little fairy. How he got there Jock never could  
say.

"I have come to

take you to fairy Born Courage. No mortal must be al-  
lowed to see the way, so I will close your eyes for a little  
while, but you can follow me by listening to the bell on  
my cap." So saying, he waved his wand before Jock's eyes  
and instantly they were tight shut and Jock could not open  
them. He listened to the tinkling of the little gold bell  
and walked slowly along what seemed to be a straight,  
smooth street. After he had walked what seemed a short  
distance from home, the fairy said to him: "Now we are  
here." Again he waved his wand and at once Jock saw  
again. He found himself in front of a high hedge without  
any opening, but covered with beautiful white flowers.

"Pull three blossoms and say I have come," said the mes-  
senger, and with that he disappeared.

Jock did as he was told. The hedge opened and he found  
himself in a beautiful yard with trees and flowers. In front  
of him appeared a lovely fairy, dressed in crimson. "I am  
the fairy Born Courage," she said. "Good Resolve told me  
about you and your wish to destroy the dread giant of  
Omgaring. I am glad to help you. I will send you at once  
to fairy Success and tomorrow, if all goes well, there will  
no more be this curse on Omgaring."

As she spoke, she waved her wand, and instantly the  
messenger appeared. He bowed low before Born Courage and  
waved his wand before Jock's eyes. Then led him away.  
After what seemed a long, hard walk to Jock, whose limbs  
were often tired, at last they stopped.

"We are here," said the fairy. Just then he heard the  
giant's terrible voice roaring:

"Ching ga ling, ga ling,  
I am giant of Omgaring!  
I laugh and dance and sing,  
And I eat up everything!"

It frightened Jock, but he didn't try to run away. He  
stood bravely and waited. They were in front of a high  
stone wall.

"Knock once," said the fairy, "and say 'Patience.' Knock  
again and say 'Perseverance.'" With these words he dis-  
appeared.

Jock did just as the fairy had commanded. The wall  
opened and he found himself in a great case of sparkling  
crystal. Standing before a perfumed fountain stood a  
fairy dressed in shimmering gold and wearing a crown. "I  
am the Queen of the fairies," she said. "I will help you to  
do what you wish."

"Good Queen," said Jock, "I want to kill the giant of  
Omgaring."

"That is a good desire," said the Queen of the fairies. "It  
will require great courage, but you look like a brave boy  
and if you will promise to do as I bid you, you can do it.  
Will you promise?"

Jock put his hand on his heart and promised.

The Queen waved her wand and instantly two white  
fairies appeared. They bowed and said: "Your pleasure,  
gracious Queen."

The precious phial, she said to one who flew away at  
once, but instantly returned with a tiny glass bottle which  
she placed in the Queen's hand.

"The Black Powder," said the Queen to the other fairy,  
who flew away and quickly returned with a small package.  
The Queen waved her wand and the two white fairies dis-  
appeared. The Queen turned to Jock:

"Tomorrow at midnight go out of the house by the back  
door; walk twice around the house and you will find the  
messenger, who will conduct you to the lion. There he will  
leave you and you will have to do the rest yourself. The  
moment you are alone, drink this." She handed him the  
tiny phial, which Jock saw was marked "Spero"—"then  
throw the powder into the lion's face. It will cause him  
to fall asleep; then you must shoot him. I know you have  
a gun at home. You must take it with you." The Queen  
then took a letter from her pocket and gave it to Jock.  
"This you must hand to the giant without speaking one  
word. You will find him in the castle, but he cannot harm  
you after the lion has been killed." The Queen waved her  
wand, the messenger appeared, and Jock was soon at home  
again.

All the next day he was busy polishing his gun, but he  
said not a word to any one about the wonderful use he ex-  
pected to make of it.

At midnight he started from the front door, walked  
twice around the house, found the fairies' messenger, and  
was conducted to the castle gate. The instant he gazed  
on the savage lion he swallowed the draught from the  
bottle the queen had given him, and found he was not at  
all afraid, even of the great king of beasts.

He opened the package and threw the black powder into  
the lion's face. The lion gave a low, heavy growl, but  
Jock raised his gun and shot him dead.

Jock then pushed back the heavy gate and walked into  
the castle yard. On the great stone steps stood the giant,  
peering out his song: "I am giant of Omgaring," when Jock  
stepped up to him, without speaking, and handed him the  
letter from the fairy queen.

Lo! In a twinkling the great giant turned into a  
lovely princess, with sweet, blue eyes and a gentle smile.  
She took Jock by the hand and said, "Come into the castle.  
I will tell you all."

Jock went with her into a large room, with birds sing-  
ing in a window filled with flowers, and two snowy kit-  
tens playing on a rug. There Jock listened to her story.

I am the Princess Aleda, and this is my castle. The  
wicked ogre who took the form of the lion at the gate  
killed my parents and turned me into that dreadful  
giant. But, thanks to the kind queen of the good fairies,  
and to you, dear Jock, I am myself again."

Then Jack was so happy to think he had saved this  
beautiful creature that he took hold of her hand and  
started to tell her so. Just at that moment the fairy  
queen appeared. She kissed the sweet Princess Aleda, and  
said to Jack, "You have not done this in a single night.  
It has been years since you started on this mission. You  
are no longer the boy Jock. You are Jocko, the great Prince  
of Darleen. I bid you marry the Princess and be happy!"

Then she vanished. Jocko, the great Prince of Darleen,  
never saw a fairy again. But he married the lovely Aleda,  
and every year they saw something that made them happy  
indeed. It was the little children of Omgaring playing  
and singing in the beautiful castle gardens, rejoicing that  
there was no longer a giant of Omgaring.

L. C. H.

BLACK BEAR STORIES.

THE BEAR TELLS HOW HE WENT AFTER

LUSCIOUS PIG PORK.

By a Special Contributor.

I was living in a cave in the hills about a mile from a  
farmhouse, and one night I discovered a mother pig and  
seven little fellows in a pen. Ah! me, but how I do love  
a tender, juicy, young pig! I have eaten scores of them  
in my time, and I tell you there is no meat like it. I  
would walk five miles any night just for a good big bite.  
I couldn't get at the pigs that night on account of the  
farmer's dog. He saw me skulking around, and raised a  
great fuss about it, and knowing that the farmer would  
soon be out with his gun I made off to come back the  
next night. I met the fox next day and told him about  
the pigs, and he scratched his ear in a wise way and ob-  
served:

"Yes, I saw the pigs myself the other night, as I was  
looking for a chicken, and they are lovely. Let me give  
you a little advice, however. The farmer will set traps  
around the pen, and the first thing you know you will be  
caught by the leg. Better look out for yourself."

I thanked the fox for his advice, although I thought I  
was a pretty smart bear and knew how to take care of  
myself. I was back at the farm next evening about 9  
o'clock, and I took good care that the dog should neither  
smell nor see me. By and by I saw the lights go out, and  
I knew that the family had gone to bed. Soon after that  
I crept up to the pen and heard all the pigs snoring in  
their sleep. The pen had a door, but in front of it was  
a big trap. I planned to get in by way of the roof, so as  
to avoid this trap, but as I moved carefully, about one of  
the pigs woke up and called out:

"Mother! Mother! I believe there's a bear around  
here!"

"What are you talking about!" replied the mother, as  
she rose up out of the straw. "You never saw a bear in  
your life, and why should you say there is one around  
here?"

"Because I can smell him."

"Nonsense! You go to sleep and let me hear nothing  
more from you."

"But I smell a bear!" insisted the little one.

"So you won't mind me and go to sleep!" exclaimed the  
mother, and she rushed over to him and gave him a toss  
with her snout which sent him clear across the pen.

I was softly laughing to myself when the noise made  
in the pen set the dog to barking, and it wasn't five min-  
utes after when the farmer came to the door with a gun  
in his hands, and I heard him say to his wife:

"Nancy, I believe there's a bear spooking around after  
the pigs, and you light the lantern for me!"

I saw that it was time for me to be off, but as I started  
to go around the pen I found another trap. I had to dodge  
that, and as the farmer was yelling and the dog barking  
I got a little scared. The first thing I knew I was in a  
pretty pickle. The farmer's wife had been making soft  
soap in a big kettle, and I blundered right into the kettle.  
The soap was cold, but as I rolled over in it, the stuff got  
into my mouth and eyes and ears, and I was so mused  
up that you couldn't have told whether I was a bear or a  
bundle. I got out of the kettle and made my escape into  
the woods before the farmer got near enough to shoot,  
and the first thing I did was to hunt for a pond of water.  
It took me two hours to get rid of the soap, and though  
I got a thorough washing, I was by no means pleased with  
the adventure. I met the wolf, and he laughed till he fell  
down. I met the coon, and he grinned and chuckled and  
asked how I liked young pig in a kettle. I met the fox,  
and he roared out:

"Ha! ha! ha! So you have gone into the laundry busi-  
ness, and have been washing your own hide, eh! We  
shall have to call you by another name after this. Hello!  
old Soft Soap!"

The woodchuck, the possum and the lynx all had some  
joke to get off, and the only sympathy I got was from the  
rabbit. She walked round me and sniffed at me, and  
finally said:

"Poor old bear! You went after juicy pig and got soft  
soap, and if you'll come home with me I'll give you some  
sassafras leaves to take the dreadful smell out of your  
fur!"

BLACK BEAR.

THE CHINESE LANGUAGE.

[Frederic Poole in Ladies' Home Journal:] Every word  
in the Chinese language has a logical reason for its exist-  
ence and peculiar formation, and each word consists of  
either one individual character or a number of them com-  
bined in order to make a complete word. Take the word  
field, a square divided into sections or lots. When the  
word man is written by the word field the combination  
makes the word farmer, indicating the avocation of a man  
who is associated with fields and agriculture. Still more  
suggestive is the Chinese word for truth, sincerity, faith-  
fulness, honesty. It is formed by the combination of a  
man and word, thus expressing that one form of honesty  
consists in a man standing by his word. The word for  
box is indicated by a square having four sides of equal  
length, while a prisoner is literally a man in a box, a  
fact which is often grossly illustrated in China when a  
criminal is sentenced to death, and is carried to the place  
of execution in a square box.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Many of the characters in the  
Chinese language are very suggestive of the relationship  
between husband and wife, and leave no doubt as to the  
subordinate position which the woman occupies in Chinese  
domestic life. The part which the Chinaman plays in se-  
curing his bride is vigorously illustrated in the word to  
seize, the character for woman crouching under the Chinese  
symbol for claws, while the character for wife, indicated  
by a woman placed beside a broom, is evidence of the  
Chinaman's opinion with regard to the proper position of  
his helpmate in his household.

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given 1... his bride... Case of bubonic plague in  
Wales... Corner-stone laid for German  
Catholic church in...

powder magazine at the Pru-  
situated a half mile from town,  
about 5:30 o'clock this after-



## A STRANGE TEST. STORY OF A YOUNG JAPANESE AND AN AMERICAN GIRL.

BY ADACHI KINOSUKE.  
Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

THE Kobe pier comes into my mind often—inolent, lonesome, perfectly out of place there, that black, blasphemous stain which a demon, called Civilization, spilt upon the pastoral purity of the sea-girt Arcadia. I was upon it on a certain bright morning; my friend was coming home from America. The steamer arrived and with it a thunderous chaos of men and things. I heard a gentle voice say from behind me: "Can you speak English at all?" "Why, certainly," said I, "can I be of any service to you, madam?" and turned round. "You are very kind," she said. I looked at her. Amusement on my part, embarrassment on hers, rang down a curtain between us—that severe, ridiculous, self-conscious curtain, called silence. It was very natural, this silence, all the same. She would have her wishes made comprehensible for the hopeless intricacy of a Japanese ear. "How excellently you speak our language," she was kind enough to say, as I interpreted her.

The twilight, that day, tempted me into a reverie. In it, like a fair Kwan-non in her heaven, stood the image of the alien beauty. Her eyes of the color of the sea, her lips of the warmth of the blooming cherries of Yoshino, the jewel oval of her cheeks, her brow, and the chestnut glory that crowns it, her figure whose voluptuousness and grace seemed hand in hand, to have gone into the nirvana of refinement, and her feet, full of dance and rhythm—in short, her entire person seemed to have been made of exclamation points; every inch of it was a fountain whence flowed the streams of ecstatic thrills.

Two years later—never mind the events that bridged the chasm—I saw her trip down the marble stair of a certain well-appointed house in New Orleans. On both sides of her head were clusters of roses; between them in the center, above the forehead, in line with the Grecian purity of her nose, was a circlet of pearls; piercing through it and speeding from one cluster of flowers to the other was a pearl arrow, bent into a crescent around the dome-like curve of her head, to return, no doubt, the caresses of her soft hair. Where one naturally looks for shoulders she carried a pair of marble miracles, that eloquent something through which Nature tells the sculptor that he must be up and doing. Pending on a white ribbon, tied to her right arm (an exaggerated and illumined lily pendant, I ought to have said), just above the wrist, was a fan. And the way the train of her silk gown, suave of color and whose embroidery reminded me of the most gorgeous days of Yedo, tarried and hesitated behind her, one could see how the stairsteps clung to the gilding presence of the lady.

"So you say you love me? Madly? Madly?" she said, and then was silent. She might have pitied my choking agony. That, however, seemed to escape her altogether. "And you think that you know what true love is? Very well, we'll see!"

Just before we parted:

"Will you swear on your honor?"

And I swore that at least for two years I would make no attempt to follow up her whereabouts, her mode of life—in short that everything that had ought to do with her was to be a perfect secret so far as my lively scientific spirit of investigation was concerned.

"I will summon you by note when the time is ripe," she said.

After that my friends marveled at my fondness for my vagabondage and smoked over the probable cause of my sudden restlessness.

At a little cottage on the Maiko beach, not many miles from the city of Kobe; the inland Sea of Japan peeping at me from behind the headland of Awaji and autumn making a desperate effort at melancholy on the ripple-brocaded smile of the sea in front of me, there I saw the second year of my exile coming to its close. Accidentally, I had hoped to hear about her, and so it happened, quite through accident, of course, that the New Orleans Picayune and the Times-Democrat and some New York papers were served to me with breakfast. Not a line about her. She was to write me at my home address, namely, Kobe, Japan. When I was away from the city, Yosaku, an old family servant who had nursed and reared me and who became a confidant of my riper years, had the order to open every letter that came and wire me at once if the all-important summons should arrive. Nothing came.

"A coquette"—"bright as a silver dollar"—"sharp as a whip"—"by Jove!"—"a perfect witch on a keyboard"—"stunning!"—"what a pity that she is so wealthy—with all that talent of hers!" Unkindly things than these they have said of her—that she plays with the hearts of men—but then, that is the stereotyped formula of the disconsolate of suitors, of whom there were some fifty in her case. Then, too, there was one mystery about her.

Among the many of her suitors there were a choice few who seemed to love her much more than the rest, and for whom she seemed to care seriously. One by one those lovers fled from her, pale, in haste, and could by no means be induced to say a single word of explanation of their singular conduct. Indeed, they never dared to whisper so much as her name. Speculations were many; but they were speculations and nothing more.

"A strange, beautiful enigma," people said, summing up their opinions of her.

One evening, on the beach of Maiko, just below my cottage, the twilight of a kindly day was turning from dusk to silver under the moon. Much like a monk, but without

the least shadow of his philosophic nirvana of mind within me, I was pacing on the sand. I remember that the waves were rather noisy; but that was not what I was hearing. Ever since I had heard her my memory became a concert hall where the echoes of her soft voice came out and played, without pause, upon my heart-strings.

All of a sudden:

"Your honorable name—is it Skizuki-san?"

I turned back with a start.

"Yes! What do you want?"

A child of an uncertain age held out to me a piece of paper. It was evidently torn from a magazine. On the blank side of it was something written. I struck a match. The sea wind blew it out, but not before I saw:

"Come to me. The boy will show you where I am. Hasten!"

An exclamation escaped me.

"Eh! You scared me to death!" the boy said.

A half-native, half-foreign den of poverty, in a corner of which the picture-like city of Kobe is not proud, any more than a dude of a sore on his face. We stood before that miserable lodging-house.

"This, here, is the place"—with that superb air peculiar to the child and one who knows what he is talking about.

"This house . . . this? Are you very sure?"

In some way I seemed to have insulted the little man.

But the boy had never seen Clara Eclair sail down the marble steps in her ball gown in her home at New Orleans; and one cannot expect him to have any patience with me in my misgivings. Something was deadly wrong. The knock I gave to the door was nervous.

"Great heavens!" I said.

"Sit down," said her soft, melancholy voice. "Oh, I forgot; there is no chair here."

There was a wooden bed—a most atrocious horror of a mutilated pretension of a western bed—and that was the sole inhabitant, so far as the furniture went, of the room. Upon it sat Clara.

When one's emotion becomes very strong, it stands at his throat and murders every word he would like to utter. Silent, therefore, and with my eyes welling, I dwelt on the wretched details of her coarse and ragged dress.

"Need I explain to you—" her voice was sad, albeit, haughty, a trifle misty, too, as if a big stream of tears had just been dried from it. It went tearing through my heart.

"No!—Oh, no!" and I paused, finding it very hard to decide as to what I should call her by. Oh, if I could but say, "darling" or even "Clara!"

Her father was ruined—bankrupt. She spent almost her last dollar in paying her passage across the sea.

"I remembered what you told me once," she said with that exquisite tenderness. And then, after a pause, she added:

"Do you remember it, also?"

Did I remember it? Great heavens! I called upon all the 8,000,000 gods of Japan to witness, there on my knees before her, and repeated the same thing which of old I had said to her under a certain palm tree, and added that I was the happiest man alive if she would make me so.

I am a Japanese and my father was a samurai; and that is another way of saying that centuries and centuries of the training of stoicism—a stoicism such that would have been a perfect revelation to the Spartans—was in my blood. Notwithstanding, tears came freely. At the same time, when the first shock of transport was over, I saw—one could never overlook it—how unaffected she was. The snow-pallor of her cheeks forbade a single rose. Meditation sat very heavily in her eyes; melancholy wilted, as it were, her flower-like charms. Another thing: Whatever other devastations the sad experience of hers might have wrought upon her, it left not the slightest shadow or stain of its sinister touch upon her perfect beauty. The oval of her face was as full—aye, a little fuller than when I had seen her last, two years before; her dazzling complexion, half transparent, showed all the painstaking care with which the slightest whiff of an unkindly wind was tempered. Even in the midst of that maelstrom of emotions, I may add, by way of confession, the painter in me persisted and I felt, quite unpromptively, into the study of her person. The effect of the coarse garment was singular, and charming as it was singular.

The clouded lamp on a shelf would have us understand that it was decidedly bent on the unpoetic idea of suicide. It was the hour of ghosts, to be sure; midnight had gone a little ahead of us.

"But this is awful here. You can't spend a single night in this filth, dear—" I paused abruptly. That was the first time I dared, and that through an impulsive gush of feeling, to use that soft-souled word, "dear." The consciousness of it was working upon me. My boldness made me unreasonably cowardly.

"You must come with me," I continued, "I know a hotel here, a European hotel—its proprietor is a good friend of mine. You will be perfectly safe there. Will you come? And—and, oh, promise me dear, that you would marry me—tomorrow!"

"Call a jinrikisha," was the only reply I received from her. When I gave the jinrikisha-man the address of the hotel, she said, "No, tell him to take us to Sei-on-ji."

And Sei-on-ji was a small Buddhist temple almost lost in its vast and ancient graveyard, at the foot of the hills. What could she mean? Is it possible?—mad? It really did seem so. At that unearthly hour of night racing to a graveyard!

"You say you worship the Beautiful," she said on the way, "and that my person pleases you. You also see that none of the unkindly misfortunes left a single scar upon me. You do not know why all this. No? Well, you will see."

That, as I remember, was the only time when her voice failed to soothe my nerves.

The moon was waning, and at that dismal hour of her death she seemed to play magician and call up the shadows of earth, phantasmal, blot-like, and sad.

"Here!" she said at last—more correctly it was an explosion of suppressed sighs, this exclamation of hers. And she stopped after leading me through the maze of tortuous paths of the graveyard, before a tomb. A new white lan-

tern was upon it, and the dirt was soft over the new grave.

"Here we are at last," she said.

I almost forgot to say that she carried a Japanese. The events raced much faster than my thoughts. She was given me, therefore, for anything else but a mad and ask some idiotic questions to myself.

She enlightened me quickly, vividly and with emphasis, as to the use she had for that awkward tool of digging—yes, digging that new grave.

"Let me have the hoe—let me dig it for you—meant to ask her what she wanted there."

"Very well," she simply said, and nipped my nose. I scraped the dirt off a small wooden coffin. She told me what my sensations were at the time. I can tell you.

"Let me have the hoe," she said. I wiped my eyes. Exactly how she did it is not in my power to tell. I heard a cracking sound; and I saw the lid of the coffin. Sleeping in it, was a little baby—a tiny blurred heap of repose in the depth of the shadows. I saw her kneel, stoop, and then, stretching her arms with her bosom pressing against the dirt upon and clutch at the baby, with a nervous gasp after the manner of a bird of prey.

Let me see, it was the left arm of the baby she seized in her right hand; gave it a quick, fearful wrench off it.

"You wonder," she said in a strange voice, "how my personal charms, against shocks, disappointments, dark days. This is what I feed my beauty upon—my pearl-like teeth into the plump and dimpled of the baby. She munched it. A strange riveted my eyes on the dark place on the baby's face which she had bitten off a mouthful. I may just as well confess, here, that a cold, cold worm ran up and down my spine. At the same time, the old style Japanese of my youth came to my help. To be daunted by of this sort was thought base and cowardly in a samurai; and cowardice was the blackest of crimes, a knightly way of thinking. There was, therefore, left me but to fathom the bottom of the whole the fever of adventure was upon me.

She turned up her face at me. The moon fell on beautiful features and around her mouth where it stained; it looked dark in the silver light. She said:

"If you love me strongly enough—intensely enough—you love me bravely—kiss me. Come, dear!"

Fascinated, half mad, stormed by emotions that war with each other, and more than likely half blind to what I was doing, I stooped down and kissed her passionately.

"Ah!" I said, pushing myself back from her. I have no word to describe the expression of my face. I tasted very sweet—very, very sweet—not in a sentimental sense, no—but in a material, sugary way.

"If you love me"—gravely—"you must take a kiss. She offered me the white baby arm.

I availed myself of the offer eagerly.

There was an explosive, musical peal of laughter, from me, too.

I knew but one confectioner in Kobe who could make such a delightful bit of sweetsmeats.

Her arms locked my neck.

"Oh, you stood the test, dear boy"—sobs—

"How I love you, dear. Yes, my mother and father."

Hyogo Hotel. Yes, we shall get married tomorrow.

The next day, if I so chose, I could notice all the details of her splendid attire, but I did not so choose. In our nest—our very own—with her in my arms, thinking of this pre-nuptial episode, I gave myself a weakening, a willing prisoner of reverie, into a dream.

"Well, upon my word!" I colloquized.

She answered softly, laughingly—

"My darling boy!"

Beside me were her melting eyes.

## THE YOUNG MAN'S MANNER SOCIETY ASKS THAT HE BEHAVE WELL THEN HIS PATH WILL BE SMOOTH.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Society asks little of a man except to behave well. If he be manly in his has a good manner, is civil to his elders, if he be a little gift of entertaining—any "parlor tricks"—if he a few flowers occasionally, looks pleasant and his way will be smooth to success—always provided he is really a gentleman.

He never joins her on a thoroughfare unless the ship be an established one and only with her partner will he stand and converse with her.

It is provincial to walk "sandwiched" between women, to stare, or look after any one who has passed. In public conveyances a man does not pay a fare unless he is her escort, except in an emergency he must ask if he may.

Introductions are rarely made in public places of conveyances.

A man precedes a woman when entering a public place. In a church the lady goes first. He precedes her up a public staircase but in a private ascending and descending, he follows.

In picture galleries, elevators in public buildings, and theater corridors, they being thoroughfares, he wears his hat. In a hotel he removes it if it is present.

If a lady bows to a man in a restaurant he rises from his seat in acknowledgment. When he is at a party, if a lady with her escort stops to speak, he rises and remains standing until she has gone. He also rises if a man is introduced to him with a stag party.

If a bachelor show some little hospitality it is him much in favor. If he has attractive room, anything to show, he may give an afternoon of chaffing-dish supper. Simplicity is in order. A bachelor's entertainment is usually regarded in the light of a social position, if he belongs to one good club, he may only use for the address on his cards and paper.

## CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

### Temperance in Eating.

THE good people who preach about temperance are together too narrow in their interpretation of the word. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when we anything in the papers about temperance, it refers to abstinence from alcoholic beverages. So much this the case that the meaning of the word has become together distorted in the minds of the general public.

It cannot too strongly be emphasized that there is temperance in eating, as well as in drinking. Many who abstain entirely from alcoholic beverages are grossly intemperate in eating. It is probably true that more and untimely deaths result from over-eating than over-drinking, because there are far more people who eat than those who over-drink.

It is no exaggeration to say that 90 per cent. of the nation eat vastly more than they ought to, and would much stronger and healthier if they would decrease amount of food they consume. This is especially true of those who lead sedentary lives. Such people, as a rule, consume more food than those who do hard labor, whereas should eat less. Dr. Charles E. Page has the following remarks in an article on this subject, published in Physical Culture:

"It is well known to the few medical men that cases of insanity are directly due to the absorption in circulation of toxic matters from the intestinal tract. Melancholia, whether in mild or severe form, is generally due to this cause. Violent paroxysms of temper, in children or adults, are often properly referable to state of the blood from this auto-toxemia, as is, in the exceedingly exuberant spirits of old or young, at least as we observe in alcoholic poisoning—some individuals are made temporarily jolly and good-natured; others are made ugly and unreasonable. In view of this condition, isn't it rather a wise plan for us all to consider the needs of the organism for food than the question of palate-tickling; to aim to eat good, instead of food, and enough of it—that is, not too much; to consider the conditions about right when we take our meals; to try and treat our bodies decently, even though we from a purely sensual point of view? In no other way we secure the highest possible degree of pleasure, and average; while by acting thus sensibly we may enjoy the immunity from disease."

"The more exercise we take, under proper conditions, more we are exposed to cold, and the clearer we keep excess in clothing the more we may eat; hence in to enjoy the fullest measure of table pleasures we live actively, wear as little clothing as is consistent comfort, and do considerable 'roughing'—sometimes hardening. With all this, we should take our meals when the body or brain is not over-tired, and we 'have leisure to digest.' And, of all things, we never eat unless hungry; to eat without an appetite is self-abuse of the most stupid sort, since it affords no pleasure and is productive of disease."

In the same issue of Physical Culture, the editor of a journal, writing upon the advantage of an occasional fast to rest the stomach, tells how, as an experiment, he fasted for seven days, and at the end of that time was astonished to find that he possessed sufficient strength to raise a hundred-pound dumb-bell a number of times as follows on the evils of over-eating:

"The American people are actually eating themselves their graves. Ninety-nine out of every hundred take five to fifty years from the length of their lives stuffing their stomachs. They eat, not to nourish the body, but merely for the pleasure of gourmandizing. The stomach from two to five times as much food passes the alimentary canal than is necessary to maintain strength, and mind and body are actually weakened by the strenuous efforts made by the system in endeavoring to dispose of this excessive amount of food."

"Though I thoroughly believe that anyone can be fitted by intelligent fasting at times, let me here caution against the serious injury that will result from over-eating after a fast. Begin to eat very slowly, the benefit of your abstinence will be lost if this advice is not given due attention."

### Methods of Advertising Quacks.

THERE are thousands of men, old and young, all of us, who easily fall into a trap set for them by advertising physicians. The afflictions of a large majority of people exist more in their minds than elsewhere. Often hard to make them believe this, and when they do not systematically plan to frighten them about their own condition, they generally prove easy subjects which to obtain money. Here is some information of subject from the Healthy Home, which should be carefully by those who are inclined to patronize advertising fakers:

"When one such person once answers an advertisement which purports to come from a specialist, a clergyman, or a man who has found a cure and is anxious to help others—there is no end to the number of circulars he will receive. In fact he will not, alone until he has parted with some money."

"Circular letters sent to this class of patients are not doubt the most ingeniously written of any class which go through the mail. The advertiser knows weakness of his intended victim. He needs sympathy, the circulars are profuse in sympathetic expressions, needs encouragement that he can be made well by systematic course of treatment. The circulars are full of encouragement in this direction. He wants to be matter quiet, and he is encouraged in the idea of



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THE good people who preach about temperance are altogether too narrow in their interpretation of the word. Ninety-nine times out of a hundred, when we read anything in the papers about temperance, it refers exclusively to abstention from alcoholic beverages. So much is this the case that the meaning of the word has become altogether distorted in the minds of the general public.

It cannot too strongly be emphasized that there is intemperance in eating, as well as in drinking. Many people who obtain entirely from alcoholic beverages are grossly intemperate in eating. It is probably true that more sickness and untimely deaths result from over-eating than from over-drinking, because there are far more people who over-eat than those who over-drink.

It is no exaggeration to say that 90 per cent. of the population are not as healthy as they ought to be, and would be much stronger and healthier if they would decrease the amount of food they consume. This is specially true of those who lead sedentary lives. Such people, as a rule, consume more food than those who do hard labor, whereas they should eat less. Dr. Charles E. Page has the following remarkable remarks in an article on this subject, published in Physical Culture:

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"The man exercises we take, under proper conditions, the more we are exposed to cold, and the clearer we keep from eating in clothing the more we may eat; hence in order to enjoy the fullest measure of table pleasures we must be actively, wear as little clothing as is consistent with comfort, and do considerable 'roughing'—sometimes called 'bushwhacking.' With all this, we should take our meals at times when the body or brain is not over-tired, and when we 'have leisure to digest.' And, of all things, we should never eat when hungry; to eat without an appetite is self-abuse of the most stupid sort, since it affords no pleasure and is productive of disease.

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"The human people are actually eating themselves into the grave. Ninety-nine out of every hundred take from the table more than the length of their lives by eating their stomachs. They eat, not to nourish the body, but simply for the pleasure of gourmandizing. The result is that the food is five times as much food passes through the alimentary canal than is necessary to maintain weight and strength, and mind and body are actually weakened by the enormous efforts made by the system in endeavoring to rid itself of this excessive amount of food.

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"When one such person once answers an advertisement, whether it purports to come from a specialist, a retired physician, or a man who has found a cure and is very anxious to help others—there is no end to the number of circulars he will receive. In fact he will not be let alone until he has parted with some money.

"Circular letters sent to this class of patients are without doubt the most ingeniously written of any circulars which go through the mail. The advertiser knows the weakness of his intended victim. He needs sympathy, and the circulars are profuse in sympathetic expressions. He needs encouragement that he can be made well by a systematic course of treatment. The circulars are full of encouragement in this direction. He wants to keep the matter quiet, and he is encouraged in the idea—and the

advantage of being treated away from home is dilated upon.

"He is asked to write freely and fully about all his symptoms, to tell everything possible about himself, which he is assured he can safely do, as the correspondence will be held strictly confidential.

"When they get the history of the patient they at once prepare a box of medicine, put his correspondence in the box with it, and ship it to him 'C. O. D.' for as much money as they think he will be likely to pay. The victim generally writes that he has not ordered any medicine, and that he cannot afford to pay the price. After several letters have passed between them, and a few dollars are taken off the price, he is told that the medicines are worthless; to the advertiser as they were prepared especially for him, and it would not be worth while to have them returned, as they do not care to go to any more trouble or expense of expressage, etc.

"They also further state that unless the medicines are wanted they shall order the express company to sell them at auction and return them the proceeds if there is anything over the express charges, saying incidentally that if they had known the affair was to terminate thus they would not have packed the correspondence in the box. The poor victim sees at once that unless he makes some compromise his secrets will be exposed, his condition will be known, and to his already distressed condition of mind is added another burden. He generally settles.

"One of the most successful workers of this scheme claims he can get money out of 80 per cent. of all who answer his advertisement. We have reference to only one of many methods used to impose upon this class of people. Such impositions would be less frequent if regular physicians would be more careful to attend to the mental condition of these people when they come to them for treatment. Too often they tell the patient that there is nothing wrong. There is something wrong, the patient knows it, nevertheless his chances are 99 per cent. better for getting help for this trouble with the regular physician than with any advertising physician.

"Our advice to all who suffer is to avoid advertising quacks and keep their names from the fool list."

Consumptive in California.

A WRITER in an eastern journal, the Country Gentleman, discusses the question of consumptives in California, and the arrangement made for their accommodation. Following is an extract from this article. It should be mentioned that arrangements are now being made which promise to greatly increase facilities for the handling of consumptive patients in this section:

"As at all places frequented by tourists, Redlands has private boarding-houses galore. Its best hotel is \$5 a day; indifferent hotels charge from \$2 to \$2.50 a day. Arriving in the city one noon, in charge of a sick friend, we decided that a private boarding-house would be the most practicable, and in all innocence presented ourselves at one after another until some dozen or more had been visited, and at each one we met with the question, in a more or less brutal form: 'Are both of you quite well?' As night came on, we turned in despair to one of the minor hotels where no questions were asked, and where consequently all of the guests were more or less afflicted.

"The bad effect on an invalid of association with none but the sick can hardly be overestimated, and, as I have hinted before, the average person afflicted with consumption is not a pleasant companion, simply and solely because he chooses to be, or is, so ignorant of sanitary measures. A very short time spent among such surroundings and one begins to feel as if he were in a lazar house. This becomes bad enough for a well person; for the sick, unless he be very strong-minded, it is death.

"At Pasadena the difficulty of procuring a shelter is even greater. In many smaller towns and in localities where the climate has not as yet been sufficiently boomed to force the citizen to protect himself against an army of sufferers, and where consequently it may be possible to secure board at fairly reasonable rates, it is impossible to procure such comforts and conveniences as are as necessary to the patient as climate.

"Until within the past few years, the Californian from north to south has built his house under the impression that he lives in a tropical climate, and has made no provision for heating it. Now a temperature that falls from 116 in the sun during the day to 50 at night, can scarcely be called tropical; nevertheless only a few of the latest built and better grade of houses have anything like an adequate means of heating. The heat of the sun, you are told, is never oppressive as it is in the East, and in the main this is true, but it is also true that the moment the sun goes down and the evening shadows fall, you are chilled, though you may wear as warm flannels as you could do at the East if the thermometer stood at zero. It does not require very much penetration to see that the invalid who has basked all day in the most glorious sunshine, must be extremely uncomfortable at night. So much for those who must board, and with whom economy is a necessity, for of course with unlimited money all conditions may be overcome."

Do Not Sleep With Your Business.

EVERY business man of common sense knows, whether he choose to acknowledge it or not, that the farther away he gets in the evening from his commercial associations during the day, so that his business associates be thoughts of it or them cannot get at him, the healthier he is, the wiser life he leads, and the abler for the duties of the morrow," writes Edward Bok of "The American Man and the Country," in the July Ladies' Home Journal. Proceeding the writer says:

"Now, what does he get in the city in the evening, even if he lives a carefully-regulated life? There is no mode of life he can possibly follow which is in any way recuperative to his mental or physical being. He has never been out of hearing of the noises of the city or out of the range of its lights. Every night he has slept in the polluted air of the city, and in the morning has looked out on the gray sidewalks which he sees all day long. What does such a man know of the exhilarating, refreshing, and blood-quickenng experience of opening the shutters of his

chamber window upon a landscape of space and sunshine? And what is far worse, what do his wife and children know of such a blessing? Yet he deludes himself into the belief that he must live in the city so as to be 'in touch with things.' If you ask him what those 'things' are you invariably discover that they are of a business nature, either strictly business or some social convention which he feels has a bearing on his business. But it is always business, business! Now, a man living under this pressure rarely does his best work, although he fully believes that he is doing it. But he cannot be giving out the best because he does not allow the best to get within him."

Characteristics of Longevity.

A CAREFUL examination will show that certain physical characteristics are usually associated with longevity. Referring to this subject, Health Culture says:

"Perhaps the most noticeable of these is carriage. Ninety-nine out of one hundred people have curvature of the spine. The octogenarian is the hundredth man. His spine is a straight line, his head erect, his chest broad and deep. This means that the vital organs are properly supported by the attachments provided by nature and that they do not rest upon and crowd each other. The heart, lungs, stomach, liver and kidneys are thus enabled to do their work unimpeded, and their activity in providing food for the tissues and in removing waste matter (which is the prime cause of disease) is a potent factor in longevity. A large trunk, with legs short in proportion, a straight spine and an erect carriage are among the most obvious characteristics of those who attain great age.

"Another characteristic of those who achieve longevity, less evident to the untrained observer, is equally important, is the habit of slow, deep respiration. The oxygen is the only real food; for only the matter oxidized in the system becomes tissue. Deep, full breathing means an immensely increased amount of oxygen ingested, and an equally augmented quantity of poisonous matter eliminated by the lungs. Mental quietude is essential to proper breathing. The excited man—the emotional individual—who suffocates with joy, palpitations with enthusiasm, chokes from rage, gasps with astonishment, sighs from the intensity of his attachments—the emotional individual by every inequality in his respiration abbreviates his life.

"Another physical characteristic of longevity, most important of all and seldom or never noticed, is ease and repose of movement. The old person—the hale, vigorous, healthy old man—moves easily, lightly, silently. He has always moved that way. That's the reason he is now here instead of with the others who, with their gasps and sighs, their clinched brows and twirling thumbs, their intense emotions and little complaints, are gone and forgotten. Ease of movement and grace depend upon muscular relaxation. Muscular relaxation is impossible except when the mind is tranquil.

"A fourth peculiarity of those who live long is that they are invariably small eaters. Gourmands die young. The octogenarian is always frugal. The enormous physiological task of digesting and excreting daily pounds of food not needed by the organism is not performed by the frugal eater, so that he has the more vitality to expend in thought, in working, and in living out this century. We live not so much because of what we eat as because of what we do not eat. Much has been written on the subject of longevity, but little that today possesses any beyond a merely literary interest. The influence of occupation, of climate, of stimulants, of location, of race, and breeding upon longevity open interesting fields for discussion but affect the matter only indirectly."

FARMERS' FRUIT OFFERING.

FARMERS OF NEW ENGLAND TO SHARE THEIR APPLES WITH THE POOR OF BOSTON.

[Boston Evening Transcript:] New England apple trees have been heavily weighted down with fruit this season, and, if they wished, every farmer could find a ready market for every apple that has ripened into tempting beauty. The New England farmer has a big heart, however, and he does not forget the more unfortunate in the city who have no apples because they have no money to buy, and so the Farmers' Fruit Offering has come to be one of the happiest of all the harvest festivals of the year.

Four years ago when apples were a delight in the land, Dr. Edward Everett Hale made the suggestion that if the farmers would remember the poor of the city, they would fully appreciate every apple given them. The idea met with instant favor and the farmers generously sent on apples by the carload, and the good work was helped on by the managers of the Boston and Maine, the Boston and Albany, and the New York, New Haven and Hartford railroads, for they promised to transport free all the apples donated to the city of Boston. So this work came to be a branch of the Lend-a-Hand Society, and every year when there is an overabundance of fruit the offering is sure to come.

Three weeks ago applications began to come to Mrs. Bernard Whitman, Lend-a-Hand office, and promises of fruit also sattered in from the daily mails like autumn leaves. Mrs. Whitman and Mr. Griggs will give all information regarding the reception and distribution of the fruit, as the location for both are soon to be decided upon. Mrs. Whitman says that the health of the city was greatly increased by the generous distribution.

In order to carry on the work to the best advantage, a warehouse has to be secured; likewise a man with a cart. Then when word is received that a carload of apples is on the road, the fruit can be at once cared for and distributed without the loss of an apple. Through the Associated Charities and other organizations the poor receive cards which entitle them to a gift of the fullness of the land. Nearly everyone receives a peck, and where the family numbers many, a more liberal allowance is made. All who are able carry the fruit home themselves, but a large number who are aged or ill have it carried to their doors. Diet kitchens welcome the apples for their cooking, and many a hospital and institution is remembered.

It was estimated that during the first season 5505 bushels were distributed on 5316 orders, which represented over fifty thousand people, and so systematically was the work done that all the fruit went to the very people whom the farmers themselves would have chosen as recipients. The majority who ask for apples are the respectably poor of American and English birth. By the last of the month the apples will begin to come in from all the New England farms.

... was soft over it—evidently  
... said.  
... she carried a Japanese  
... than my thoughts. No  
... anything else but to  
... to myself.  
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... small wooden coffin. Do  
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... is not in my power to tell  
... I saw the lid was  
... a little baby—a tiny  
... depth of the shadow.  
... and then, stretching down  
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... by with a nervous jerk  
... of prey.  
... left arm of the baby that  
... ve it a quick, fearful twist  
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... shocks, disappointments,  
... I feed my beauty upon"  
... to the plump and dimpled  
... it. A strange fascinat  
... place on the baby's arm  
... mouthful. I may just as  
... old worm ran up and down  
... the old style Japanese tra  
... help. To be daunted by a  
... base and cowardly in a  
... the blackest of crimes to  
... There was, therefore, no  
... bottom of the whole thi  
... upon me.  
... me. The moon fell upon  
... and her mouth where the  
... the silver light. She said  
... enough—intensely enoug  
... me. Come, dear!" And  
... offered me.  
... rmed by emotions that were  
... more than likely half rais  
... down and kissed her—  
... self back from her. I fear  
... expression of my face. Her  
... very sweet—not in a figur  
... in a material, sugary sens  
... "you must take a bite, b  
... baby arm.  
... her eagerly.  
... musical peal of laughter—  
... in Kobe who could con  
... meats.  
... t, dear boy"—sobs—laugh  
... a, my mother and father  
... I get married tomorrow."  
... se, I could notice, all the  
... but I did not so chanc  
... wa—with her in my arm  
... episode, I gave myself up, lik  
... er of reverie, into a volunta  
... colloquized.  
... ghly—  
... ting eyes.

MAN'S MANNERS.

HE BEHAVE WELL, AND I WILL BE SMOOTH.

Society asks little of a man. If he be manly in looks, if he be all to his elders, if he be a "parlor trick"—if he be a looks pleasant and in possession of success—always providing

thoroughfare unless the first and only with her permission

oversee with her. "sandwiched" between any one who has passed

man does not pay a woman except in an emergency,

made in public places or

an when entering a theater the lady goes first. He is

at a private house, he follows.

aters in public buildings, being thoroughfares, a man

he remover it if women

in a restaurant he rises at judgment. When he is escorted steps to speak to

ina standing until she is introduced to him

a little hospitality it always has attractive rooms, and give an afternoon tea

opening sale we polished hands which other stores

Our Daily Story. Editorials; Editorial Paragraphs. Voting by Mail.

given 1... his bride... Case of bubonic plague in Wales... Corner-stone laid for German Catholic church in Jerusalem

powder magazine at the Pruce situated a half mile from town, about 5:30 o'clock this afternoon



## The Development of the Great Southwest.

### IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

#### Ostrich Feathers

THE Ostrich Farm of South Pasadena is one of the features of Southern California. It is not only a show place, but does a large and profitable business in ostrich products. Among the articles sold are plumes, boas, feather tips, ostrich-feather fans, feather capes, parasols and ostrich egg shells. Goods from this establishment have been shipped as far as Paris. The Ostrich Farm sends out a large amount of artistic advertising matter.

Incidentally, ostrich farming has been the means of giving Southern California a large amount of indirect advertising in the eastern papers. A recent issue of Harper's Weekly contains an illustrated article on ostrich farming in California, by Edwin Cawston of the South Pasadena Farm, from which the following extract is taken in regard to the future of this industry in this section:

"One has to review the trade that is now going on in South Africa in ostrich feathers to see the immense possibilities of the American ostrich future. In the land of the Briton and the Boer domestic ostriches have increased from less than a hundred in 1865 to 300,000. Already capital has been attracted to the industry in this country, so that it is now impossible to purchase a California ostrich without the consent of the ostrich trust. A large ostrich farm of some four hundred birds exists at Fullerton, another nearly as large in Arizona, while the two I own, one at South Pasadena and one at Norwalk, together contain some two hundred and fifty ostriches. One ostrich farm is established in Texas and one in Florida. Seven million dollars a year are paid by the feather merchants of London to the ostrich farmers of the Cape for their product, whereof \$2,000,000 in value comes to the United States, for which our people pay an import duty of 30 per cent; all this progress has been made within the last thirty years. Comparing the future of the American import with that of its relative in Africa, it may safely be expected that when the States of California and Arizona are peopled with the Struthio camelus, which, as may be testified to from expert observation, is only a matter of time, we can surely congratulate the American descendant not only upon his fleet-footed and useful ancestry, whose interests have been so well advanced by British enterprise and capital, but upon his own future, for within the lifetime of the reader probably the output of ostrich feathers will join that of raisins and oranges and become inter alia one of the leading industries of the Golden State."

#### Ontario Citrus Fruit Shipments.

AT THE annual meeting of the Citrus Fruit Growers' Association at Ontario, recently, an annual report was submitted, from which the following extract is made:

"The second business year of the association is now a thing of the past, during which season we have reason to congratulate ourselves on the showing we have made. Our business has increased 200 per cent, and a larger amount of money has been paid the growers per box than in former years."

"We have marketed 67,751 1/2 boxes of oranges, of which 53,319 boxes were navels; the balance, 14,432 1/2 boxes, were miscellaneous varieties; which represents 187 cars of 362 boxes each. We have also shipped some 15,425 boxes of lemons, which represents 56 cars of 312 boxes to a car, and makes the total citrus shipments for the past season 243 cars."

"The gross amount of money brought for the above fruit at destination amounted to over \$250,000. An accurate amount cannot be given, as our last orange and lemon accounts are incomplete, on account of the recent late shipments of fruit which have not yet reached destination."

"A financial statement of the association appears below:

Dividend account (paid growers).....	\$ 89,337.44
Merchandise used (boxes, nails, labels, and printed and plain wrappers).....	11,628.21
Miscellaneous expense.....	495.60
Rent.....	900.00
Labor, including Manager's salary.....	5,613.60
Fixture account.....	887.07
Cash at banks.....	252.71
	\$109,114.63

Cash received for oranges to date \$107,762.48  
Amount due for fruit..... 1,352.15

\$109,114.63  
"The policy of your directors has been to use the most modern machinery to handle your oranges without damage. By doing so the expense has been reduced to 29 cents per box, which is 3 cents lower than last season. It has also assumed the cost of the machinery, and also brushed all oranges free of cost (which previous years we have charged for.) This, if considered, makes the expense some 5 cents lower per box than last season, and would represent the sum of \$389.20."

For every pound of oranges marketed through the exchange the association paid 2.01 cents per pound, which equals \$1.40 a box. The association is the largest in Southern California, having a membership of 195. Mention

is made of the following groves, with the amount which the association paid the owners per acre:

F. Lindloff.....	\$390.43	7 years	2 acres in tract
J. Sternberg.....	365.00	7 years	10 acres in tract
Mrs. Oakley.....	428.00	15 years	2 acres in tract
H. Shepherd.....	543.00	17 years	1 1/2 acres in tract
R. Gray.....	666.00	17 years	1/2 acre in tract

#### Brick and Tile.

A NEW brick and tile yard has been opened by Raines & Son at Ocean View, in Orange county. The Anaheim Plain Dealer says:

"All the tile that the yard can put out will find ready market. Quite a lot of brick is already contracted for. This output, brick men say, will be the handsomest in the county. The field for tile is the largest offered any industry in the county. There is no end to the amount lowland farmers will be glad to use when they can get it at home and at a comparatively low figure. All the peatland needs tiling. Throughout the artesian belt there is just as much need of it. Through putting water on top and draining from the bottom alkali can be disposed of, and in no other way. Ranchers are agreed as to the benefits of tiling. The new factory will have all the business it can handle."

#### Gas for Redlands.

REDLANDS is soon to have a first-class gas plant. The necessary land has been purchased, and it is expected that the plant will be in operation before end of the year.

#### Fine Organs.

THE following communication from Los Angeles regarding an important local industry appears in a New York trade paper, Music Trades:

"A very rapidly-growing western industry is the organ business of Murray M. Harris. Mr. Harris started in here for himself three years ago, and the growth of his business has compelled him to enlarge his quarters six different times. Mr. Harris has just been incorporated under the name of the Murray M. Harris Organ Company, with \$100,000 capital, \$34,000 paid up. Mr. Harris is the president and general manager, and Frank A. Dewey, who has been in Mr. Harris's office nearly two years, is secretary and treasurer. Owing to the size of the business, a brick factory, 75x140 feet, is being built at the corner of College and San Fernando streets, and is to be 40 per cent. larger than the first plan. It is only a stone's throw from the Southern Pacific freight yards, making shipping easy. When finished the factory will be three stories, but at present only two will be put up. The new factory will have every modern equipment, and will equal the most modern eastern establishment of similar nature."

"The largest piece of work at present on Mr. Harris's hands is the Stanford organ, now in process of construction. It is a three-manual organ, has forty-four speaking stops (thirteen on the great organ, fifteen on the swell organ, nine on the choir, seven on the pedals;) fifteen couplers and mechanical accessories; thirteen pedal movements and 274 pipes. It will have individual valve pneumatic action and venturi stop system. The action will be part tubular and part electric. The organ is built for the memorial chapel which Mrs. Leland Stanford is erecting in memory of her husband. Although a chapel, it will seem more like a cathedral. It will be entirely of stone inside and out and cruciform in shape. The lofty main auditorium will be 200x156 feet across the transept. The organ will be placed in a gallery over the entrance, and will be divided in half—half in each end of the gallery, forty feet between the two parts. The console will be forward in the front center, allowing room for the organist to face and direct a chorus of 150 voices when desired. The case is to be Romanesque, of antique oak, and the front pipes of polished proof tin. The choicest workmanship and material will be used, no expense being spared to make it the finest instrument of its size possible to construct. An addition to the foregoing is contemplated in the form of an echo organ of six speaking stops, to be placed in the other end of the chapel. This will give the instrument a total of fifty speaking stops and 3150 pipes. The cost of the chapel, exclusive of furnishings, will be \$350,000. The windows are to be nineteen in number, and are being made by Tiffany of New York, after celebrated paintings in Europe, and represent the life of Christ from the manger to the crucifixion. A large amount of statuary for the interior is being made in Italy. The chapel, like the university, will be non-sectarian."

"Mr. Harris has just returned from San Francisco, where he has completed arrangements for a three-manual organ of forty-seven speaking stops and 3000 pipes, and which will possess every modern device specified for the Stanford organ. This month the company is delivering organs as follows: One of seventeen speaking stops, extended pneumatic action for the Church of the Unity, and one of twenty-four speaking stops for Christ Church; both of Los Angeles. One of fifteen speaking stops for the Second Presbyterian Church of San José, Cal."

"In addition to all of these, this company has several other organs of different sizes in various stages of construction."

#### New Industry in Perris.

A NEW industry is at present engaging the attention of a number of citizens of the town of Perris. It is the shipping of earth to the cement works at the town of Colton. The Riverside Enterprise says:

"It seems that there is a bed of clay or adobe near the town of Perris that is especially adapted to the formation of some kind of cement which the Colton company is engaged in manufacturing at present, and as high as twelve carloads a day of the stuff are sent to the factory. The digging, hauling and loading of this clay on the cars is giving employment to a large number of teams and men,

and W. F. Bray, who came in from Perris yesterday, that the camp where the men are located is a very interesting one. The work comes at a time when it is appreciated by those in that section having spent both themselves and teams."

#### New Oil Sprinkler.

SUPERVISOR WHITE of Chino, who makes a specialty of building good roads, has invented a new oil sprinkling oil on streets or roads which is a great improvement over the old machine. An exchange says:

"The oil is conducted from the tank to a distributor suspended at the rear of the wagon and about eight feet from the ground. This pipe has openings on the lower three inches apart along the length. A shut-off slide, all or half the holes entirely or partially as desired, operated by a lever at either end of the machine. It can be operated independently of the other when desired, and the amount of the flow of oil regulated to suit. The holes being closer together than in the old machine, distribution of oil is more even, and the results comparatively more satisfactory."

#### Flourishing Santa Ana.

SANTA ANA is one of the most flourishing cities in Southern California. The Santa Ana Blade has the following interesting statistics:

"The following more or less interesting data have been gathered, and is herewith given for the information of those who may be under the impression that the one-time alkali and alfalfa center of Orange county has not sufficient importance to warrant it a place among the prosperous cities on the Coast."

"To begin with, the city's area is about six square miles, or nine square miles; its population—an approximate figure of which only can be given in advance of the returns—is about six thousand; its shape trapezoidal, sixty-three miles of streets; twelve miles of commercial walks; twenty-two miles of sewers."

"The water supply is from artesian wells and the twenty miles of water mains, and possibly three times length of laterals, the distributing system for the water supply, as well as lawn and street sprinkling."

"It might be added just here that the cost of water to consumers is less here than in almost any city in the States, being only 8¢ per month as the minimum, and 10¢ meters are used, the charge is 10 cents for 750 gallons. "First street, the longest street in the city, is over five miles in length. The city is lighted by gas and has about forty miles of wires for street lighting, sides a distributing system of something over twenty miles. There are seven miles of gas mains, and for street and commercial purposes there are fifty 2000-candle-power electric lights in use, besides 2000 incandescent lights. The Edison Electric Company supplies the power for the city, and the system is installed on horse-power. Santa Ana is the county seat of Orange county, and is the location of the county buildings, including the County Jail, one of the best and most modern equipped buildings of the kind in the State, the county Courthouse, now in course of construction, of which is 700 feet east of the geographical center of the city."

"Santa Ana has four public schools exclusive of the dergartens, and has besides a High School now in construction at a cost of \$30,000, thus making the equal of any city in the State as an educational center."

"There are eighteen churches and three banks, all facilities are provided for laying up treasure both in heaven, and to guard against any irregularity in acting business in either place, there are twenty ministers, twenty-one lawyers and a Superior Judge."

#### Chino Oil Refinery.

THE OIL refinery of the Puente Oil Company at Chino, an important enterprise. The Riverside Press says:

The month of July just closed, has been the busiest for the Puente Oil Company's refinery in Chino, for it put in refined products, illuminating oils, gasoline, engine distillate being about 150,000 gallons, or an average of 5000 gallons per day. The biggest day's shipment on Tuesday of this week, when twenty-two carloads of refined oil were shipped out by rail, besides a large amount by teams."

Nearly all the pumping plants in this section of the State are supplied with fuel oil from here, and it is a long haul by team a long distance. Most of that used for Jacinto and Temescal to Lordsburg and Azusa goes that way, and there is hardly a hour in the day when wagons loaded with oil drums going to and from the refinery cannot be seen."

During the past month a considerable amount of kerosene oil has also been shipped out, on account of the sugar factory here not operating, so not being able to use the amount of this oil. Part of this residuum goes to Pedro and boat to San Francisco, where it is used for fuel. Some of it is used by the pumping plants throughout the country, and a considerable quantity is used in the making of the best roads in California."

#### Progressive Phoenix.

THE city of Phoenix, Ariz., has grown within the last year from a village to a prosperous city. The following figures showing the assessment roll of Phoenix for 1900 speak for themselves:

1889.....	1890.....	1891.....	1892.....	1893.....	1894.....	1895.....	1896.....	1897.....	1898.....	1899.....
.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....	.....

## SOUTHWEST BY SOUTH

By Bill the Bo'sun.

THE overhauling given "to whom it may concern" these columns, about unfit vessels carrying hence to San Francisco, seems to be bearing for in the past ten days two really good boats have been put on the line, the Homer and the latter being an entirely new vessel, with accommodations. The Homer is eight years of age, a fine boat of her class. She was built by G. a San Francisco coal baron, for the Coca-Cola and was the most commodious vessel ever on the coast, with the exception of the ill-fated Arago, which ship ever built on this Coast. As Coca-Cola had place between October and April; and as trade offered great inducements to owners of ships, like the Homer, she was taken off the Coast and put to trading between Seattle and Skagway, she made some money. Here she is on a route it may not offer any great profits, certainly no risks. As long as vessels of this class are on route, no one will hear of any complaints of ture. I merely desire to see the traveling value for their money."

The "Coast Branch" of the Southern Pacific certainly be opened for travel by the rest of the knowing ones say. If such be the case, up to the wholesale merchants of Los Angeles of territory to which they have heretofore. It will, however, be of great benefit to Southern California, by bringing excursion travel the summer months. In former years if a San Francisco man that our summers are part of the entire year, the answer was always, "Yes, but that terribly hot ride through the valley, you know." That ended all claims that the route is a good deal shorter, is nearly one hundred miles east of San Francisco, reaches Modesto and has to make that all westward course after leaving the Tehuacan. Hence I am willing to believe that the new at least eighty miles shorter than the old one, and they used to end the "Owl" around out on the west branch, by Crow's Landing, Firebaugh's Ferry, but since that time they the Los Angeles trains take the east side to Modesto, Merced and Madras, leaving the covered by local trains between Tracy and the trains must go where the most people tainty."

The country between here and Paso Robles is plain suitable for cultivation of cereals, alfalfa, San Joaquin and Willamette Valley good poor man's country" because, while arable land are small, they are very fertile, great scarcity of water along that route. They are full of springs and it does not cost much to dig out a spring and pipe the water to his localities in Montana where men carry water to their houses, from five to eight miles—don't grow. Take most of the men who are competency in this State by farming, and who did not become "land poor," as the saying is, just what land they could pay for and without capacity. They planted all sorts of fruits, milked a few cows, had a few hives a general way, lived as country people and paying cash for anything that would grow. Avoiding debt, they soon became foreclosed, shares of stock in a local bank or made investment on the slow-and-sure principle. To the material wealth of the State simply were not dependent upon any one article of look upon another picture."

The Sacramento Valley farmers, as a rule, nothing but wheat and pork. Their hogs were in the river bottoms all summer till the water receded and then were turned in to fatten. It was nothing uncommon to go to one of the feed mills and see a hog on the table. I bought at a store which charged interest at all bills that stood over sixty days, hence unusual for a farmer to pay, in addition to the profit on the goods, at least seven or eight per cent in the shape of clothing, shoes, other things that came into his house during 1897 a well-known farmer died at his home on the Sacramento River and I was one of three selected by the Court to appraise his property. As the many outstanding claims against the estate, I look over all the accounts. Among them I had paid as high as \$350 annually for interest purchased at the country stores, which, of course, was agricultural implements. Another 1894 and, in examining into his affairs, I found always doing business on borrowed capital, paying annually from \$1500 to \$1700 in interest on the man who has sixty acres all paid for that land to its utmost capacity, is the better chance to become rich than he who plows thousand acres and has to take the chance market, with its usual fluctuations."

The late William Booth of Milpitas was a man to work in the right way. He never bought land, cattle, horses or anything else—unless money to pay for it. Beginning with about 1855, he gradually increased his holdings until he kept one steamboat busy for eight months in carrying his produce to the San Francisco market.



## SOU'WEST BY SOUTH.

By Bill the Bo'sun.

THE overhauling given "to whom it may concern" in these columns, about unfit vessels carrying passengers hence to San Francisco, seems to be bearing good fruit, for in the past ten days two really good and comfortable boats have been put on the line, the Homer and the Iaqua, the latter being an entirely new vessel, with good accommodations. The Homer is eight years old and an excellent boat of her class. She was built by George Fritsch, a San Francisco coal baron, for the Coos Bay coal trade and was the most commodious vessel ever on that route, with the exception of the ill-fated Arago, the first steel ship ever built on this Coast. As Coos Bay bar is a very bad place between October and April; and as the Klondike trade offered great inducements to owners of handy little ships, like the Homer, she was taken off the Coos Bay route and put to trading between Seattle and Skagway, at which she made some money. Here she is on a route which, while it may not offer any great profits, certainly carries no great risks. As long as vessels of this class are kept on this route, no one will hear of any complaints over my signature. I merely desire to see the traveling public get fair value for their money.

The "Coast Branch" of the Southern Pacific system will certainly be opened for travel by the 1st of December, so the knowing ones say. If such be the case, it should open up to the wholesale merchants of Los Angeles a good deal of territory to which they have heretofore had no access. It will, however, be of great benefit to Southern California in another way, by bringing excursion travel here during the summer months. In former years if an Angeleno told a San Francisco man that our summers are the pleasantest part of the entire year, the answer was always forthcoming, "Yes, but that terribly hot ride through the San Joaquin Valley, you know." That ended all argument. It is claimed that the route is a good deal shorter, as the traveler is nearly one hundred miles east of San Francisco when he reaches Modesto and has to make that all up again in a westward course after leaving the Tehachapi summit. Since I am willing to believe that the new route will be at least eighty miles shorter than the old one. Up to January last, they used to send the "Owl" around by the short cut on the west branch, by Crow's Landing, Newman and Fremont's Ferry, but since that time they have made all the Los Angeles trains take the east side route by way of Modesto, Merced and Madera, leaving the west side to be served by local trains between Tracy and Fresno. Well, the trains must go where the most people are, to a certainty.

The country between here and Paso Robles is not one vast plain suitable for cultivation of cereals, like the Sacramento San Joaquin and Willamette Valley, but it is "a good poor man's country" because, while the bodies of water here are small, they are very fertile, and there is no great quantity of water along that route. Most of the hills are full of springs and it does not cost much for a man to dig out a spring and pipe the water to his house. I know of localities in Montana where men carry water in barrels to their homes, from five to eight miles—and still they don't grow! Take most of the men who have amassed a competency in this State by farming, and they are men who did not become "land poor," as the saying goes. They got just what land they could pay for and worked it to its utmost capacity. They planted all sorts of vegetables and fruits, raised a few cows, had a few hives of bees and, in a good way, lived as country people should live, never paying anything that would grow in the soil. By working this way soon became foreman and got a few acres of stock in a local bank or made some similar investment on the slow-and-sure principle. These men added to the material wealth of the State simply because they were not dependent upon any one article of produce. Now let me show another picture.

The Sacramento Valley farmers, as a rule, produced nothing but wheat and pork. Their hogs were let run wild in the river bottoms all summer till the wheat was harvested and then were turned in to fatten on the stubble. It was nothing uncommon to go to one of these farms and find neither milk nor butter on the table. Everything was bought at a store which charged interest at 1 per cent, on all bills that stood over sixty days, hence it was nothing unusual for a farmer to pay, in addition to the local merchant's profit on the goods, at least seven months' interest on everything in the shape of clothing, shoes, groceries and other things that came into his house during the year. In the case of a well-known farmer died at his home on the Sacramento River and I was one of three selected by the Probate Court to appraise his property. As there were a good many outstanding claims against the estate, I took pains to look over all the accounts. Among them I found where he had paid as high as \$350 annually for interest on goods purchased at the country stores, which, of course, included wages and agricultural implements. Another one died in the same way, in examining into his affairs, I found he had been buying business on borrowed capital and had been paying annually from \$1200 to \$1700 in interest. Hence I say the man who has sixty acres all paid for and who works that land to its utmost capacity, is the man who has a better chance to become rich than he who plants grain on a thousand acres and has to take the chances of a foreign market, with its usual fluctuations.

The late William Boots of Milpitas was a man who went to work in the right way. He never bought anything—land, cattle, horses or anything else—unless he had the money to pay for it. Beginning with about eighty acres in 1860, he gradually increased his holdings until in 1896 he had one thousand acres and was for eight months in the year, with his produce to the San Francisco market. In 1893

one of the San José banks had gotten into stormy water and Mr. Boots was appealed to in order to save the bank. The old gentleman looked over the securities in the vault and saw that they were good, although it was impossible to realize on them at once. He agreed to advance \$70,000 to keep the bank from going under. First he went down to a safe deposit box that he had and came back with about \$45,000 in greenbacks. Then he jumped into his buggy and drove out home, returning with about \$35,000 in gold stowed away under the seat; and about an hour later, along came one of his boys with what looked to be a wagonload of potatoes. It turned out to be some \$10,000 in silver coin, which completed the amount of the loan. The bank paid him the current rate of interest on his loan, which was all he wanted, and Boots got the credit of saving the bank. Some time after that a man asked him how he got so much ready money together and he answered:

"My, me sonny, there's boys and gals in 'Frisco that's eatin' strawberries and raspberries for me while I'm asleep."

The moral of this story lies in the fact that the old pioneer took care of his money, in the first place; and that, secondly, he did not go to the other side of the world for his market.

The death of Col. Harrington Trevelyan, of the Barton vineyards of Fresno, removes a decidedly graceful and picturesque figure. The colonel was not, however, a survivor of the famous "charge of the Light-Brigade" at Balaklava, as stated by two of the San Francisco papers. As near as I can remember, the only conversation I ever had with him on that subject was about like this. I asked:

"Is it really true, Col. Trevelyan, that you are one of the survivors of the charge of the Six Hundred?"

"No, sir, I am not," replied Col. Trevelyan. "You see that about half an hour before that charge was ordered, I had been sent into the town of Balaklava with important dispatches. I was supposed to have the fastest horse in my regiment and that's why I was selected. Before I returned the charge was over, 'some one had blundered' and the Six Hundred were immortalized."

My reason for asking this question was, that I was in New Orleans and Mobile for about six weeks after the firing on Fort Sumter; and while there, met about eleven hundred and forty Englishmen, alleged survivors of the incident which inspired the immortal verse of Tennyson.

A friend, whom I presume to be a self-exiled Gothamite, sends me two more good stories about William R. Travers of New York. He was talking one day with Henry Clews, who said:

"Yes we do regard this proposition very differently, but it is easily to be seen why. You represent the inherited wealth of the country—your father died and left you \$200,000?"

"That's v-very true," said Travers.

"And then your aunt died and left you about \$125,000 more?"

Mr. Travers nodded assent.

"Well, then, as I said before, you represent the inherited wealth of the country. I belong to a different class. I grew up a poor boy and am indebted solely to my own efforts. I can thank God that I am a strictly self-made man."

Travers looked at him with a dry smile and then asked:

"S-say, Henry, seein' that you had the c-c-contract and n-nobody could t-take it away from you, why d-didn't you p-put a few more b-b-brains in your head before you s-shut up the shop?"

There was a dinner party given at the Union League Club in honor of a distinguished general in the Union army and Travers was one of the invited guests. There was an unlimited flow of speeches and they didn't stop to count the champagne corks. A. T. Stewart, always a bashful man in company, was a member of the club at the time and had been selected to respond to one of the toasts. As he arose, there was a general burst of conversation about the table and he remained unnoticed by all save the quick-witted Travers, who perceived Mr. Stewart's dilemma. Drawing his lead pencil from his pocket he gave three or four sharp raps on the table and called out "Ca-ca-cash!" And after that Mr. Stewart had no difficulty in obtaining a hearing. Nobody appeared to enjoy the timely hit more than Mr. Stewart, who delighted in telling it to his friends as "such a good joke on Travers."

When will we have a first-class smelter in this neighborhood? Not in the city, of course, but at some point on the coast where the ship can discharge the ore close to the doors of the furnace. My idea would be to build the smelter in the light of the bay south and west of Redondo, where Point Vicente affords shipping a natural shelter from the southwest winds in winter, the only winds that are in the leastwise dangerous. Santa Monica is a health resort and so is Terminal Island; hence the unfitness of such places for smelting works, while, if located as I propose, they would be so far from Redondo that the fumes could do no injury to the town itself. Last week a steamer arrived at San Francisco from one of the South American ports with over eight hundred tons of ore on board, which went to the Selby works near Port Costa. Let such a furnace once be established at the point above mentioned, and it would not be many months till both the Southern Pacific and the Santa Fe would build spurs from their main lines to the smelter and convey thither ores from all parts of Arizona and New Mexico for reduction. There are 100 men in Los Angeles who are amply able to risk \$1000 in the building of such a smelter; and it would not only give employment to a great many men, but would greatly increase the volume of our trade with those two Territories. It will not do to sit quietly and wait for business to come to us, of its own accord. We must be active and do something toward bringing it hither.

The census gives Los Angeles a population in excess of 100,000, which is quite as great an increase over the official computation of 1890 as the most sanguine well-wisher of this city could have desired. All this growth and development is traceable to the native energy of a strictly American population. I can recall the days of 1859, when the incoming of a Salt Lake pack train was a great event. The cycle will swing again and the old become the new, for a railroad to Salt Lake is now something more than a mere

possibility. On the line of the road to the inland empire of Mormondom, are large veins of coal and copper, all of which will find the harbors about Los Angeles their easiest outlet to the sea, which is the world's greatest highway of commerce. There is an abundance of good timber along the road and no end of good pasture for beef and mutton. Hence there will be no difficulty in the establishment of a good carrying trade for such a road. As our seasons are at least six weeks earlier than those of the Utah basin, an interchange of products is one of the certainties of the future; and a new market will be at once opened up to our producers. All it needs is the completion of the road and the business will soon be forthcoming.

The death of Col. John P. Jackson, collector of the port of San Francisco, removes from this busy sphere a man of affairs, if any citizen of the Pacific Coast was entitled to that appellation. Col. Jackson was not a pioneer, but he was quick to perceive the existence of business opportunities and his judgment was almost invariably good. He was a man, too, in whom Los Angeles county had an abiding interest, for he was Senator Jones's right hand man in 1864 and built the railroad which connects this city with Santa Monica and is now a part of the Southern Pacific system. Endowed with plenty of native shrewdness, he moved along with rapid strides when once he saw his way clear; and was a splendid example of the chances which California, long after her golden days had passed by, afforded to a man of good business training and innate sagacity. He was a man whose wise counsel and sincere friendship will be held in grateful recollection as the seasons pass and the years glide slowly by. Like our worthy President, Col. Jackson was a product of the Ohio farms. He toiled along diligently and rose from poverty and darkness to light and eminence through sheer will power and vital energy. California has indeed lost a representative man.

The Los Angeles Society of Pioneers have done a good thing by amending their constitution so as to admit to membership any person who arrived in California prior to January 1, 1860, and who has been a ten-years' resident of the city. Their former constitution demanded merely a thirty-years' residence here, regardless of the party's arrival in the State. The new arrangement lets in a great many old-timers who arrived in the State between 1850 and 1860, and who have come here to end their days in the most restful place on the universe. As many of the pioneers of Oregon arrived in California before going to the land of Webfoot, some of them will be eligible to membership in a year or two, who came down here shortly after the great land boom. This new movement can do no real harm and it may broaden the society's range of usefulness.

The exclusiveness of the San Francisco Society of Pioneers, in limiting their membership to the 31st day of December 1849, has often been the subject of unfavorable comment, but they have always stuck out for that date and invariably carried their point. What they should have done was, in 1870, to have admitted all who came prior to the admission of the State; to have admitted the men of 1851 after 1855, and the men of 1852 after 1900. That would have given them a splendid membership roll, at least double their present enumeration. Certainly the men who came here prior to the admission of the State are to be counted as its pioneers, in the strictest sense of the term. I want to see the Los Angeles Society of Pioneers roll up a goodly membership in the next three years. There is fine material in its ranks already—men of whose citizenship any State should be proud. The amendment of its constitution will only serve to unify its membership and make it a strong and useful association of honest and, in every way, estimable people.

## THE "WHIN" OF A RATTLER.

[Will Sparks in Ainslee's:] No matter where a man may go or what may befall him, he will never feel the same thrill as when he first hears the "whin" of a rattlesnake, followed by the blood-curdling hiss that denotes the terrible creature is about to strike. The danger from the rattlesnake is as great today as it ever was, and the man who starts alone down any rocky cañon is liable to meet one or more. Generally speaking, the rattlesnake gives warning when it is ready for business, but it happens that this warning is seldom given until the man is quite close—often too close to escape. Of almost the same color as the rocks, the snake lies practically concealed from view, and the first the traveler knows of its presence is the deadly singing of the rattles. Unless the man has heard it before, he will not be able to locate it. The terrible sound seems to mingle with the sunshine, and the bewildered man is as in the direction of safety. Unless medical aid is at hand very shortly after the bite, death is sure to follow. An awful death it is; the Indians say the most awful death a man can die.

Besides the rattlesnakes, the New Mexico end of the Rocky Mountains is blessed with the tarantula, the scorpion and the centipede. Then there's the gila monster and many poisonous lizards. Of all these the centipede is, perhaps, the most to be feared, because it is the most plentiful, and has a habit of living among the ceiling rafters of old adobe houses. At night, when a man is sleeping, it drops, and if it strikes his body it leaves a wound that takes months to heal, provided some blood disorder does not develop and kill the man. The gila monster generally does not bite unless teased. The scorpion and tarantula inflict wounds more painful than dangerous.

## SWEET POTATO CROQUETTES.

[Ladies' Home Journal:] Bake the sweet potatoes until they are tender; then scoop out the centers and put them through a vegetable press. To each two cups of mashed potatoes allow a tablespoonful of butter, a level teaspoonful of salt, a tablespoonful of sugar and a half salt-spoonful of white pepper; mix thoroughly. Form into cylinders, dip in egg, then in breadcrumbs and fry in smoking-hot fat.



## A TRIP TO MOONLAND.

AN INTERESTING JOURNEY TO THE LAND OF GREEN CHEESE AND ITS INHABITANTS.

By a Special Contributor.

It seems to me, I said to myself one day, that to be "Alice in Wonderland," or to spend a summer vacation in Moonland with the Moon-folk, would be perfectly delightful; but fairies are out of fashion nowadays, and there is no railroad running to the moon, so what is a poor fairy-struck and moon-struck child to do?

With my head full of elves and sprites, I ran merrily out into the yard where my hammock was swinging under the trees. The twilight was coming on; the round, full moon peeped through the trees as I climbed in and commenced swinging, swinging, slowly swinging. If I was only a bird, I thought, and could fly away out beyond everywhere, but I had no wings. Pretty soon the naughty old man in the moon looked down, nodded, winked, and blinked, and threw a great white moonbeam over me like a big arm, then I swung faster, faster and higher, over the trees, away from the earth through and beyond the clouds. How beautiful and still it was so far away from the noise of the city. It was nicer than anything I had ever dreamed of. The pretty stars twinkling all through the sky seemed to be saying, "come to me," and I was beginning to long to go on and on, forever, when suddenly my hammock stopped and, of course, I fell out! I picked myself up, more scared than hurt, and commenced rubbing my eyes to see whether I was wide awake or dreaming. I was standing on the mossy bank of a stream. All around were small trees, covered with gay-colored moss, leaves and blossoms. The air was full of music, the song of birds, the hum of bees, the murmuring of the little stream, and was sweet with the perfume of flowers. Presently I heard footsteps approaching and looked around to see who it could be. Two tiny people were coming toward me, a little man and woman. When they had come quite close, I asked their names. The little man answered that he was Little Mite, and pointing to his companion said "she is called Minnie Mum." What queer names, I thought, and they themselves were quite as curious as their names.

"What do you call this country, and where do you live?" were my next questions.

"This is Moonland," said Little Mite, "and we came from that village over yonder," pointing toward a collection of small houses. "Is it possible that this is Moonland, that you are Moon-folk, and may I go to your homes and see your people?" I asked all in one breath. "Certainly," said Little Mite, who had been looking at me curiously all the time, "but first tell us your name, and from what strange country you came to visit us?"

They were surprised at my description of the earth, of how large the buildings and the people were, and that I, who seemed like a giantess to them, was only a school girl at home. After talking awhile, these curious little people said they would take me home with them.

We walked along by the side of the stream for some distance, then turned into a crooked lane, and up a funny little street, finally stopping before what appeared to be the handsomest house in the town. Here, they told me, Minnie Mum lived with her grandfather, Maxie Mum, "and," said Little Mite, "he is one of the wise men of the moon, and head of the Mum family. The Mums think a great deal and say but little, and that is why they are so wise."

While we were talking, the door opened and an old man came out. "Maxie Mum," whispered Little Mite to me, and after bowing to him, he repeated all I had told him about the earth and myself. The old sage looked at me sharply and shook his head. "You are mistaken, stranger, the earth has no air, water, or vegetation, and is not inhabited. Wise Moon men have known this for a long time."

Just at this moment I heard a bell ringing and, turning around, saw a crowd of tiny boys and girls coming toward us. "They are school children," said Little Mite. They did not have any books, and were talking and laughing gayly. One of them, a little flaxen-haired girl, came quite close to me. "Tell me your name, little fairy?" I asked. "I am Lillie Put," she answered, laughing merrily. "Little Mite says you go to school; pray tell me what you study?" "Study!" Lillie Put exclaimed, "who ever heard of such a thing—what is it?" "I wish to know, Miss Lillie, what you little folks do in school, what you learn?"

"Why, we go to school to learn to play, and have a good time, of course," she answered; "but what do such big, funny people as you, do in school, I'd like to know?" "Oh, we do ever so many hard things," said I, "but Mental Arithmetic is just the worst of all, for we have to do that out of our own heads!"

"W-h-y! we Moon children wouldn't have any heads left, if we did that, it's perfectly dreadful, yes, dreadful," they all said, "we couldn't endure it!"

Maxie Mum looked at me gravely and said: "Can it be possible! Your people must be very hard-hearted to treat their children in such a cruel manner," and then added, "we ought to send a missionary among them to teach them to be more merciful." After saying this, he turned and went into the house, and the Moon children ran down the street to their homes.

By this time I was both tired and hungry. I sat down on a grass plot near the house, and inquired of my companions if they had anything to eat in the moon. Little Mite nodded his head, darted off, and soon returned with his arms full of green cheese. Being fond of it, I ate quite heartily, and while I was doing so, Little Mite told me that the moon was made of green cheese, and whenever the Moon-folk were hungry, they cut off a piece and ate it. "Very convenient," I said, "but what is to become of the moon, at that rate?" Little Mite winked in a knowing way and told me to follow him. I had to go very slowly to keep from stepping on my little guide. We had not gone far when we found ourselves quite alone, and out in the open country, while all around us were great holes; of course I wanted to know what they were. "Oh!" exclaimed Little Mite, "this is where we have been cutting out the cheese. Our ruler, the Great Curd, forbids our digging any deeper here, so we must look for another place. We are such small people and do not eat much, so you see there is no danger of our eating up the moon, or of going

hungry." Well, thought I, these must be the big seas that our very wise astronomers have always taught us were the dark spots on the moon.

As we went along, Little Mite told me a great many wonderful things about the country, and its inhabitants, until I began to think he was quite as wise as old Maxie Mum himself. "Little Mite," said I, "have your people any idea of how the moon was made?" "Oh, yes," he answered, eagerly, "Maxie Mum is a great cheeseologist, and knows all about it; he tells us that our moon was made from the Milky Way, and I suppose that is why it is all cheese." "What keeps it in place and makes it move around?" I asked, anxious to air my little store of knowledge, and at the same time learn what I could. "Well, you see, the moon is round as all cheese is, and Maxie Mum tells us that it rests on the back of a huge mouse that is always trying to bite into the rind. It is so hard, though, that he cannot get his sharp teeth in once, but he is so hungry that he tries and tries, and that, of course, keeps it moving around. It is always night on one side of the moon, and is so dark and cold that we have never been over there to dig cheese." I soon found we were not returning the way we had come, as I saw something in the distance that was new to me. "Oh!" I cried, "isn't that one of the moon volcanoes?" The little man looked so puzzled that I told him all I could about volcanoes; when I had finished he said: "Yes, that is just it. That place you call a volcano is caused by the drying and shrinking of the surface of the cheese, and once in a great while it cracks open." I next noticed the trees, grass and flowers more closely than I had done before. "Why!" I fairly shouted, "they are exactly like the mold we see on the cheese on the earth, only ever so much larger." "You are right, but you must remember that the moon is the biggest cheese you have ever seen."

We walked on in silence for a while when suddenly I missed my little companion, and turned to find him far behind. You see, I had quite forgotten about taking shorter steps. As he came up to me, I said: "What a queer name you have; now on the earth we have what we call cheese-mites." "Yes, that's it. Maxie Mum who knows everything, says the Moon-folk are descended from the cheese-mites that lived in this great cheese long, long ago." "Why!" I cried, clapping my hands, "that's exactly like old Mr. Darwin's notion of our evolving from monkeys and apes." Then my little friend said, "The Great Men of the moon are called Mites," and drawing himself up an inch or two, he added, "I am one of them."

We had not reached the edge of the village and I stopped to look up into the sky. The sun had gone down, and the pretty bright stars were shining all about us. Little Mite insisted upon calling them cheeses.

I soon picked out the earth, that had her North and South America side toward us, and told Little Mite ever so many things about it. The little fellow found it very hard to believe anything Maxie Mum had not taught him. Finally he said very slowly, "Well, if it is true, there are more like you over there, what powerful eaters they must be, for see what great holes they have dug out of their cheese." The dark spots he was looking at were the Atlantic and Pacific oceans.

I was beginning to wonder if my one small head could carry back to earth all the strange things I had learned on the moon.

What stories I could tell!

How busy I should be making over all the astronomies, for I had found they were as far from true as the Moon-men's ideas about the earth.

I learned that Moon-folk do not sleep, but take naps as they walk along. As you may suppose, I was dreadfully sleepy by this time, and on looking around to find some spot where I could take a wink or two, I spied my hammock caught in a tree. Without a word to the little Moon-man I climbed in. My tired lids began to droop, when I heard a familiar voice calling, and opened my eyes with a start, to find myself under the trees, and that I must have been dreaming, or—moon-struck!

MYRA S. CURTISS.

## ORIGIN OF "DIXIE'S LAND."

[Ladies' Home Journal:] The original song, "Dixie's Land," was composed in 1859 by Daniel Emmett as a "walk-around" for Bryant's minstrels. Mr. Emmett frequently heard the performers in a circus make the remark, "I wish I was in Dixie," as soon as the northern climate began to be too severe for the tent life which they followed. This expression suggested the song, "Dixie's Land." It made a hit at once in New York, and was speedily carried to all parts of the Union by numerous bands of wandering minstrels. In the fall of 1860 Mrs. John Wood sang it in New Orleans in the burlesque of "Pocahontas," and before a week had passed the whole city had taken it up. A New Orleans publisher saw possibilities in the music, and without the authority of the composer had the air harmonized and rearranged, issuing it with words embodying the strong Southern feeling then existing in New Orleans.



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October 7, 1900.]

No Wonder They Call "Teddy" a "To-Editorial" .....  
"Down Among the Dead Men." By .....  
Plantation Life in Hawaii. By George .....  
The Forbidden City. By Guy Morris .....  
The Spellbinder. By Walter L. Hav .....  
A Peep at Our Picturesque Neighbor .....  
City Gardens. By H. E. J. ....  
The Moon Metal. By Garrett P. Ser .....  
Aboard Cattle Ships. By Raymond .....  
The Chinaman at Home. By John .....  
Stories of the Firing Line—Animal

## CUSTOMS OF DRESS.

THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN AND THE GIRL NOT THE ONLY FREAKS IN AT

By a Special Contributor.

THE advent of the shirt waist for men in brings to mind some of the queer habits of dress which have from time to time peopled the world.

In some nations, as in China, the men wear while the women wear trousers. In Turkish full knickerbocker is almost universal. It is that while the expression "the woman who breeches" is used by us to denote one who rubs band with an iron hand, the women who wear the breeches in oriental countries are the worst female subjection.

Then, again, we have men in petticoats. Highlander with his kilts, bagpipes and weapon is a very aggressive figure. It is said that the Africa are more afraid of the Scotch warrior than the combatant they have to face. When the Highlanders battle the Zulus say of them: "A husbandman leading a body of women with a white under her arm and screaming for the black every time she pinches it." The Russians are have said when they first saw the Highlander: "We thought we had come to fight with men, but in petticoats."

The whirling Dervishes of Constantinople are the best examples of men in petticoats, especially spin round and round. Their endurance is remarkable, and they will often go on whirling increasing velocity for an hour or more at a time only by a kind of emotional frenzy, while hypnotic effects.

Stranger still are the Singhalese devil-dance upon a superstition that all disease is wicked spirits possessing the patients or victims dress themselves up in a more or less fantastic dance for hours, with a great deal of noise, in their house until they have either killed or generally the former. Their petticoats are an elaborate plants, and their raiment is the most female costume worn by men.

But the shirt-waist man and the net-waist with us, having arrived this season in the fashions of the East, while the corset-waist man is it is said that many of Chicago's men are even wearing corsets under their coats. There are at least a year on Chicago manufacturers for corsets and while few of the houses care for an order because of the special design involved, some order when the request comes through a regular. The article, as worn by men, is short, with ribs in front and stiff steel running up the tightly drawn at the waist and reduces the point about seven inches. As corsets for men especially made to order, the cost of their making is \$20 per corset.

Among army officers in Europe the corset is worn by smart officers in every European country in many instances make no secret of it. A set officer excites no particular comment. Ad for corsets for men appear regularly in English German periodicals, showing there is a market.

In tracing the history of the corset it is found to exist among the ancient Greeks and Romans. The writer Aristophanes severely satirizes his countrymen, for wearing bands of linden wood, and in his biography of Emperor Antony relates the ruler of that name used a contrivance of wood his figure at the waist.

In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the case among the men of Europe, and when the Medici introduced the whalebone bodice (and on the wooden one previously used) men in women in the prevalence of their use. Kings and priests thundered against the fashion at showing its ill effects, but it did no good. spread all over Europe in a short time and the "bandy" of the court was he who could show waist.

Men continued, with women, to wear the corset, as the Catherine invention was called. French revolution made that and other "insignia and riches" unpopular in France. The fashion



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## CUSTOMS OF DRESS.

### THE SHIRT-WAIST MAN AND THE NET-WAIST GIRL NOT THE ONLY FREAKS IN ATTIRE.

By a Special Contributor.

THE advent of the shirt waist for men in New York brings to mind some of the queer habits and customs of dress which have from time to time predominated in the world.

In some nations, as in China, the men wear petticoats while the women wear trousers. In Turkish harems the full harem jacket is almost universal. It seems strange that while the expression "the woman who wears the breeches" is used by us to denote one who rules her husband with an iron hand, the women who really do wear the breeches in oriental countries are the worst types of female subjects.

Then, again, we have men in petticoats. The Scotch Highlander with his kilts, bagpipes and weapons of war is a very aggressive figure. It is said that the Zulus of Africa are more afraid of the Scotch warrior than any other combatant they have to face. When the Highlanders go into battle the Zulus say of them: "A huge gigantic woman leading a body of women with a white man's god under her arm and screaming for the black man's blood every time she plashes it." The Russians are reported to have said when they first saw the Highland regiments: "We thought we had come to fight with men, but find devils in petticoats."

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Stranger still are the Singalese devil-dancers, who take upon a superstition that all disease is produced by evil spirits possessing the patients or victims. They dress themselves up in a more or less fiendish costume, and dance for hours, with a great deal of noise, in a sick person's house until they have either killed or cured, most generally the former. Their petticoats are adorned with elaborate patterns, and their raiment is the most coquettish female costume worn by men.

But the shirt-waist man and the net-waist girl are now with us, having arrived this season in the fashionable circles of the East, while the corset-waist man is on the way. It is said that many of Chicago's men are even now wearing corsets under their coats. There are at least twenty shops in Chicago manufacturers for corsets for men, and a few of the houses care for an order of that kind because of the special design involved, some will fill an order when the request comes through a regular customer. The corset, as worn by men, is short, with thin, short legs and stiff steels running up the back. It is tightly drawn at the waist and reduces the figure at that point about seven inches. As corsets for men have to be specially made to order, the cost of their manufacture at present is \$20 per corset.

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In the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries the corset was a case among the men of Europe, and when Catherine de Medici introduced the whalebone bodice (an improvement on the wooden one previously used) men fairly outdid women in the prevalence of their use. Kings, physicians and priests thundered against the fashion at the time, showing its ill effects, but it did no good. The fashion spread all over Europe in a short time and the "dandiest dandy" of the court was he who could show the smallest waist.

Now continued, with women, to wear the corset, or corset, as the Catherine invention was called, until the French revolution made that and other "insignia of coquetry and riches" unpopular in France. The fashion was again

revived in 1810, when the stays, of which the present women's corset is an improved article, appeared. But it did not become popular with the men, and as a part of the masculine dress had ceased to exist until the recent revival of this fashion.

Camden, N. J., has a police force that wears shirt waists instead of the traditional blue coat; and every policeman of that city is a shirt-waist cop. Some of them wear plain white, but the usual fancy runs to stripes. All go without coats, and the variety of striped linen on parade would do honor to a dog fight. The shirt waist was the idea of Mayor Hatch; and as long as the hot weather lasts, the shirt waist will rule in the department.

But if the fashionable man of the future is to wear the shirt waist and corset, the young woman of the period will wear the net waist which, according to a New York society book, is defined thus:

"Net waist—An article of woman's wearing apparel, consisting of a quantity of diaphanous material, surrounding a large number of holes. The material may be chiffon, lawn, lace or other transparent texture, plain or figured, and the holes may be square, round, elliptical or oblong and of any size, according to the taste of the wearer, the only requirement being that they afford a view to the eye of the casual passer-by and an avenue for the breezes of heaven."

But the net waist is not to come into fashion without considerable antagonism; and every month but increases the warmth of the contest. The W.C.T.U. of Syracuse, N. Y., has issued a denunciatory proclamation. In Boston, Mass., a formal complaint was lodged by a lawyer name Charles Henty, with the Watch and Ward Society. But in St. Louis, Mo., the biggest rumpus of the season is on, for not long ago Rev. Father G. A. Reiss of St. Liborius Church declared that he would refuse holy communion to wearers of the garment, while 300 young women of his parish say they will wear what they please, whether Father Reiss administers communion to them or not.

Father Reiss began the war with this announcement to the sodality connected with his church:

"The young ladies of this sodality will have to quit wearing those jigamaree waists with the funny businesses around the arms and shoulders or I will refuse to serve them communion. The fashions are becoming entirely too vulgar. No self-respecting lady would appear in public in such immodest costumes. I intend to set an example to the young ladies of this parish, and if it's necessary to refuse you the sacrament, I will do it to stop this vulgar fashion."

JOHN A. MORRIS.

## THE FATE OF THE CONFEDERATE SEAL.

"The result of the last Confederate council of war was held at Abbeville, S. C., in May, 1865, was soon known all over Abbeville, and the generals and the Secretary of War were kept busy for hours signing honorable discharges for the tired soldiers, who immediately applied for them," writes Mrs. Thaddeus Horton, in the October Ladies' Home Journal. "During the evening Mr. Benjamin asked for a hatchet, and with it he defaced the Confederate seal. About 12 o'clock the same night the Confederate party continued their retreat in the direction of Washington, Ga., and while crossing the Savannah River in the darkness some one suggested that the seal be thrown overboard. This idea was at once approved, and when the boat reached midstream it was dropped with a dull splash into the sandy river bed of that beautiful Southern water-course, where to this day, its mission all fulfilled, it serenely rests."

## THE EVOLUTION OF THE POCKET.

[Tudor Jenks in Woman's Home Companion.] The ancient wore a single pouch at his belt; the modern has—how many pockets in an ordinary costume for outdoors? Let us count them: In the trousers five, in the waistcoat five, in the jacket five, in the overcoat five, making twenty in all—a full score of little pokes or bags, and arranged so conveniently that they are scarce noticed. Truly this is an evolution! How long may it be before we have pockets in our hats—where the Irishman carries his pipe, the American soldier his toothbrush, and, internally, the pettifogger his legal papers, the papers that his predecessors in England thrust into the typical "green bag"? How long before there may be pockets in our gloves—for there are, I believe, patents covering this invention—and in our shoes? The cane also, with its screw-top, begins to be a useful receptacle. Two centuries from now, so the man with a long foresight can clearly see, the main idea underlying the wearing of clothes will have entirely changed. The chief purpose of garments will no longer be considered to protect the body. They will be regarded, first of all, as textile foundations for innumerable pockets.

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Takes the place of powder. Contains no grease nor glycerine—is invisible. Cures blackheads, tan and sunburn. Lasts long, therefore is not expensive. Is very pleasant.

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Little is Known of the Elements Contained  
Therein by the Consumers—New  
Process Highly Favored.

We have explained why it is that some bread is not always a wholesome food. Yet it may be expedient to repeat the same. "Raised bread" is the product of fermentation and fermentation is a process of decomposition which is always more or less destructive to all kinds of foods, bread included. Fermentation in vegetable matter is always accompanied by the growth of living organisms. The development of these minute organisms (as of yeast) is the exciting cause of fermentation and putrefaction. Aerated bread is made without fermentation and eliminates all possibilities of you getting "sour or acid bread."

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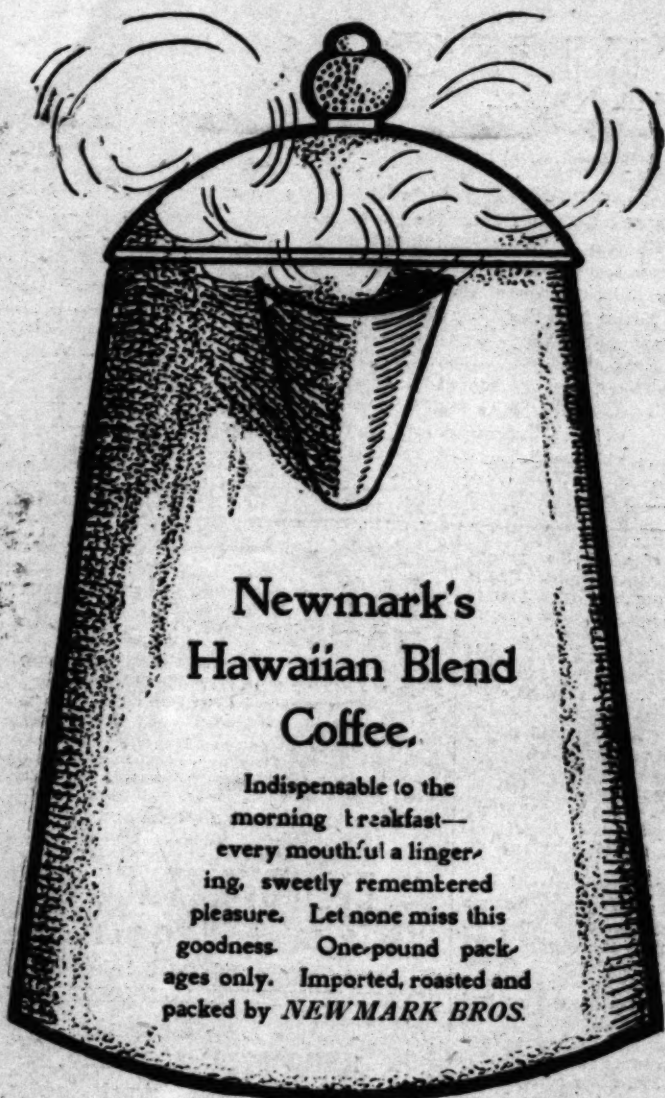
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## A GENUINE TEST FOR ALUM.

[Woman's Home Companion:] Here is a genuine test which any housewife can make to determine whether or not a baking powder contains alum: Place one half teaspoonful of the powder in the lid of a can (that from a small baking powder tin) and char thoroughly over a strong alcohol flame, gas jet or red hot coals. After this charring add one teaspoonful of water, stirring or mixing with a bright silver spoon. If the powder is a pure one the spoon will remain bright; if alum is present it will be tarnished as from sulphur. For further proof add to the mixture a little vinegar, and smell the fumes. You will doubtless detect the odor of sulphur.

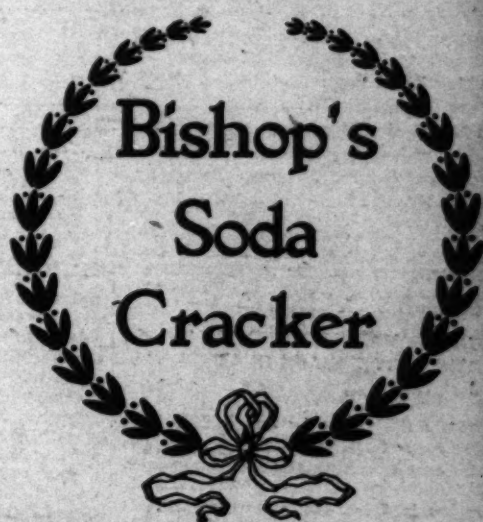




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Ask for Bishop's Soda Crackers—if you want a crisp, fresh, dainty cracker.

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The flour of good bread.  
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#### THEATERS—

**HAZARD'S PAVILION—**  
SALE OF SEASON  
.....**Maurice Grau**  
(From Metropolitan Opera House)  
Opens Today, Oct. 8, at Union Pacific Railway  
.....**REPORT**

Friday Evening, Nov. 9.....**"FOMBO"**  
Saturday Matinee, Nov. 10.....**"FOMBO"**  
Saturday Night, Nov. 10.....**"FOMBO"**  
Season Tickets { LOWER FLOOR...\$10.00  
BALCONY...\$8.00  
GALLERY...\$6.00  
Special trains on all railroads, etc.

**ORPHEUM—TONIGHT—Beginning**  
**JESSIE BART**  
(Entirely new songs this week.) May  
& Murdock. McCale & Daniels. Johnson  
**MATILDE LOE**  
PRICES—50c, 25c, 10c. Box seats, 75c. Mat.

**MOROSCO'S BURBANK**  
"Come around and drop in on Monday  
Saturday. THE OLIVER LESLIE C  
self's successful "PEACEF  
pastoral comedy  
Prices never vary—15c, 25c, 35c and 50c.  
Next week, special engagement—Florence  
pany in "The Country Girl."

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**GRAND AVE. AND WASH**  
**RINGLING BROS.**

The Biggest Show in the World, 65 railroad  
performers, 25 elephants, mammoth menagerie  
free street parade Tuesday, October 9 at 10  
down town streets.

#### GENERAL ADMISSION

Children under 12 years, half price. Reserved  
days, at Fitzgerald's Music House, 113 and 115  
prices at downtown office are the same as chair

**JUDGE MORGAN'S COURT**  
Withshire's Defense of Free Speech before Jury.

**OSTRICH FARM—South Pa**  
100 GIGANTIC BIRDS. Bon.

**BASEBALL—Fiesta Park—**

**BLANCHARD HALL**  
dances and general public purposes. Can be used

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Three and one-half hours

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**the 11th inst., as**

A glimpse through the glass bottom boat and the  
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Daily steamer service except Fridays from 8  
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Ocean bathing every day. Perpetual May cl

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Popular Hotel, "remodeled, 75 additional  
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The Roosevelt shape is the most popular of all for autumn wear. For the opening sale we  
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